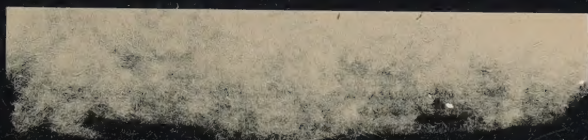


IN MEMORIAM
DAVID N. GILLET

HE GAVE HIS LIFE FOR OTHERS

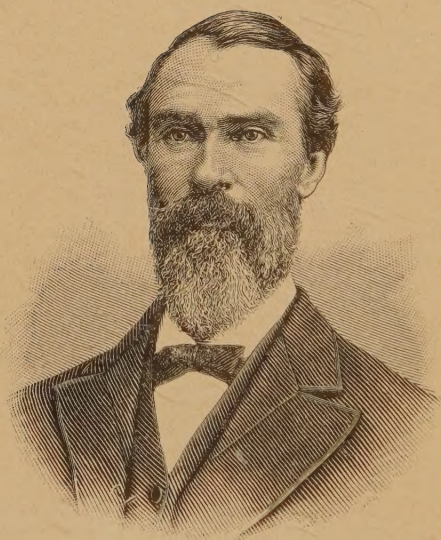


Lamar, J. S. 1829-1908.
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MEMOIRS
OF
ISAAC ERRETT

WITH
SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITINGS.

BY J. S. LAMAR.

VOLUME II.

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THE STANDARD PUBLISHING CO.
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MEMOIRS OF ISAAC ERRETT

WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITINGS.

CHAPTER XXX.

1869.

The weak side of the "Standard" made strong.—A new dress.—Associate editor's salutatory.—Critical times.—Small papers.—A new and strong one.—The *quin-queviri*.—"Apostasy."—A slight puncture.—A different test of soundness.—Catechizing.—"Standard" growing rapidly.—Raccoon John Smith.—Publication of his life in "Standard."—The "Times" indignant.—The "Fellowship."—"Failure of Protestantism."—"The evidence of pardon."

It required some little time for Mr. Errett to realize the strength that had been imparted to the business side of his great enterprise. This had always been its weak side. He had seen the liberal contributions of its original stockholders consumed in putting it upon its feet; his own herculean efforts to sustain it had been anything but encouraging, and it was not easy for him to feel that it could now go right on, without care or solicitude upon his part, to assured and certain success. But truly it was in good hands. Its affairs

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were managed by gentlemen of business experience, ample capital, and the best of facilities. The very first number, which was issued July 31st, without any break or delay in the day of publication, was a model of excellence—new type, good paper, and everything *comme il faut*. The editor's pride in "Our New Dress" was certainly pardonable, and he called attention to it in these pleasant terms:

We hope we shall not be deemed capricious or fastidious, nor on the highway to upper-tendom in extravagance, because we doff a comely dress before it is seedy, and don an entirely new one. We believe that, in making one's first appearance in a strange community, it is allowable to appear in one's best. And as we believe in progress—going on to perfection—we strive to make every new dress an improvement on its predecessors. We flatter ourselves that our present newspaper suit is altogether the handsomest we have yet worn, and superior to anything yet seen among us in our weekly journals. The type is somewhat smaller than that we formerly used, but remarkably clear, and it enables us to furnish a larger amount of reading in the same space.

There was no marked change in the character and tone of the paper. The same strong hand and presiding genius which had made it what it was, still determined its policy and directed its course. In two or three weeks a change of co-editors was made. Professors Hinsdale and Benton being forced by other engagements to retire, J. S. Lamar was announced as associate editor. As my name is thus brought before the reader, it may not be improper for me to show the estimation in which I then held the "Standard" and its editor. I quote from my salutatory, published September 4th:

. . . The "Standard" is set for the defense of the gospel. It has ever been sound in the faith—an earnest pleader for apostolic doctrine, ordinances and order. All the distinguishing features of the cause we are seeking to advance, have received from it hearty, uncompromising, dignified, and very powerful support. And, above all, it has emphasized, with singular force and propriety, the call to a higher and holier life.

In my opinion, the church has never needed its wise counsels, its calm and discriminative judgment, and its clear and masterly statements of doctrine and of differences more than now.

We have reached a critical stage in our progress. The minds of the brotherhood are directed with searching scrutiny to our internal state—especially to the ordering and worship of the house of the Lord; and it must needs be that this introspection will give rise to questions at once important, delicate and difficult. Many such have already arisen, and it will be admitted that in dealing with these the "Standard" has been eminently sound, moderate and wise. It has understood how to be firm without being dogmatic; to encourage liberty without favoring license; and to be courteous and moderate without weakness or servility. It has also been able, as few others have, to distinguish true progress from erratic deviation from principle on the one hand, and from lifeless immobility on the other.

Believing that it will continue as it has begun; that its influence will all be for the good of man and the glory of God; and feeling in perfect sympathy with the unfettered spirit and lofty aims of its editor, I cheerfully take my place by his side, to give such aid as I can in this great battle for the authority of the word and the freedom of the soul.

The times were indeed critical. In my judgment the great cause which had been committed to the Disciples was never in greater peril. For many years brethren of comparatively small caliber, whom chance

had elevated to places of factitious importance, and armed with the tremendous power of the press, had been exerting their influence to give a false direction to the whole movement. It is to be presumed that most of these were acting in good faith, and really thought they were doing God service. But to every unbiased and discerning mind, it was evident that they were withdrawing attention more and more from the essential truth and vitalizing principles of Apostolic Christianity, and fixing it upon its mere accidents; and these crude and undigested conceptions they were, with endless noise and bluster, parading and insisting upon as the very standards and tests of soundness. As we look back upon this period, we are amazed to note the pettiness and trivialities which the Disciples of Christ were forced, by these self-appointed leaders, seriously and gravely to consider. It really seemed that Christ had died to prevent the formation of Missionary Societies and to keep organs out of the churches! And the man who was heartily aiding in the accomplishment of these supreme objects, was certainly co-operating with the Saviour, and moving in sympathy with the Holy Spirit! Hitherto the intellect of the brotherhood had been but little influenced by these champions, save by repulsion. Their weakness, and in some cases their coarseness, their pretentious self-assertion, and, above all, their extravagant claims and lordly intolerance, while they had imposed upon the unwary and ignorant, had driven out of sympathy the thoughtful and discerning. These had rallied around the "Standard," and were feeling happy in seeing the plea which they loved rescued from perversion, and its living principles advocated

with dignity and power, and in the spirit of love and peace. Smaller weeklies had suffered by comparison. The "Review," of Cincinnati, the "Gospel Advocate," of Nashville, and other papers of similar character, were discounted more and more by their readers—many of whom believed, whether correctly or not, that their editors were mainly influenced by aspirations after leadership; and, in any case, that they were giving undue importance to the tithing of mint, anise and cumin, to the neglect of weightier matters of law.

But there had come before the public another candidate for popular favor, the "Apostolic Times," of Lexington, Ky. It was edited by gentlemen whom all the churches delighted to honor—eminent in character and ability, and known far and wide as wise, devoted and godly ministers. There was not a stain upon the reputation of one of them, and they occupied high places in church and university. Circumstances had brought them together in Lexington; they were in hearty sympathy with each other; they were deeply interested in the prosperity and welfare of the cause; and their views and opinions were everywhere treated with profound respect. Under these circumstances, and mutually supporting and strengthening each other as they did, they gradually came, almost unconsciously to themselves, to occupy a relation to the cause and to the churches that they would have been among the first to condemn in anybody else. Their opinions on the various questions of expediency that were then pressing for solution, were urged and insisted upon as if they had the force and authority of divine law. The man who accepted these opinions was "sound"; the

man who rejected them had gone, or was evidently going, into apostasy.

Now, apart from this, the "Times" was an able paper. Its five editors, often spoken of in those days as the *Quinqueviri*, were sound and able men. The trouble with them was, that their prominence among the churches, and the great elevation to which their talents and merits had raised them, had given them too much sail, and they were bearing the cause to ruin for want of sufficient ballast. There is good reason to believe that most, and perhaps all of them, lived to see the mistake into which they had been led; and it is certain, though their views were generally rejected, and their apparent purpose defeated, there are no names among us, whether of the living or the dead, more highly respected or more gratefully and lovingly remembered, than those of the five editors of the "Apostolic Times."

I have been thus particular in introducing the "Times" and its distinguished staff, because I believe that, notwithstanding their unquestionable ability and their lofty motives, they would, but for the counter-acting influence of the "Standard," have led great numbers of the Disciples away from their original and true position. Certain it is that many of their deliverances were seriously regarded by intelligent and faithful brethren as tending to elevate human opinions into tests of soundness. The reader will be able to determine, from the facts which will, from time to time, be brought out in this work, whether such fears were groundless or well founded.

In the "Standard" of July 31, the first number issued in Cincinnati, the editor copied from the

"Times" a leader on Apostasy, in which the writer expressed his candid belief "that numbers of our brethren are upon the eve of a falling away, which no phrase but partial apostasy will describe." Among the evidences of this, he set forth that, "we have preachers in our ranks who grow furious and bluster much, if even a hint is dropped as to their lack of soundness; yet ask them what they have to say on expediency, progress, organs, recognition, etc., and they reply: 'O why, well'—and end with a significant chuckle."

In reference to this the "Standard" said but little at the time, beyond the statement that, "so far as we are acquainted with our brethren—and our acquaintance and correspondence reach over a large territory—the facts coming under our notice lead us to no such conclusion." Two or three weeks later it began to treat the subject more elaborately:

Are there any among us who are subverting the faith of the Disciples in the divinity of the Lord Jesus—in his sacrifice for sin; his resurrection, or his rightful authority? We are happy to say that we know of none such in our ranks.

It is held that every applicant for membership should, upon the confession of his faith in Christ, and repentance toward God, be immersed into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and that this baptism is for remission of sins.

Do any among us deny this? Are any seeking to persuade men to the contrary? We are happy again to say, we know of none. . . . It is, indeed, claimed that we have numerous preachers who seldom or never speak of faith, repentance and baptism. This may or may not be an indication of apostasy. If this reticence is occasioned by

doubts as to the correctness of such preaching, it is probably apostasy in the germ. If it grows out of the consideration that there is too much preaching of this sort, and not enough teaching of the duties and obligations of Christian life, it is a great wrong to brand it as an evidence of apostasy. . . . Why is such fear expressed of apostasy, because of the failure of a few preachers to give a full share of attention to baptism, and no fear whatever intimated as to the apostasy of those who fail to give a full share of attention to the "all things" commanded to be taught? The latter is, in our field-view, much the more prominent feature of unfaithfulness. . . . Any attempt to introduce and enforce any thing as a matter of faith or duty, which the Apostles did not enforce in the name of our Lord, would be a step in apostasy. And any attempt to *compel uniformity in thinking or in practice, where the Apostles have left us free, is virtual apostasy.*

It was not easy to mistake the bearing of all this, nor to fail to see who would be hit by it. Continuing the argument the following week, the point was pressed with still greater force. Among other things, the editor printed in italics :

The germs of apostasy from Christ are found in the presumptuous spirit that seeks to dictate where Christ has not dictated. Division and its bitter fruits may come as readily through the attempt to *forbid* that which Christ has not forbidden, as through an attempt to impose that which Christ has not imposed. . . . Two things, it strikes us, must be carefully kept in mind, if we would legitimately work out the spiritual emancipation contemplated in the reformation which we plead.

1. The necessity for free and unembarrassed research with a view to grow in grace and knowledge. It is fatal to assume that we have certainly learned all that the Bible teaches. This has been the silly and baneful conceit of all that have gone before us. Shall we repeat the folly, and

superinduce a necessity for another people to be raised up to sound a new battle-cry of reformation? Must every man be branded with heresy or apostasy whose ripe investigations lead him out of our ruts? Must free investigation be smothered by a timid conservatism or a presumptuous bigotry, that takes alarm at every step of progress? Grant that errors may sometimes be thrust on us. Free and kind discussion will soon correct them. There is not a hundredth part of the danger from an occasional outcropping of error as the result of free investigation, that must accrue from the murderous stiflings of free thought and free speech. An attempt to preserve union on such conditions not only renders union worthless by the sacrifice of liberty, but will defeat its own purpose, and compel, in time, new revolutionary movements.

2. The absence of all right to control our brethren where Christ has left them free. Such freedom may sometimes alarm us. Creed-bound communities may lift their hands in holy horror at the "latitudinarianism" that we allow. But it is not worth while to accept principles unless we are willing to follow them to their legitimate results; and we insist that Rom. xiv. allows a very large liberty, which we have no right to trench on except with the plea of the demands of Christian love.

These weighty and timely utterances, which so fully recognized, and so successfully maintained, the rights and liberties of every Christian, while carefully guarding against their abuse and perversion, were welcomed with glad rejoicings by Disciples everywhere. They were a declaration of independence—a re-assertion of fundamental principles—a setting forth of inalienable birthrights—and a demonstration that, in the exercise of those rights, men might count upon the powerful support of the paper which had so boldly proclaimed them.

The able editors of the "Times" were not slow to see that they had overshot the mark. They made haste to suggest that the "Standard" had "needlessly exaggerated the case as presented" by them, and, without reviewing the "Standard's" notice, contented themselves with propounding certain interrogatories—the evident implication being that they were yet in doubt of Mr. Errett's soundness, and wished to be assured on this point from his own pen. He answered them seriatim—and the presumption is that the answers went a little farther, in some cases, than they had bargained for. For example:

"Will the editor nobly consent to work with us always against every innovation, come from no matter what quarter, on the purity and simplicity of the primitive worship?"

Ans. We are not aware that there is anything particularly *noble* in giving this consent; but, bating the "nobly," we answer, yes. Moreover, we intend to work in this direction, whether the editor of the "Times" work with us or not. We suppose, of course, it is understood that meeting houses, hymn-books, music books, tuning forks, and whatever is necessary to an orderly and pure worship, are not to be regarded as innovations.

"Will he oppose progress, of every form, when it invades the pale of divine precept and precedent, as the law of our practice, and of divine doctrine as the matter of our faith?"

Yes; whenever it "invades the pale of divine precept and precedent," or of "divine doctrine." We will not, and can not, oppose progress into a clearer understanding of the word of God, or towards a more faithful practice of its precepts, or into more sensible practical measures in all matters of expediency to carry into effect the great work that God has given to the church to do. We do not understand our interrogator to refer to missionary societies, colleges, religious journals, and such like expedients for carrying out the

benevolent designs of the gospel. We are in favor, in these matters of expediency, of progressing into the most efficient and economical measures for success; provided that, in doing so, we trench on no precept of the New Testament, and do no violence to the spirit and genius of the gospel.

“Will he boldly breast the current that would sweep away the distinction between the church of God and sectarianism, and demand recognition from the latter?”

Ans. We have no other intention, *and never had.* We love all good people, whether in sects or out of them, and have always sought, and still mean to seek, to do justice to all religious parties, and to appreciate all that is good in their teaching and in their works. But with sects, as such, we are engaged in an uncompromising war, and never expect to abandon it, until we lay down our arms with our life. . . . Wherever God providentially calls us to serve Him, we mean to do a soldier’s duty for the overthrow of the whole brood of sects, and the spirit of sect, and everything in the shape of sectarianism; and we shall not be at all more tolerant towards it, *if it appears in our own ranks.*

This practically ended the matter for the present. Some months afterwards the “Times” got itself into trouble in consequence of its inveterate opposition to the use of organs in worship—an opposition which was clearly within the province of its right and liberty, if it had not sought to base it upon a ground which would have excluded every expedient, and have made Christianity absolutely unworkable. The controversy on this point, however, so far as the “Standard” was concerned, was conducted mainly at this time by the associate editor, and need not, therefore, be noticed in the present work.

Before finally dismissing the subject, it should be stated that the whole investigation, from first to last, resulted in great good to the cause. The principle

controlling in the domain of expediency was clearly brought out and securely established, while the metes and boundaries of that domain were distinctly marked and defined. Incidentally, also, the apostolic doctrine respecting the consciences of weak brethren came under review, and many false applications of that doctrine, paralyzing to church enterprise, and obstructive to legitimate progress in holy work, were fully exposed. As a consequence of this enlarged and yet safely guarded freedom, the progress and triumphs of the Disciples, from this period onward, became unprecedented. The grand principles, so luminously stated and so ably advocated by Mr. Errett, are held to-day by the whole body—even those who oppose certain applications of them, doing so at the manifest expense of their own consistency, and showing that they themselves are obliged to recognize their correctness and rely upon their soundness.

It need not be said that the "Standard" was growing rapidly in public favor and patronage. In addition to its championship of individual liberty, which gave it a noteworthy forward impulse, it introduced a feature this year of extreme interest—the serial publication of the "Life of John Smith."

This celebrated man, from an incident mentioned in one of his early discourses, was known far and wide as Raccoon John Smith. At the time of his death, in 1868, the "Standard" said of him: "He was, for sixty-five years, a preacher—such a preacher as we are not allowed to hear every day. Logical, witty, sympathetic, and in terrible earnest, his commanding voice poured forth such volumes of argument, appeal, invective or melting pathos, as the case might demand,

as compelled even his foes to listen in admiration of his wonderful powers. His early experience with hyper-Calvinism, and his release from its terrible embarrassments we have several times heard him narrate by the hour, with more than the charms of fiction, and with a pathos that subdued all the hearers to tears. His deep religiousness, his unfaltering and heroic devotion to truth, his immense labors, his blameless life, and the nice balance of powers which always preserved him from extremes, enabled him to impress himself on the generation which he served as among the most worthy and eminent advocates of the reformation. 'Take him all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again!' He died in his eighty-fourth year at the residence of his son-in-law, A. R. Ringo, Mexico, Mo. In a good old age, honored and beloved, with friends and kindred about him, and the joyful evidences of a useful life everywhere abounding, he serenely reposed his spirit on the promises of everlasting love, and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus."

During his life he had communicated to John Augustus Williams, President of Daughters' College, Kentucky, the deeply interesting facts of his early history and experience, and these had been carefully noted and treasured up, along with the well known events of his subsequent career, with the intention of preparing, at the proper time, a suitable biography of this remarkable man. The work was now well under way. President Williams was a most accomplished writer, and the work which he had prepared was classical in purity and elegance. The life which he portrayed was itself full of romantic interest, and with graphic skill and sympathetic touch, its every charm

was depicted, and the whole story brought out as a fascination and delight. R. W. Carroll & Co., with commendable enterprise, secured the publication of this truly admirable work, and arranged that a part of it at least, if not the whole, should first appear, serially, in the "Christian Standard." This was simply business, and it showed good business judgment. We can readily see how eagerly the successive numbers of the "Standard" would be read, and how immensely its circulation would be increased.

It is much to be regretted that the "Apostolic Times," instead of being moved to emulate so good an example, by adding to the attractions of its own columns, really defaced them by the exhibition of an ugly spirit. It characterized the procedure as tending "to degrade the life of a noble man into an item of merchandize, by making it subservient to the interests of a single newspaper in our ranks. . . . By all means let the life of John Smith appear; but, for his memory's sake, let it be brought out in a way that shall not be a stain on Christian journalism, and an offense to his brethren. John Smith's life belongs to the whole body of the Christian brotherhood, and not to a few men who may seek to subordinate it to individual and pecuniary ends. We, therefore, protest against this scandalous use of the life of John Smith." After warning R. W. Carroll & Co., who "are not members of the Christian Church, and their religious convictions are of a type far from agreeable to us as a people," that they were in danger of being "dropped with a facility and promptness that will both amaze and edify them," this surprising editorial concludes: "That John Smith's biography should have been first

announced to the world in connection with this paltry transaction, is deeply humiliating to his brethren and friends. For the deed there is neither honorable excuse nor apology."

It is hardly worth while to quote Mr. Errett's reply to all this. A sentence or two will show how he understood it. "It seems," he says, "that we are actually guilty of taking measures to make the 'Standard' attractive to its readers to an extent that defies competition; and the 'Times,' despairing of success in matching our enterprise, threatens terrible things if we dare to get so far ahead of other papers! This is decidedly funny—especially when the terms 'scandalous,' 'paltry transaction,' and 'deed for which there is neither honorable excuse nor apology,' are used to describe a piece of honorable enterprise on the part of the 'Standard' to minister to the good of its patrons."

There is more in the same strain, accompanied by a well merited rebuke for the unworthy and uncalled-for attack upon R. W. Carroll & Co., but it need not further claim our attention here. It was evident that those eminent brethren—and this may be said to their credit—understood religion much better than business, else they would never have committed themselves to a position which was really childish in its simplicity. They continued to agitate the subject for a while, but they never improved their case, for in truth they had no case. They were evidently in the wrong *ab initio*, and I have no doubt that they themselves soon became sensible of it.

Mr. Errett's contributions to the "Christian Quarterly," this year, were on "The Fellowship" and on "The Failure of Protestantism." The first of these

articles treated the subject of the fellowship, not in its current ecclesiastical sense of religious recognition and fraternization, but in its deeper meaning of partnership—the interchange and sharing among brethren of burdens and of blessings. It was not till many years after that he delivered, before the Missouri Lectureship, the able lecture on the fellowship, considered in its more usual sense—a lecture which attracted wide attention at the time, and which will demand some notice from us when we come to it. The article on The Failure of Protestantism was in part a review of a book of sermons on the same subject by Dr. Ewer, of Christ Church, New York.

While recognizing that the Doctor is more than a match for his respondents, of whom he says, “we have never seen, in Protestant ranks, such chariness, such trembling reconnaissance, such timid skirmishing, and failure to grapple manfully with the foe,” he yet joins issue with him, and will not concede “that Protestantism is, in any peculiar sense, a failure, as compared with Roman Catholicism, or Anglican Catholicism—as Mr. Ewer would pompously dignify the Church of England—or Greek Catholicism.”

Mr. Ewer says to a certain respondent who denied that Romanism reaches the masses: “He has, perhaps, forgotten that, when the mob raged through our streets, defying all the power of our police and soldiery, the lifted finger of the archbishop calmed and dispersed it in an hour.” Arch satirist! Could he more seriously thrust the Romanists under the fifth rib? Who were this “mob” which the lifted finger of the archbishop could calm, but the very masses of the Roman church—the *legitimate product of her doctrines and her sacraments*—prompted to these deeds of diabolical fury and outrage, by the very ignorance and superstition in

which the church had reared them. Romanism reaching the masses, forsooth!

I can not refrain from placing the following home thrust here, where it may be readily referred to when needed for use, as very often it is:

Protestantism is "prolific of sects." True. But wherein is it worse than the Catholicism of which Mr. Ewer boasts? Look at his Anglican church, with all the power of the English throne, and all the patronage of the British Government, to maintain and enforce its claims; yet surrounded and almost overwhelmed with the numerous sects which have sprung out of its bosom! To-day the power of these sects is so overshadowing, that the State church exists only by sufferance, and quakes with fear of utter overthrow. Our author has himself given a list of nearly *two hundred* sects that afflicted the church before Protestantism was born, and adds: "Surely, sectarianism has tried often enough to found a lasting form of the church." We reply: Surely, the so-called Catholic church has tried often enough to kill sectarianism! With such a brood of vipers crawling from her bosom, it ill becomes any of her champions to taunt Protestants with the number of her sects. Even this triune Catholic church, for which our author contends—the Roman, the Greek, and the Anglican—for the Roman is Catholic, and the Greek is Catholic, and the Anglican is Catholic, and these are not three Catholics, but one Catholic—even this trinity of Catholic churches can not "agree in one." They have no fellowship with each other. Every effort to patch up a union between the Roman and Greek churches has failed. The Greek Patriarch has recently snubbed the Roman Pope in his haughty rejection of the invitation to attend the coming ecumenical council. The English bishops have done the same. On the other hand, Rome treats these schismatics as unfit to be recognized until they return in sackcloth and ashes, and acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope. Mr. Ewer's plea for

Catholicity is met with a storm of ridicule from the Roman camp.

After following his author through many pages, and pointing out numerous lame and impotent conclusions, and after finding that the weakness and failure of Protestantism were due, not to its separation from his so-called Catholicism, but to its lack of perfect conformity to the primitive model—a model characterized : 1. By the simplicity of its creed. 2. The spirituality of its membership. 3. Unity; and 4. Catholicity—each of which points he elaborately discussed, he concluded in a strain whose echoes have not yet died away :

We do not hesitate to avow the conviction that this world can never be regenerated only as Jesus, the Son of man and the Son of God, our blessed Mediator, shall become a living power in the hearts of men, through faith, to unite them to God. No philosophy, no political management, no social science, no ritual, no human creed can accomplish this work. It must be a power within, not without; in the heart, not in the head; supernatural and divine, not rationalistic, ritualistic, or theological; it must be Christ, the power of God, and the wisdom of God; Christ, the Saviour; Christ, the Brother; Christ, the Lord; Christ, the Hope of Glory. In this there is power to illuminate, purify, and regenerate human nature; and what more do we want to preach to the world, or to unite us in the holiest and lovingest of fellowships? Then let us lose all in Christ Jesus. Let party names drop. Let party creeds be forgotten. Let theological and metaphysical controversies be remanded to the schools where they belong. Let denominational interests be abandoned. Let Christ be "all in all." To him be glory and dominion forever and ever.

Some of Mr. Errett's wise utterances on current phases of Christian life, and ecclesiastical practices,

should be preserved. They are well worthy of serious consideration. The following editorial loses none of its interest and value in consequence of the remoteness from us of the special circumstances which called it forth:

(From Christian Standard, December 18, 1869.)

THE EVIDENCE OF PARDON.

Just now we are witnessing in Cincinnati extraordinary efforts to awaken increased interest in religion. That there is dire need of this no one will question. We are disposed, therefore, to look favorably on every movement that will make men better, and lead them even one step nearer to gospel truth; and we have no disposition to oppose any one who is casting out demons in the name of Jesus, because "he followeth not with us." We see much to approve in the extra meetings now in progress, so far as we have been able to know their real character. The absorption of all denominational peculiarities—even though it be but temporary—in a common desire to bring men to Christ, and the careful ignoring of denominational doctrines for the sake of preaching Jesus, are admirable features of this movement. The plain, simple story of the cross, illustrated and enforced in such a way that children can understand and feel the amazing love of God to a sinful race, is delightful to listen to. We are careful to say this, that in what we have yet to say, we may not be regarded as indulging in cavil.

To our mind there is a fatal error permeating the whole proceeding. To convict men of sin, the labors of Mr. Hammond and his associates are wisely directed, judging only from what we have witnessed; but in directing convicted sinners *what they must do to be saved*, there is an evident failure to come up to the full measure of the gospel teaching. We have not yet heard a full quotation of the conditions of salvation as given by Jesus and his apostles. Sinners are exhorted to come and "find Jesus." Converts

are spoken of as those who have "found Jesus," while listening to an anecdote. It sounds as if Jesus had hidden himself, or was in the habit of suddenly manifesting himself in some special revelation to the seeker—and, as if this special revelation furnished the evidence of pardon. It is not a feast of salvation spread for all—*always* spread and *ever ready*—but a select feast, got up specially for the individual; not a general act of amnesty, with the same offer to all, and the same conditions for all, but in every case a special act of legislation, and special evidence of pardon, specially communicated to the individual soul! What a door this opens for delusions is seen at a glance. Every *peculiar* emotion kindled in religious meetings—and how easily kindled they are, especially among children in protracted meetings, we all know—every subsidence of unusual excitement into a lull called peace—every unusual impression of sight or sound on an excited brain, is apt to be eagerly snatched as an evidence that Jesus has come. It becomes an anxious effort to ascend into heaven to bring down Christ from above, in strange oblivion of the plain Scriptural teaching, "say not in thine heart, who shall ascend into heaven to bring down Christ from above, . . . *the word is nigh thee*, in thy mouth and in thy heart, that is the word of faith which we preach."

Why not proclaim the plain gospel conditions of salvation—faith, repentance, confession, baptism for the remission of sins—and press on the judgment and the conscience all that is involved in these conditions—and teach sinners to comply heartily with gospel terms of salvation, and rely on gospel assurances of salvation? Why not proclaim aloud to every creature: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved"? Why not say to unbelievers, as Paul and Silas said to the jailer and his family: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved"? Why not tell believing inquirers, as Peter told such inquirers: "Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and you shall receive the gift of

the Holy Spirit"? Why not tell believing penitents, as Ananias told Saul of Tarsus: "Why tarriest thou? Arise and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord"? Are these Scriptures obsolete? Has the King altered the law of pardon? Are we at liberty to obtrude our own conceits on anxious souls in lieu of the word of God? Have we a right to indulge seekers in the delusion that they can call down special evidences of pardon—special manifestations of Jesus—in answer to prayer, while gospel conditions are ignored? Has even an angel from heaven a right to pervert the gospel in its conditions, or to withhold any part of what God has spoken?

Could we see loyalty to Jesus in this particular, we could look with different feelings and sympathies on this whole movement. But we suppose it would trench on denominational peculiarities to speak out the whole truth on this question; and so the plain utterances of the gospel must be held in abeyance before the demands of sect.

CHAPTER XXXI.

1870.

Instrumental music in the churches.—An earnest contest.—Traditional singing.—Growth.—An “emergency.”—The “Times” speaks out.—The winter was past.—Primitive singing.—Successive innovations.—Looking division in the face.—Mr. Errett speaks.—It was merely a difference of opinion.—Conclusions reached upon the whole premises.—Effect upon the churches.—Other subjects treated.—“Innovation.”—Dr. Richardson quoted with approbation.

It was inevitable that the Disciples, in their progress, should reach the debatable land of Instrumental Music in the churches. All who had gone before them had, on coming there, found that the sweetest notes of melody and harmony could be converted into gratings of harshest discord, and that the dulcet accompaniments of praise to God could be transformed into bugle blasts of war, and made the prelude to a clangor of unholy passions and unbrotherly strife, where

Arms, on armor clashing, brayed.

The peculiar position and object of the Disciples gave to the conflict in their case unwonted severity, which was intensified by the deep-felt conviction that the strife was imperiling their sacred and vital cause. Most of the strong, brave, earnest men who, in 1870,

were enlisted on one side or the other of this issue, which was then so intensely absorbing, have passed away. They have been gathered to their fathers, and a new generation has come on. Other and deeper interests, grander and more vital, fill the hearts and engage the hands of the true men of to-day. Hence, while it is necessary for me to reproduce, as well as I may be able, the situation as it then was, in order to show Mr. Errett's attitude to it, and to point out his powerful influence in guiding the tempest-tost vessel away from the breakers towards which the storm of passion and prejudice was driving it, I can do so, I trust, without awakening from their peaceful slumber the old feelings which time, and reflection, and, above all, the influence of the Divine Spirit, have lulled to rest.

It should be known that originally the chief successes of the Disciples had been achieved among rural populations—a people in a country comparatively new, noted for simple tastes, sterling integrity, staid habits, industrious, frugal, honest—earnest in their religious life, and devoted to truth and goodness, but with little learning or culture, and hardly any polite accomplishments. It was a good, productive soil in which to cast the primal truth; and much of the rich harvest which has since been garnered from that truth is due to the singleness of eye and simplicity of heart of those who first embraced it.

Their Sunday meetings were a feast to them, affording a blessed change from the monotonous drudgery and dullness of their daily lives, and to some extent cultivating the social along with the worshiping elements of their natures. The sermons were doubtless

often crude and ill-digested, but they furnished food for thought and points for discussion, and thus gave exercise to the discriminating and logical faculties, and as for the rest—the worship, properly so called—they gave themselves no trouble about it. Whether the singing, for example, was good or bad, it was all they wanted ; it was up to the standard of the times ; and their neighbors had no better. When all alike were uncultivated, there were no sensibilities to be offended, and no fine, æsthetic tastes to be shocked and harrowed. If “Amazing Grace ” was set too high, or “Come, ye Sinners ” too low ; if “Jesus, my All, to Heaven is Gone,” was sung with many unprecedented turns and many surprising twists, what of it ? Nobody was hurt. No head hung down in shame and mortification. It was rather a joke upon the leader than a grief to the worshiper.

It is needless to inquire whether, after all, and in the long run, it would not have been well for this state of childlike simplicity and blissful ignorance to continue—needless, because in such a country as this, with its vast resources, its wide-awake enterprise, its growing network of railroads, its multiplied schools and colleges, its widely disseminated literature, and its constantly increasing culture, it could not continue. Boys and girls came to be educated. They went away from home and saw the world. Many of them took music lessons ; many more of them became accustomed to the charms of harmony, and their ears and tastes were attuned to appreciate and enjoy it. Can we blame them if they no longer took pleasure in the cracked, piping and timeless dissonance which, by courtesy, was called “singing,” and, *par excellence*,

"singing the praises of God?" And then pianos and organs began to be introduced into parlors, and to the accompaniment of these, pious young gentlemen and ladies would sing the songs of Zion, and make melody in their hearts to the Lord. They *felt*, they were *conscious*, they *knew*, that such accompaniments were helpful and not hurtful to them; and if helpful in the parlor, why not in the Sunday-school? and why not in the church? Even among the older people, many began to favor this; some were neutral; some were opposed. But here and there, where the public sentiment decidedly predominated in its favor, a melodeon or organ was introduced tentatively into the Sunday-school, to see how it would work; and when it became manifest that good rather than evil resulted—that the singing was improved, that the young people were held in the church, and that the instrument, instead of being a substitute for the worship, was simply an aid to the worshiper; first one church and then another began to use it in the worship. Thus, naturally, and as a matter of course, the practice began to be common, coming on, not as the result of pride or vanity or worldliness—as many really supposed—but as the inevitable consequence of growth and culture.*

* The teaching of the Elders in the earlier days of the church had encouraged this spirit of non-conformity to modern usages. Mr. Errett gives us this bit of experience: "In the beginning of my ministry the venerable Thomas Campbell came to Pittsburg and spent some three months with me, showing a tender interest in my ministerial work, and giving loving and wise counsel to me, such as in my feebleness and inexperience was of greatest value; and I shall ever bless his memory for his fatherly assistance in my time of need. At that time 'the best singers,' with a 'leader,' sat together to lead the singing of the congregation, and had their 'note books' with them. Kindly, but most earnestly and positively, did the venerable man

Meanwhile a storm of opposition had been brewing. In some instances the opponents were evidently deeply earnest and sincere; in others, it was just as evident that the opposition was grounded in partisan feeling, and the lust of ruling or crushing. Necessarily, however, both these elements concurred and coöperated—those who *would* have yielded if they conscientiously could, and those who really had no conscience in the matter, but who talked loudest about it, and who felt that they could advance their own interests by pandering to the prejudices of the uninstructed and zealous. Such a combination was formidable and dangerous. Those who were in it for the sake of personal power, were prepared to go to any length rather than suffer defeat; those who were in it for the sake of individual conscience, and the maintenance of apostolic purity in the worship, felt that in no possible contingency could they be brought to yield a sacred principle.

It was regarded as a matter of course for the “Review” and “Gospel Advocate,” and a few other papers of similar type and tone, to occupy extreme ground and to be fierce and bitter in their antagonism. But it had come to be widely believed, whether the

rebuke all this from the pulpit, owing to the ‘constant tendency to forget the words and sentiments in the music, and to lead the worshippers away from the melody of the heart to the melody of the voice, and to make a vain show of that which ought to be made an unostentatious offering of the heart’s richest devotion. He said that if a brother or sister found the tune pitched too high, why just pitch it a little lower. Let every one pitch it to suit himself. He saw no necessity for one tune for the whole church, and he thought that every one could sing his own tune, altering the words to whatever sound would best express the worship of the heart. And he practiced what he taught.”

belief was well or ill-founded, that these papers always opposed everything which they themselves had not originated, and as a consequence, their weight and influence among the more thoughtful and discreet brethren had been greatly reduced. True, they had their clientage in various parts of the country, who accepted their crudest deliverances as gospel; who regarded them as the very bulwarks of the truth, and who seemed to think that God had given them special olfactory endowments for detecting the faintest odors of unsoundness. We may be sure these wide-awake journals made the most of the recent "innovation": it was a feast to them. An emergency had arisen; a great crisis had come; all Israel was going after Baal; we only are left, and they are seeking our lives to destroy them. For reasons stated, however, these lachrymose wailings had but little effect. A new era had come. Brethren had learned to do their own thinking. The thing might be bad—and as to this they were willing to be instructed—but they were not going to believe it bad simply because these chronic complainers could cover it over with malodorous epithets. They wanted to see the *principle* that was involved. If the use of an organ in worship was bad, *why* was it bad? if wrong, *why* was it wrong? And they would not be diverted from the pursuit of this principle by lugubrious outcries and boding vaticinations. They had heard these before, and they had learned that, "like the screams of the nurses around the infant Jupiter, they served but to drown the voice of the gods." *Their* opposition, consequently, tended to increase rather than diminish the number of instruments introduced into the churches.

But now a different turn was given to the case when the "Apostolic Times," with the whole of its powerful staff, threw itself vigorously into the opposition. This was not a "bush-whacking" paper. Its editors were not Ishmaelites. They were gentlemen of high character, of established reputation, of recognized ability, and known and honored everywhere as men of unquestionable soundness in the faith, and of unselfish devotion to the true interests of the cause. They took a decided, uncompromising and unyielding position on the subject; and they sought to strengthen their arguments by throwing into them the might of their personal influence—an element which, in truth, was much stronger than their arguments themselves. They even went so far—some of them, at least, if not all—as to declare that they would not preach in a church that used an organ. Their example, of course, was followed by many smaller men, and instances were not wanting in which some of these made themselves quite ridiculous by going to fill an appointment in a church, and then, with Pharisaic *hauteur*, retiring and refusing to preach because they found a little melodeon there! It is surprising to what depths of folly a human being can descend, when driven downward by spiritual pride and blind prejudice. In the case of the "Times," however, the announcement of such a resolution was simply unwise; it was a mistake; it was bad policy; it was the worst possible way to accomplish their end. Undoubtedly they believed that they were right as to the main issue. They were honest and conscientious in it; and they felt that the true interests of the cause required that this practice, which was coming into vogue, should be nipped in the bud.

They were deeply in earnest, and in the excitement of the time, and seeing, as they did, that the practice which they deprecated was daily becoming more general, they no doubt said and did many things which their own sober, second thought failed to approve. It is easy now to see that their error resulted from *mistaking a natural and normal growth for an illicit and reckless innovation*. For fifty long years it had, so to say, been winter with the Disciples. During all this time their little plant, which they loved so well, and guarded with sedulous care, had been shaken by the storms and benumbed by the frosts of a cold and unfriendly world; but all the while its roots had been penetrating farther and deeper, and they had become large and strong, and firmly established in the ground. But at length the winter was passed; the rain was over and gone; the flowers appeared on the earth; the time of the singing of birds had come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land. Under the warming influence of serener heavens and brighter skies, the little plant began to feel within itself the stirrings of a new life. Every rootlet and branch and stem was pulsing with newly-awakened vigor. Soon the swelling buds gave place to luxuriant foliage, and beautiful flowers, which diffused far and wide a sweet and grateful fragrance. The change was indeed wonderful, but it was normal and most blessed—the sign of a true life, and the necessary precursor of abundant fruitage.

Let us try to do justice to the feelings and motives of those who really believed, however unwisely, that the antecedent state and condition were alone right and proper, and that they must be perpetuated at all hazards, or else remediless ruin would ensue. Every

swelling bud, which others looked upon as bearing "the promise and potency" of coming beauty and blessing, they regarded as a hateful *excrecence*, forming itself insidiously upon "the planting of the Lord"; while every shooting-forth of leaf or twig was held to be a mark of unholy "progress"—of a desire, neither lawful nor right, but prurient and wicked, to get away from the *standard past*. It is not too much to say of these brethren, however pure and disinterested their motives, that if they had succeeded in their purpose, and had established the principle for which they contended, the churches would have been cast into a mould as rigid and inflexible, as repressive and oppressive, as that of the most authoritative human creed in Christendom.

This was neither foreseen nor designed, but it was involved. In truth, few, if any, of those who had aligned themselves on one side or the other, had profoundly studied the question. It required but a superficial glance to see that the primitive Christians were enjoined to sing the praises of God, and that no mention was made of musical instruments. Hence it was inferred that hitherto the Disciples had been strictly following apostolic precedents, and that the introduction of any change in their mode of worship was an unauthorized innovation, and wrong *per se*. As a matter of fact, however, very little is certainly known about primitive "singing." It was probably a sort of droning intonation—a kind of musical reading or recitation, in which the words, instead of being pronounced with snap and shortness as in ordinary speech, were prolonged and tonic. Perhaps an old time backwoods Baptist preacher, when fully warmed up in a sermon

on total depravity or unconditional election, gave, without knowing it, a better illustration of primitive "singing" than of apostolic preaching! From the best information we can get, it appears that the singing in the early church was chiefly, if not exclusively, antiphonal or responsive, and was mainly confined to psalms, and other inspired poetry designated as hymns and songs. And it is certain that in almost every respect it was wholly unlike our modern congregational singing. In the first place, the music of our age is a development from that which was quite rudimentary and infantile, even in the times of the apostles. It was not till about the beginning of the fifth century that any attempt was made to systematize the music of the church. Then Ambrose adapted the Greek music to the use of the church; but even this was crude and extremely imperfect. Two centuries later Gregory substituted for the tetrachord the octave scale. He composed and arranged chants, but he regarded all rhythmic compositions as too light and frivolous for purposes of worship. Great advancements had been made, but even yet flats and sharps were unknown, there were no bars or measures of time, and there was no harmony; the length of notes was not indicated, and the notation was on three, or at most four, lines. We read in a high authority that, "though the church, from time to time, appropriated the secular art-forms from their rise to their maturity, its chief authorities were always jealous of these advances, and issued edicts against them. So, in 1322, Pope John XXII. denounced the encroachments of counterpoint, alleging that the voluptuous harmony of thirds and sixths was fit but for profane uses. So,

too, the twelfth, or Ionian mode—the modern scale of C major—the only one of the church modes that accords with the tonality of present use—was stigmatized as ‘lascivious,’ and proscribed from the sanctuary.”*

We are indebted to Luther for the introduction of metrical songs in the vernacular language, and to Watts and Charles Wesley for many of those which we now sing, and sing them, notwithstanding its “lascivious” character, in the scale of C major. But the point to be noted here is that, not only the use of the organ, but *every single quality and characteristic* of our modern music, both in the singing and the songs that are sung, *is an innovation*, which at some time or other has been earnestly resisted, and resisted because it was thought to be profane and corrupting. Really it is amusing to note with what complacency certain brethren plume themselves upon being apostolic in their worship, simply because they do not use an organ—and yet singing with gusto and a clear conscience Toplady’s “Rock of Ages,” and Charles Wesley’s “Jesus, Lover of My Soul,” and hundreds of other pieces far inferior to these, and not only singing them with “melody”—which is a Scriptural word—but with “harmony,” which is not—with bass, tenor, alto, each of which is an innovation, and, according to *their* principle, morally wrong. What does all this counterpoint have to do with the “worship”? Nothing. It simply gratifies human taste. We love to hear it. Indirectly it may, like the organ, be helpful to us in elevating our spirits, and bringing them into a worshipful frame; but let it be known, notwithstanding,

*Encyclopedia Britannica, Art., Music.

that it is a radical and wide departure from the simplicity of apostolic usage.

This fact, however, was not known to the opponents of the organ. The manner of singing which had come down to them from their fathers, which they had received without question and practiced without doubt, was assumed to be right; and the custom of the preceding fifty years was given the force of a common law, and the authority of an apostolic precedent.

Such, then, was the situation. The strain was intense. Feelings were wrought up to the highest pitch. The issue was upon a principle vital to the cause. There could be no compromise with corruption, and no toleration for the corrupters. They must be put down, and their unholy thing stamped out. Men boldly declared that rather than continue this wicked innovation, they would see the church shivered into a thousand splinters. On the other hand, it was felt that the church was not worth preserving if it was to be dominated by a tyrannical oligarchy, and its policy dictated by ignorance and prejudice. It was indeed a perilous time. Many on both sides had come to look division in the face, and almost to court it as an escape from intolerable evils. But Isaac Errett lived—wise, dispassionate, mighty. He had come to be recognized as a tower of strength. And now, from his lofty elevation, he surveyed the whole field, noting every point of weakness and of danger, and with the grand spirit of non-partisan fairness, and with the majestic authority of truth, he threw himself between the combatants and commanded the peace. I reproduce his first article :

(Christian Standard, April 30, 1870.)

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IN OUR CHURCHES.

Hitherto, while allowing a limited range to the discussion of the question in our columns, we have refrained from any expression of our own opinion. The discussion, generally speaking, has not been to our taste. We disliked the dogmatical spirit in which it commenced, and have not seen a time until now, when we thought the public mind in readiness for a calm and dispassionate judgment, if, indeed, we have yet reached the most favorable mood for satisfactory investigation. Nearly all that we have published in the "Standard" has been in opposition to the use of instruments, and some of the articles—as those from the pen of Dr. Richardson—have been strong, clear and dignified. We have held back some able essays on the other side, hoping that the differences would be adjusted without much discussion; but we are satisfied, from numerous indications, that some suggestions are needed just now from those who have not hitherto shared in the controversy, and who have reserved their counsel for a time when both parties might be induced to listen.

One fact strikes us forcibly: Just in proportion to the zeal and bitterness with which the use of instrumental music has been denounced, has its use increased and extended. The tendency of the discussion has not been to arrest the evil complained of. We presume to say that, where one instrument was used when this denunciation was first heard, five are used now, and we are well aware of the fact that in many churches where, at that time, instruments were not thought of, a majority now favor their use. The discussion has not accomplished the end sought by those who started it. Why is this? Is it that pride and worldliness are so rampant in the churches that brethren will not listen to the voice of reason? We dare not say so. While we think that here and there may be found fashion-loving people who favor the use of instruments from a desire to be like their neighbors, we have no reason to believe that the churches now

using instruments are a whit behind the churches rejecting them in earnest desire to serve and glorify God. Is it because the weight of argument, thus far, is in favor of instruments? On the contrary, but little has been attempted. The opponents of instruments have had the field pretty much to themselves, and the weight of leading names has been freely given on that side of the scale. Why is it, then, that the practice, so earnestly reprobated, steadily gains? In our judgment there are three reasons for it, and we call attention to them here, because a proper appreciation of them may assist in the settlement of the controversy.

1. The spirit of denunciation in which this discussion commenced, is highly favorable to the growth of the practice, evil though it be. There was talk of *crushing* the men and the churches that favored the use of instruments. Preachers pledged themselves never to preach for such churches, and advised brethren holding letters not to take membership in such churches. Such sentiments were declared worthy to be printed in letters of gold. The result of this style of treatment has been two-fold. (1) It has encouraged brethren opposed to instrumental music to make *a test of fellowship* out of their opinions, or prejudices, and has encouraged them to secede from churches in which they could not carry their point. (2) It has exasperated those friendly to the use of instruments, and led them to a persistence in accomplishing their desires, from which a gentler spirit might have saved them.

2. There has been a transition (we humbly trust that the use of this word will not arouse a fresh storm of wrath against *Transitionists*) from the old style of music once so popular among us, to a more modern and more scientific style. The teachers of the rising generation have inspired them with new tastes. This has made a conflict of taste between the old and the young greatly detrimental to congregational singing. New books and new tunes have sealed the lips of many singers in churches where no instruments are used. The singing has been resigned to the few; the masses,

unwilling to learn a new style, have given themselves to silence; and the music of our churches has, as a consequence, sadly degenerated. The cultivation of music was, for many years, almost entirely abandoned in our churches. It was to overcome this difficulty that instrumental music was resorted to, almost as a necessity. Better singing could be had with instruments than without them. The intolerable screechings, and discords, and draggings that spoiled the singing, required some measures of reform—some means of reviving an interest in musical culture. Many churches were without a leader—there was none to start the tunes. When started by some volunteer, they were sure to be pitched on a wrong key, and the tune was apt to be no tune at all, or one which the church was unacquainted with. The singing, in many instances, degenerated into a farce. The melodeon and organ were resorted to as a refuge from intolerable discords and farcical failures. Many years ago—before instruments were in vogue among us—we wrote an article for the "Harbinger," headed, if we remember, "Music for the Million," calling attention to the degeneracy of musical taste among us, urging the adoption of measures for the instruction of the masses in church music, and forewarning the brethren that unless there were timely attention to the matter, we would find ourselves involved in a controversy on instruments in the churches. It has struck us as singular, that in the whole discussion attention has not been directed to these facts. Brethren that are grieved over the sweetest music that an organ assists to make, seem to have no trouble over the wretched bunglings and harsh discords which mar the worship of so many congregations; and while declaiming against the instruments as destroying congregational singing, seem to be entirely oblivious of the fact that, without instruments, congregational singing had largely become a farce. We can count by scores churches without instruments, in which not one in ten joins in the singing, and where choir singing has been resorted to as an absolute necessity. We are not now arguing that the advocates of

instruments took the right steps for reform ; but simply that the opponents of instruments have failed to take the right steps. *Had they spent the zeal which has been directed against instruments, in the cultivation of vocal music, with a view to advance congregational singing, there would have been fewer instruments in use to-day.* And now we say to the brethren everywhere, that if they are in earnest in wishing to arrest the growth of this desire for instrumental music, they must give considerable time, and labor, and money for the cultivation of vocal music in the churches, and see to it that all who can sing are taught to sing, and that the musical forces of the churches are effectively organized. This is the only way to overcome the evil complained of. The people will not endure the perpetual repetition of disorders and discords in time and tune, merely for the sake of loyalty to the sounding phrase of "congregational singing." It is but a little while since we saw a preacher compelled to stop the singing of a hymn, and proceed to other parts of the worship, because the screechings, and bawlings, and drawlings were such as to provoke the mirth of worldlings, and banish devotion from the hearts of saints. We know one instance in which the leader *whistled* the tune through the first line, until the congregation could catch it—yet that church would have been alarmed out of measure at the thought of *instrumental* music! Give us, at whatever cost, good vocal music, and the demand for the organ will cease.

The education of our children—especially of our daughters—in instrumental music, and the constant use of instruments in our parlors, and their daily use in public schools, has done much to create a desire for the use of instruments in churches. Women are not allowed to do much but sing, in the church ; and it is no wonder that they should assert their cultivated tastes in this matter. They are not generally allowed to be superior in logical power, but in the combination of the esthetical and the devotional they reign with queenly power. They can not draw nice logical distinctions. For instance, they can not reason themselves into a belief

that it is *right* to sit down at a piano and play and sing "*John Anderson, My Jo, John*," or "*Annie Laurie*," or "*A Fine Old Irish Gentleman*," and *wrong* to play and sing a beautiful hymn of praise to God. And, if an opponent of instrumental music in the church spares himself the enormous inconsistency of banishing religious pieces from the parlor, and yielding the palm to love songs and sentimental pieces and waltzes and marches, then a woman, lacking nice logical discrimination, fails to see how it can be right to play and sing a religious piece in the *parlor*, and wrong to do so in the *church*; or, how it can be right to do so in the day-school, and wrong in the Sunday-school; or, if allowed in the Sunday-school, down stairs, why it should be prohibited in the church, upstairs. Of course we do not deny that a strong-minded, logical man can divide the hair 'twixt west and northwest side, but women, be it remembered, are not logical, and they fail to appreciate these distinctions. Hence, without badness of heart, or undue pride, or any saturation of worldliness, the transfer of the instrument from the day-school to the Sunday-school, and from the parlor to the church, is easy and natural. We do not see how it is to be easily avoided, unless we reverse all the laws of mind, ignore all educational tendencies, and adopt the old woman's interpretation of Scripture, who comforted herself for the profligacy of her boy by saying, "It is just as Solomon said, 'Train up a child, and away he'll go!'"

We think that a careful training in certain principles of Christian life may enable us to overcome this tendency—but it demands patient culture in the right direction. We mention it here merely to prove that it is not necessarily pride or weakness that leads to the desire for instruments in churches. It is vain to open the fountain and then quarrel with the stream. A generation, educated to the use of instruments in school and parlor, will seek to use them in the churches; and mere denunciation of pride and worldliness will not cure the evil.

In another number we hope to reach a practical view of the subject. We write this merely to tone down the asperities now too prevalent, and lead to a calmer and soberer view of the real difficulties.

In succeeding issues of the "Standard" he continued to discuss the subject in the same spirit, and with evident impartiality. He rose altogether above the partisan plane, and, with manly courage and masterful force, combated both sides. After stating that he was going to "counsel against the use of instruments in our churches," which immediately gave him the ear of the opposition, he proceeded to point out wherein the opponents had been wrong; that they had insisted "on charging brethren with corrupting the *worship* of God by introducing instruments *as a part of the worship*, when they distinctly and persistently disavowed it." He then showed that not only was the charge disavowed, but it could not logically be sustained; it was not true—the instrument was no part of the worship, any more than a tuning fork or a note book—nor, from the very nature of the case, could it be. "The New Testament," he said, "furnishes no standard of music, the melody of the heart being made emphatic. But the requirement to *sing*, implies whatever is necessary to the performance of it. . . . Hence we have hymn books, tune books, tuning forks, choirs, etc., *not because these are commanded*, but because we are commanded to *sing*, and these are necessary to enable us to sing to edification." He then insisted that the difference between the two parties "is not a difference of faith, nor is it a difference as to walking in the law of the Lord. *It is a difference of opinion as to the means necessary to obey the precept to sing.*

It is, we admit, an important difference, and needs to be adjusted ; but, *being a difference of opinion, no man has a right to make it, on either side, a test of fellowship, or an occasion of stumbling.*"

These principles, now so clear to almost every one, were at that time but dimly perceived, and imperfectly understood. He, therefore, elaborated his views at sufficient length, and supported them with great force, before proceeding to counsel against the use of instruments in the churches, not because it was essentially wrong, but because, in view of the general condition and wants of our churches, it was unwise to insist upon it. He argued this with equal force and fullness, and reached as his conclusion upon all the premises :

1. That the question of using instruments is not a question of the purity or the integrity of the worship, but simply a question of expediency as to a proposed means of aiding the singing of the church ; a question, therefore, on which there may be a variety of opinions without affecting the Christian integrity of those who differ.

2. That it is altogether in opposition to the teaching of the New Testament to attempt to erect such a question into a test of fellowship, or to make it a reason for division in the churches. To us such a course is essentially factious, and should, wherever it reveals itself, be reprobated.

3. That the law of Christ requires the advocates of instrumental music to yield their preferences, on account of the conscientious scruples of their brethren.

Our own course is clear. We shall advise our brethren everywhere, for the sake of peace, and from a reverential regard to one of the noblest lessons of Christian brotherhood, to discard the use of instruments in the churches. At the same time, we set ourselves most decidedly against all attempts to create division in the churches on the ground of difference in regard to an expedient. The law which

binds it on us to please our neighbor for his good, is not more imperative than that which forbids us to judge our brother in regard to such matters. Let a sacred regard to the rights of others, and an equally sacred regard to the consciences of others, possess us, and we shall master the difficulties of this question.

Whatever may be thought of these reasonings and conclusions, regarded in the abstract, it is evident that, viewed in their relation to the situation and circumstances which called for their expression, nothing could have been wiser. They were exactly suited to the emergency. They arrested the blind rush of mad and factious feeling. They called a halt. They induced brethren to think soberly. They were so manifestly in the interest of brotherly kindness and charity—so just, so moderate, so timely—that all parties felt at once rebuked and instructed by them. Their practical effect, too, was immediate. Hundreds of churches, in which even a small minority were conscientiously opposed to the organ, refrained from introducing it, though feeling that it would greatly benefit them. At length, in many cases, the minorities, seeing that the fight was over, and that their brethren were really considerate of them, became ashamed of standing out as obstructionists, and perhaps discovered that much that they had mistaken for good conscience was, in fact, only a bad prejudice. And so, one after another, most of the town and city churches came to introduce instruments, and generally with very little friction or ill feeling. In some instances, when it came to be believed that one or a few opponents were really using the plea of “conscience” merely as an instrument of authority, as a convenient pretext for having

their own way and compelling a whole church to submit to their rule, the plea was disregarded, as of course it should have been—resulting in some noise and several yclept “martyrdoms,” but no serious harm to the church. More than all, it soon became evident to the more thoughtful and observant everywhere, that none of the evils so confidently predicted and so seriously feared really followed the introduction of instruments. The churches using them did not become proud and vain. They were humble, pious, prayerful, devoted. They were zealous in their maintenance of the truth, pervaded by the missionary spirit, liberal in giving, and abundant in good works. It was not possible to characterize such brethren as corrupt apostates. They might be mistaken, but they were certainly faithful to the truth, and to their convictions of duty. On the other hand, many churches—a great many—still decline to use an organ, some for one reason and some for another, and their rights, preferences and convictions are equally respected, and they themselves equally honored and loved. With the exception of here and there a meddlesome spirit, fond of stirring up strife, and making a mountain out of a molehill, the question may be regarded as settled among the Disciples, and settled on the basis so clearly laid down and so powerfully argued by Mr. Errett. His counsel, to be sure, has not always been literally followed, though in the main even this has been carried out in its true spirit and meaning; while his demonstration that the matter was one of *opinion*, and therefore one upon which the churches could not lawfully divide, really saved the cause from the greatest peril to which it has ever been exposed; while his whole attitude and bearing to the

question, elevated him to a position of highest respect and esteem among the brotherhood, and won for him their warm and undying gratitude.

In devoting so much space as I have done to the instrumental music question, it should not be understood that Mr. Errett's work for this year was mainly connected with it. Indeed, it was but a side issue; one, however, which was temporarily of overshadowing importance, and in the adjustment of which his influence was most happy and powerful. In addition to his writings on the above subject, there were numerous editorials on subjects of current interest, such as the "creed question," which had not then reached the stage to which it has since come, articles on Congregational Singing, on Christian Union, etc., to say nothing of the lighter task of parrying the shafts which certain papers continued for a good while to aim at his position on music and kindred subjects; among others, a discussion with the "Times" on Innovation. I shall not enter into this, but content myself with one brief extract as showing how much could be put into a small space:

Our editorial brethren of the "Times" are, with us, guilty of a great innovation in publishing a weekly religious newspaper; and if they do this as "children of God"—and it would be great injustice to indulge a contrary supposition—they are doing what they well know has neither a "divine command" nor "an approved precedent" to support it. When they preach, they go into a meeting house, which is an innovation, and take up a hymn-book, which is an innovation, and give out a human hymn, which is an innovation, and this hymn is sung to a tune, which is an innovation, by a choir, which is an innovation, by the aid of tune-book and tuning-fork, which are innovations. They also

read from a printed Bible, which is an innovation. Yet who dreams, in all this, of any innovation on the law of God, or the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ? And who would gravely advocate secession in the light of these innovations—insisting that they are without divine command or approved precedent?

The following from his report of the meeting of the American Christian Missionary Society, is not only too good to be lost, but has too much application to the present for it to remain buried in the old files :

Dr. Richardson gave a most admirable delineation of Christianity as a life, and with great clearness and power unfolded its genuine attractions, and led his hearers to the very fountain of spiritual life, strength and joy. His remarks on that sort of church independency which leads a dozen or two to assemble and style themselves "*the* Church of Christ," and, while doing nothing beyond self-edification, glory in the thought that they are "*the* pillar and support of the truth," were exceedingly pointed and forcible. "What truth do they support?" he asked. The world does not even know of their existence, and they live and die without one earnest forth-putting of missionary enterprise to make the world better. He thus laid the basis of a strong appeal for co-operation.

CHAPTER XXXII.

1871.

Circulation doubled.—Treatment of opponents.—Dr. Strong handled.—“Thou false pen!”—Recent successes accounted for.—He had not changed.—Article in Quarterly, “What is Sectarianism?”—An extract.—A capital distinction.—Series in the “Liberal Christian.”—“Walks about Jerusalem.”—Visits Augusta, Ga.; account of his preaching there.—Pastor of Church, Chicago.—Chicago Fire.

The “Standard,” since its removal to Cincinnati, had already more than doubled its circulation. The editor was unselfish enough to attribute this to “The Life of John Smith,” which was still appearing in successive chapters in its columns, and to the “Discussion on Universalism,” which, for some months, had been going on between Rev. Massena Goodrich and the associate editor. No doubt these, especially the former, had their influence in this direction; but, after all, it was the presiding genius and masterful spirit of the editor himself which had made the paper so worthy of its enlarged and constantly increasing patronage. It had become, by all odds, the greatest power in the ranks of the Disciples. It was fully abreast of the times, and always equal to the occasion, whatever it might be. It was respected and feared by the press of ~~other~~ other denominations. Its editor never could be caught

napping, and woe to the luckless wight who fancied he had discovered a weak place in his armor, or an unguarded point in his position, or who, looking through the colored glasses of his orthodoxy, presumed to call attention to some fatal defect or dire corruption in the doctrine of the Disciples. Making the attack, as such a man would, with great parade and bluster, it was surprising and, mayhap, disgusting to him, to find with what perfect ease and *sang froid* he was repulsed and unhorsed. But it was only blatant demagogues and bigoted partisans who were made to blush for daring to measure lances with a grand, free man, who well knew what *he* was about, and who was armed *cap-a-pie*. In other cases, where the motives were evidently good, and the misrepresentations grounded upon misinformation, his dealing was considerate and gentle, and the real truth of the matter was set forth with unmistakable clearness, and was always supported by positive and irrefragable proof. Sometimes, too, high and holy ends restrained him from the administration of deserved castigation. The truth is, Mr. Errett was far above all littleness, and he honestly labored to promote the best interests of Christianity.

About this time the Baptists and Disciples were beginning to understand each other somewhat better, especially those in Ohio and Virginia, and there had been pleasant interchanges of courtesies between their respective conventions—the movements not contemplating any immediate organic union, so much as fraternal intercourse and coöperation. There was, however, great hope that these would lead on to the attainment, ultimately, of a more perfect union. It was while this heavenly spirit was kindling into a flame,

that a communication from Dr. Strong, a leading Baptist, appeared in the "Journal and Messenger," which I copy in part, not to revive the old feeling which, I trust, is now buried never more to rise, but to exhibit the admirable tone and temper of Mr. Errett's remarks upon it. It is well, too, for the people of the present generation to know that it required the guidance of a wise hand, and the catholicity of a truly grand and forbearing spirit, to lead men away from the ignorance and prejudice of the past into something nobler and sweeter. Dr. Strong said, among other things :

"I desire to be cautious, again, from the fact that these brethren, even allowing that their statement of belief is orthodox in its substance, do not intimate any alteration in their former views, or any consciousness that their position now is at all different from what it once was. Either they do not clearly apprehend the meaning of terms, and the importance of doctrine, or they fail to see that so great a change demands from them some explanation, when they seek to fraternize with a body which they once denounced and sought to overthrow. In the days when Baptist churches struggled against Campbellism as a most deadly internal foe, or were forced to look on while church property, given for the propagation of correct views, was torn from them and diverted to the use and sustenance of error, there was no question as to the vast gulf that separated this new doctrine from the old Baptist faith, and from an evangelical and honest Christianity. Far be it from us to interpose one obstacle to the return of any who find the way of error a hard one for their feet. We should welcome, with open arms, any returning wanderer; but while we love Christ and his church, we can not forbear requiring of such an open-hearted confession and renunciation of that error. We can not go out toward them in any way that would imply a lighter judgment of their error than that which Christ's word requires. In fine, we can not leave

the position of truth to go even half-way toward falsehood. If those who have taught falsehood desire our fellowship, they must come all the way to us, confessing their wrong and putting themselves openly on the side of right. Christ's truth allows of no compromises. Campbellism can be worthy of our fellowship only by ceasing to be Campbellism. If these brethren have ceased to be Campbellites, let them say so, and doing works meet for repentance, they will be gladly welcomed back to the Baptist fold, which they once so sorely injured and divided. But without such acknowledgment, affiliation of any sort with them seems to be impossible."

On this we remark :

1. The wisdom of the course thus far pursued is fully vindicated by the manner and tone of this paragraph. We went to the Baptists with no proposition for union—we thrust on them no proposition for debate; but simply proposed a more friendly intercourse, and gave the reasons why we thought this was desirable. This course was adopted because we were convinced that such intercourse would itself quietly dissipate many prejudices, and save much needless discussion; and that when the time should come—if ever—for proposals for union, or for a frank discussion of real differences, the Christian love already enkindled would preside over the deliberations much more gracefully and skillfully than the prejudice which must take the chair if such negotiations were opened too soon. Dr. Strong's article confirms our convictions. He does not know us. He is from New England. He has had no free association with our people. We presume he has read but little of the writings of our brethren. He was not present at the State Convention at Columbus. He is evidently unfamiliar with the history of our movement. Were he acquainted with us, we do him the justice to believe that he would be incapable of the discourtesy of designating us by a name which we have uniformly repudiated, and which the last edition of Webster's dictionary will inform him is regarded by us as a nick-name; and

we are quite certain he could not have written what he has about Sabellianism, denial of the personality of the Holy Spirit, and other matters of false doctrine. The Baptists who have most freely associated with us are freed from these prejudices, and those who are now coming into contact with us, in friendly and frank conference, are rapidly eased of heavy burdens of prejudice, which they have long carried. Let Dr. Strong make the acquaintance of our brethren. We recommend him especially to seek the acquaintance of Dr. S. E. Shepard, and R. R. Sloan, of Cleveland, and confer freely with them before he writes again. Let him come and see us at our May convention in Dayton. Surely, if he fears not to compromise his principles by a friendly visit to Pedobaptists *whose differences from the Baptists involve everything that is distinctive in the position of the latter*, he ought not to fear the taint of heresy in coming on a friendly visit to a people who, with him, contend for "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." Let him come and see us, and talk with us. We like frank and manly men, however widely opposed to us in sentiment. To this Nathanael, who so honestly inquires, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" we say, "Come and see."

2. It is due to the Baptists and to ourselves that we should say, in the frankest and most unmistakable terms, *that we are not penitents seeking a return to the Baptist fold*; nor are we supplicants seeking a shelter from failure or from misfortune. Let them not mistake us. In our independent movement we were never so prosperous as now. Had we been moved by denominational pride, or had we forgotten our plea for Christian Union so far as to allow it to degenerate into a mere struggle for party triumph, the visit to the Baptist convention had never been made; because, for such purposes, we need neither their sympathy nor their assistance. We came as a prosperous and growing people, to seek friendly conference with *brethren in Christ*, as to the best measure of glorifying God and his word, and ready to call in all our means and energies into a common work, in behalf

of "one Lord, one faith, and one baptism." We recognize, in our Baptist brethren, fellow-Christians. We think them wrong in a few things. We do not claim to be exempt from error. But we thought it probable that a better acquaintance would discover to us, mutually, a basis of union which all could joyfully recognize, and that an honest study of God's word and the inspirations of mutual love would, in time, rid us of all differences, and deliver us all from whatever errors may yet cling to us. Brother Melish puts it clearly and truly when he says: "They come to us very frankly and say, 'we truly reverence the word of God, and are only anxious to know everything it teaches. If you have any light we lack, let us have it.'"

3. It is not wise to rake up the troubles of the past. We do not think that one of the committee that visited the Baptist convention ever had membership with the Baptists; and of the 30,000 Disciples in the State of Ohio, a very small portion came from Baptist churches. If we go back to former strifes, *we* have complaints to make as well as they—but what can be gained by it? It is better to "forget the things which are behind, and reach after the things that are before." Is there a work for God which we can unitedly accomplish? If so, can we unite, on Scriptural principles, to accomplish it? That is the question.

4. Finally, let us say that this is no new thing with us. Even in the hottest of the strife, in former times, our pulpits were always open to Baptists; our purses were open to aid them in every work which we could share in common; our dollars have gone by thousands to help them in the American and Foreign Bible Society and American Bible Union; and we have always desired them to sit down at the Lord's table with us. Let not the present movement be mistaken for a new impulse or a new conviction. We may be in better mood to execute it. The Baptists may be in better mind to understand and appreciate it. But we are simply availing ourselves of providential openings to accomplish what has always been, with the mass of our brotherhood, a

desirable object. God has set before us an open door of opportunity to glorify his name, by healing the divisions of the past, and uniting in holy and loving co-operation those who have been unfortunately alienated. We seek to enter in. We trust that all good men will pause long before they accept the heavy responsibility of perpetuating divisions among those who are, or may soon be, really one in Christ.

In Mr. Errett's view different cases required different remedies, and he treated them accordingly. Witness the following :

(From the Christian Standard, January 28, 1871.)

WHAT SHALL BE DONE UNTO THEE, THOU FALSE PEN?

Once in a while we are called on to sympathize with the writer of Psalm cxx., when he cries: "Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips, and from a deceitful tongue. What shall be given unto thee? or what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue?" Listen to the following from the "Examiner and Chronicle" of January 12th:

"IN A NUTSHELL.—A very well informed friend of ours gives us, in a private letter, this analysis of the cardinal principles of Campbellism: 'Three things essential to salvation — Repentance, Faith, Baptism. Repentance, such outward reformation as can be accomplished without help of the Spirit of God. Faith, a historical belief in the facts of Jesus' life and work—just such as many unconverted sinners have. So take out of Repentance all *we mean* by Repentance, and out of Faith all *we mean* by Faith, and what have you left but this: One thing essential to salvation, and one thing only, viz.: *Baptism?* And this means a gospel of works, not of grace, nor by faith.' This is what may be called the *Campbellitic Essence*, which, diluted and sweetened, was so long and widely dispensed by the chief apothecary from Bethany, Brooke County, Va., and which proved fatal in so many of our churches. It is now proposed that the whole Baptist denomination take the dose, apothecaries and all. How could we survive it!"

We can easily understand how a good man may be deceived by false information, and crowd the enormous lies quoted above into a nutshell, thinking he is doing God service; and we can not but admire the skill which can crowd so many of them and such outrageously big ones into so small a space; but the editor of the "Examiner and Chronicle," in endorsing such statements, can not be so readily excused—for he has every means of knowing better. We read somewhere lately that the world is greatly indebted to one-sided and intolerant men. If so, the editor of the aforesaid journal ought to be regarded as a public benefactor of the first class. The "Examiner and Chronicle" is, in most respects, an able and an excellent journal, but in its opposition to the Disciples its course is marked by perversity and injustice in an extreme degree. We have several times corrected its misrepresentations in a kind spirit, and asked to have our statements published; but so far from paying the least attention to such requests, the same misrepresentations would again and again be put forward as undoubted truth. We care not how strongly or ably he argues against our positions—that he has a right to do; and if he devotes his paper to partisan ends, it is perhaps too much to expect him to present anything in reply. But when he misrepresents and slanders us, in regard to our teachings, he is bound by the obligations of a morality which even respectable worldlings hold to be essential to the character of a gentleman, to allow those whom he misrepresents and slanders to be heard in self-defense. It is a deep disgrace to religious journalism that a paper of the rank and character of the "Examiner and Chronicle" can offend again and again in this way, without affording the slightest opportunity for redress. If the standard of morals is not wretchedly low, the spirit of sect must be very strong when a course so dishonorable can be successfully pursued by a religious editor.

We have no expectation that any denial or correction of the gross misrepresentations we have quoted will be allowed

to appear in Dr. Bright's columns; but, for the sake of many of our Baptist readers, we will briefly notice them:

Repentance, such outward reformation as can be accomplished without the help of the Spirit of God.

"I would not, sir, value at the price of a single mill the religion of any man, as respects the grand affair of eternal life, *whose religion is not begun, carried on and completed* by the personal agency of the Holy Spirit"—(A. Campbell, Debate with Rice, p. 616.)

We take leave to add that any kind of repentance would be an improvement on the present course of the "Examiner and Chronicle," towards the Disciples. Even "outward repentance without the help of the Spirit of God," would be preferable to these high professions of spiritual regeneration, accompanied with persistent misrepresentation and slander.

Faith, a historical belief in the facts of Jesus' life and work—just such as many unconverted sinners have.

"Faith in Christ is the effect of belief. Belief is the *cause*, and trust, confidence, or faith *in* Christ, the effect. . . . Any belief, then, that does not terminate in our personal confidence in Jesus as the Christ, *and induce trustful submission to him*, is not faith unfeigned, but a dead faith and can not save the soul" (*Chr. System*, pp. 52, 53.)

One thing essential to salvation, and one thing only, viz: *Baptism*. And this means a gospel of works, not of grace nor by faith.

"Baptism has no abstract efficacy. *Without previous faith in the blood of Christ, and deep and unfeigned repentance before God*, neither immersion in water, nor any other action, can secure to us the blessings of peace and pardon" (*Chr. System*, p. 58.)

We have quoted from the "Christian System" because it is a book easily obtained. But we could multiply quotations of the same import from all the writings of Mr. Campbell, and all our writers, enough to fill a volume.

What are we to think of professed religious guides, set for the defense of the truth, who can circulate such miserable falsehoods? What is to be gained by it? A party triumph? It is a paltry gain in return for such a strain on truth and conscience; and even that can not long be secure. The people are rapidly hearing of these misrepresentations, and woe to the man by whom such offense cometh. We will not invoke against him the "sharp arrows of the mighty and the coals of juniper," of which the psalmist speaks; on the contrary, we pray God to lead all such defamers to repentance; but we warn them that their repentance had better be speedy, for the people are fast learning that they have been hoodwinked by partisan editors and preachers. We are glad to know that Ohio Baptists are already better informed, and have learned to despise this disgraceful sort of warfare.

This was certainly very severe, but, unhappily, no one can say, in the light of the facts, that it was too severe. It was a dignified and pointed condemnation of an inexcusable offense—an offense of which the culprit was proved to be guilty. He had not made a *mistake*—he had deliberately and persistently *sinned* in the face of light, and in spite of repeated and earnest protestations. But such, at that time, were but too often the means resorted to, to arrest the rising tide of popular confidence and favor which was setting so strongly in the direction of the Disciples. It was hard to bear with meekness and patience, but the wiser ones among them, like Mr. Errett, clearly foresaw that it must ultimately result in good. No doubt their unprecedented successes in the past few years have been largely due to the fact that the public mind *has found out the truth about them*—has discovered that the odium under which, for so long, they were forced to lie, was wholly un-

merited, and that those who cast it upon them were without excuse.

The completeness of Mr. Errett's work in meeting false charges like the above, is seen in this: It was beginning to be said that the doctrine taught by him, and those in sympathy with him, was modified and improved; that it was not the "dose" originally prepared by the "apothecary" in Bethany. But even this would not do. Mr. Errett does n't content himself with repudiating the stale charges, as applicable to him and his co-workers, but he demonstrates—he makes it absolutely certain, by copious quotations from the writings of Mr. Campbell—that *they never were true*; and that during all these years the public have been gulled and deluded by systematic, unjustifiable, persistent and wicked misrepresentations. His perfect familiarity with all the literature of the Disciples gave him the vantage ground here, which he used with telling and powerful effect. The above example is but one of numerous instances, appearing repeatedly in the columns of his paper, in which he showed his readiness to draw from this abundant storehouse whatever the time or the subject demanded.

His article in the January "Christian Quarterly" of this year, on "What is Sectarianism?" was characterized by careful analysis, lucid discrimination, and a broad comprehension. It was indeed an exceedingly able presentation of a subject which had not previously received profound consideration from the Disciples, nor been viewed by others from an unsectarian and catholic standpoint. His elaborate discussion of the whole matter, which involved the consideration of both modern and primitive conditions, was equally entertaining

and instructive. I should be glad to reproduce the whole of this fine argument, if my space permitted, but I can not consent to mar it by partial and brief quotation. The following *distinction*, however, which is so seldom drawn, but which, notwithstanding, is eminently just, I must except from the general exclusion, for the sake of such of my readers as may not have access to the "Quarterly":

We must now pass to another phase of this question. Protestantism presents to view many parties, more or less in conflict with each other, wearing different names, marching under different banners, teaching different doctrines, and sustaining different ecclesiastical organizations. Leaving out of view the Episcopalians and Baptists, who do not claim to belong to Protestant sects, we speak of those who are willing to be known simply as members of the Protestant family. They are not entirely different. They hold many things in common. They agree largely in those truths which they hold to be fundamental and vital in Christian doctrine and practice. In this respect they are constantly approaching more and more closely to each other, and subduing the angularities, rivalries, and animosities of the past. Yet, they are essentially distinct, having separate interests; and much of unhallowed competition and rivalry is necessarily involved in their relative positions and aims. Are these *sects*, in the Scriptural sense of that term? Unquestionably they are sects, viewed in the Romeward bearing and connection of their history; for they came out from Rome, and separated themselves, or were separated, from that communion. To the Roman Catholic church, then, they are sects; and such of them as have come away from other Protestant bodies are sects as they stand related to those from whom they came out. But are they sects in the Christward bearing of their history? It will be well for many who are constantly denouncing "the sects" as the daughters of the "mother of harlots," to pause and consider this ques-

tion. They acknowledge themselves to be, in a certain sense, sects; but that there is a very marked and fundamental distinction between the sects denounced in the Scriptures and these Protestant parties, must be conceded by every intelligent reader of history. Those broke away from the church of Christ—these from the church of Rome; those went away from the truth—these are coming back to it; those turned their backs to the authority of Christ, and set their faces to falsehood and delusion—these have turned their backs to the Pope, and set their faces to the word of God and the cross of Christ; the leaders of those were men of corrupt and ambitious minds, with whom gain and power were godliness—the leaders of these were men who “feared God and wrought righteousness,” and “counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus.” How is it possible to place the latter in the same category with the former, unless *apostasy* and *reformation* mean the same thing? To our mind there is a grave injustice in this estimate of the great Protestant parties. Granting that Rome is the “mother of harlots,” by what peculiar logic is it made to appear that these are her offspring? Is it because they came out from her? Then were the ancient sects the children of the church of God, and this divine institution must be recognized as the mother of sects! But John says: “They went out from us *because they were not of us*; for had they been of us they would have continued with us;” and so Rome justly says of the revolting Protestants. Was literal Babylon the mother of the Jews that returned to Jerusalem? No more is spiritual Babylon the mother of the Protestant communities. No! No! People who leave the Pope for Christ, and the commandments and traditions of men for the word of God, and the mummeries of a debasing superstition for the light of truth and the simplicity of spiritual worship, and who bravely suffer, even to death, for the testimony of Jesus, have won, at the very least, a right to be spared this sort of slander, especially at the hands of those who profess supreme devotion to the

word of God, and who are indebted to these very Protestants for all the advances they have been enabled to make in spiritual knowledge and enjoyment. . . . The position and character of these various Protestant parties is anomalous. They are not Popish, nor are they fully Christian. They still retain something of the errors of the one; they fail to attain to the characteristics of the other. While we cheerfully concede that much must be abated of the guilt and odium of sectarianism in dealing with parties that are honestly struggling out of darkness into light, and seeking to shake off the bondage of the past, we must, at the same time, insist that the time for such apologetic treatment of the divisions of Protestants is well-nigh gone. It is time that these anomalies should cease to be. The excuses of the past can no longer be pleaded for them. God is concentrating the light of this age on the mischiefs and follies of partyism, and strangely moving, in his providences, on the hearts of the people, to turn them to nobler and truer conceptions of his church and his gospel. And if it has not been in the past, it is now, a sin closely akin to that of ancient sectarianism, to be found enslaved to a party, or failing to labor for the overthrow of sects and the reunion of God's divided and scattered people.

Just a few words more. After setting forth the position and plea of the Disciples, which need not here be repeated, he says:

Surely it becomes the pleaders for union to rise above all narrow prejudices, and take in worthy conceptions of this mighty plea. It wants strong minds, and big hearts, and generous culture. Two things must be carefully guarded, and the desired result is certain:

1. We must guard, with uncompromising integrity, the *essentials* of this plea, namely, Faith in the Lord Jesus, and obedience to him in all things clearly taught in his word.

2. We must carefully guard, and with an equally uncompromising faithfulness to principle, against all attempts

to *coerce* unity, either in regard to *inferential* truths, or matters of expediency. That is to say, while insisting on loyalty to Jesus, we must allow every man to be loyal to himself in all things not expressly commanded or taught, and regard this liberty as his right, and not as our gift.

Manifestly these were the utterances of no ordinary man. They reveal a spirit in sympathy with highest truth, and in consonance with heaven's sweetest strains. We have lately seen how he came between his own contending brethren who, seduced by a temporary excitement, were hazarding their supreme good in striving for a quite subordinate matter, and recalled them to themselves, to their principles and their true mission, thus restoring peace, coöperation and fraternity. And here he takes his place in front of the great Protestant parties, and pleads for justice to them. Those inconsiderate Disciples, who had mistaken epithets for arguments, should cease their railing accusations. It was easy to cast reproaches, to call names, to sling mud, but it was not right: let justice be done though the heavens fall; and let it be remembered that the jackdaws among these very parties for whom he was thus earnestly pleading, had all his life long been pecking at him, and their bigoted scribes and Pharisees had unscrupulously and persistently sought to cover him and his brethren and his cause with obloquy and odium, not to say infamy. It is not every man who can rise above such influences into the serene atmosphere of passionless judgment and of genuine Christian charity.

In addition to his other good work this year, he prepared a series of papers on the position and aims of the Disciples, for the "Liberal Christian," a Uni-

tarian journal published in New York. This was done at the request of the editor of that paper, and he was to write with perfect freedom, without any limitations or restrictions—no difference what antagonism to Unitarianism might appear. These articles were well received and heartily appreciated, not only by the editor, but by many thoughtful persons in New England.

“Walks about Jerusalem,” subsequently published in book form, appeared serially in the “Standard” of 1871, running for several months. These papers were originally prepared, as we saw at the time, in 1857, under circumstances of great trial, and published in the “Christian Age.” They were very popular at the time, and were still so repeatedly sought after, that he deemed it well to revise and reissue them. They are now accessible in a handsome little volume, of the merits of which I have already spoken.

In November, in response to my own earnest solicitation, he paid a visit to the church in Augusta, Georgia, of which I was then pastor. We expected great things to result from his coming, and we made preparation for it—resorting to every legitimate expedient to make known his appointment and to awaken proper anticipations in the public mind. Unfortunately for the people, however, his meetings fell upon one of those long-continued rainy seasons, when it is drizzle, drizzle, interspersed with frequent down-pours of excessive flood. Of course, very few of the outside public were willing to face the storm, in order to hear a preacher of whom they knew very little, and, many of them, nothing at all. The Disciples had it all to themselves, but those who heard him once felt like they would have gone through floods and flames rather

than miss a single sermon. He was in his happiest vein. The gloomy weather had no effect upon him except, perhaps, to bring out more of his own sunshine, with which he daily and nightly gladdened and brightened the hearts of all who heard him. I presume that never in his life did he preach better than on this occasion. He was in the prime and strength of his manhood; his health was excellent; his mind and heart were full of good things, all of which, as he poured them out, seemed fresh and new to his hearers; and he could but realize that they were in perfect accord with him. Moreover, the character of his auditors justified him in speaking mainly upon themes which most deeply interested his own heart—those pertaining to the Christian life—its privileges, its honors, its sweetness, its hopes, its exceeding great rewards. I can not possibly characterize those sermons as they impressed me. They poured sweetness into every cup of bitterness; they imparted courage and fortitude for every trial; they were strengthening, uplifting, hallowing. One could not but feel, as he listened to him, that the Christian religion was priceless in its worth, and that it was a grand, and blessed, and joyous thing to *be* a Christian. He received as a free-will offering a thousand dollars for his week's service. No doubt he thought that he was well paid; perhaps commercially speaking, he was; but *we* felt that we had by far the best of the bargain. He had left with us treasures that could not be measured by dollars and cents. He had given inspiration and direction to many lives, which, to them at least, were of infinite worth.

On his return he published an account of this visit, which *we* read with great interest. For the sake of

my old home and pastorate I would gladly reproduce parts of this, but they are so interwoven with tributes to myself, all too kind and generous, that my hand is necessarily restrained.

In the spring of this year he was prevailed upon to preach regularly for the First Church, Chicago. It had some very wealthy members who proposed, if they could secure his services and counsels, to undertake great things for the cause in that prosperous city. Consequently, though the labor was onerous, as he had to go and come every week, he undertook the work, and prosecuted it with vigor and success till October, when the great fire occurred, which so crippled the strong men who were supporting it, that it had to be abandoned. He was in Chicago at the time, and witnessed this most awful conflagration. His account of it, published a day or two after in the Cincinnati "Commercial," was surpassingly graphic and interesting. After speaking in general terms of the appalling calamity, and of the vast numbers—one hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand—left homeless and destitute, he continued:

I reached Chicago on Sunday morning at 7:30, on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railway, in time to witness the devastations of the fire Saturday night. The enormous piles of live coals left in the desolate lumber yards were so many fiery demons threatening the safety of the city, and waiting only to be lashed to excitement by an angry wind, to spread mischief and ruin everywhere. The exceeding dryness of the season, the large number of frame buildings contiguous, the high elevators within reach, the unworthy character of roofs and cornices of many of even the brick and stone buildings of the business portion of the

city, all, to a discerning eye, revealed that the city was at the mercy of the winds and flames.

Moreover, even the fire-proof buildings of Chicago were not fire-proof. I doubt if the stone they use in the buildings can be relied on as fire-proof. It is limestone. The best of it has more or less lime in it, and can not stand before the heat of an immense conflagration. Their bricks are also inferior.

But the confidence of the people in their fire department, and their cheerful trust in good luck, silenced these fears—and when the fire broke out afresh in the evening there seemed to be no fear that the engines would not master it. Near midnight, moved by a fear I was unable to suppress, I ascended to the roof of the house of my host, H. H. Honore, on Michigan avenue, to note the progress of the fire. It was evidently spreading extensively, and the gusts of wind, which were sometimes so strong as to compel us to brace ourselves on the roof, threatened immense mischief. But as the wind bore rather west of north, we felt that our part of the city was not in danger, and we returned to seek rest and sleep.

Within an hour we were roused with the information that the flames were approaching us. A hasty glance satisfied us that the river had been crossed, and the fire was moving diagonally toward the lake in a northeast direction. Still it was hoped, from the northwest bearing of the wind, which had risen to a gale, that its eastward progress would be stayed before it reached the most valuable business portion of the city. It was painfully interesting to look at men whose fortune, in magnificent buildings, was at the mercy of the fire, trying to persuade themselves that, by some streak of good luck, the fire would be arrested before it reached *their* treasures. "The wish was father to the thought." But, in spite of these agonizing wishes, the stream of devouring flame kept moving on, even against the wind, or only tacking sufficiently to pursue its course diagonally towards the lake. Now ensued a scene of wildest

excitement. The people, aroused to a sense of danger, made frantic efforts to save their property. The streets were soon thronged with frightened and frantic crowds of all classes and descriptions, and the mixture of the solemn and painful with the ludicrous and diverting, was such as is seldom seen. Horses, carriages, go-carts, wagons, drays, hand-carts, wheelbarrows, sleighs, some with men harnessed for horses — and women and children pushing behind vehicles loaded with every kind of household treasures—striving to get beyond the reach of the onward moving river of flame, that surged and swelled, and beat relentlessly against every obstacle and forced a channel through even the solidest walls of stone. Little boys and girls dragging trunks through the streets with one hand, holding on with the other to some cherished picture of the loved and lost. Huge Irishmen leading goats through the crowd, carrying the kids in their arms, and leaving the children to make their own way. Women loaded down with bed-slats, and carefully bearing them to places of safety. Big men carrying mirrors for squares, and laying them down only to be shattered in a moment. Barefooted and almost naked, women and children gathered around their piles of furniture, many of them falling asleep from sheer exhaustion, only to be roused to gather up their goods and rush farther away from the approaching danger. Millionaires of yesterday looking in silence at the fire-demons recklessly sporting with their fortunes, and withering to ashes in an hour the toils of half a lifetime past, and the only hope of the half of life that lay yet in the future. The air is filled with sparks and burning splinters, which the cruel winds in their wantonness lash into fury, and send them, leaping and darting with fiery tongues, like enraged serpents, to strike at the first object in their way. Some light on roofs, some stick their fangs into wooden cornices or window-frames; others dart, as if with demoniacal intelligence after awnings; and directly another magnificent block is wrapped in flames. Soon the gas-lights go out—the gas-works being destroyed; the winds start up with fresh bursts

of vengeance, just as men's hopes revive of checking the onward swoop of the fire; the moon looks out of the sky with a hue as of death-sickness, utterly woe-begone—the sickliest, deathliest hue I ever detected in her half-hidden face; a sullen roar of an explosion adds to the horror of the scene, and the crash of falling walls and timbers, and the frantic leap of flame high up into the air, to burst into a deluge of sparks and blazing splinters and descend in fiery torrents on some new object of vengeance—make up a scene of tumult and desolation and awful magnificence that no words can describe. Then word comes that the Court House is in flames, that the Tremont and the Sherman are gone; and when you lift up your eyes, look which way you will, it is evident that the fire-fiends are holding high carnival, and that no earthly power can arrest them.

The burning of the new Honore building—one of the most magnificent houses on the continent—and of the new hotel on the opposite corner, was terrible in its grandeur. The new Mansard roof, not yet completed, on the Honore building, no sooner caught a spark than it burst forth, like a suppressed fountain, and the fire leaped high into the air with an exultation of fury that seemed sublimely diabolical. Then, beaten by a fresh gale of wind, it rushed in a river towards the post office—a turbulent river—wave succeeding wave, dashing against stone walls, then gathering strength for a more furious onset, and breaking in a spray of fire that rushed like an army to scale the wall and carry the torch within the ramparts. The new hotel—the Bigelow—almost ready for occupancy, furnished new material to feed the fury of this assault. For a time a column of flames rose up from the north side of the building, from the ground to the roof, perhaps thirty or forty feet in breadth, which, in its occasional spiral curvings, and with the quickened motion imparted by every fresh conquest of fire within the walls, seemed like an enormous fiery serpent, writhing in agony and frantically struggling to make a terrible leap into the air. But it is useless to attempt description. It was

sublime—the noble and daring struggles to beat back the flames, and save the buildings; but the wisest and bravest efforts of men were the struggles of Lilliputians, and the engines seemed absolutely contemptible in their feebleness, even when doing their best.

At seven o'clock I took a walk over the business portion of the south side. The post office still defied the flames. The "Tribune" building stood grandly and stubbornly out, in a dogged resistance that was encouraging. The grand house of Field, Leiter & Co. was still bidding defiance to the flames. It looked as if in this quarter the fiery foe was about to be conquered, and I returned to Mr. Honore's weary and sleepy, and ventured to lie down for a nap, assured that the danger in this direction was over. We were aroused in the course of an hour with the tidings that the house was on fire. The wind had risen to a very fierce gale, and was sweeping along the avenue northward with great fury. We had just time to snatch up coat and satchel and descend from the third story, to make our escape over piles of burning carpets and blazing furniture, before the house was surrendered to the flames. Then we saw that the portion of the city which we had regarded as safe was doomed. As far along as the Michigan avenue hotel it was evident that the fine residences must go, and some of the churches on Wabash avenue were already in flames. Making our way through clouds of dust and throngs of frantic people, we reached a quieter region in the southern portion of the city.

Then, amidst all the terrible tumult and despair, came tidings from Cincinnati of a hundred thousand dollars, provisions, and fire engines, and all sorts of brotherly things; and strong men took each other by the hand and wept. It is not *all* evil, even a calamity like this! . . . In conclusion, let me say that the conduct of the business men of Chicago was, as far as I could see, most admirable. When I speak of frantic crowds, it is not of the business men that I speak. The men who saw their whole fortune consumed

in an hour, looked on with brave hearts, and resolutely talked of trying it again. They deserve to succeed—and we expect to see Chicago rise from this fiery baptism to a new and grander life. Meanwhile, let not the opportunity to cheer the hearts of the suffering population be neglected. There is great destitution, and it must be provided for. Let the terrible darkness that broods over a hundred thousand hearts, be dissipated by the ready benevolence of the people at large.

ISAAC ERRETT.

CINCINNATI, October 10, 1871.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

1872.

"The present and the future."—"Specs."—The Cumminsville home.—The boys.—Sorrows.—*This, not that*, the land of shadows.—Lovely Riverside.—"Faith and Baptism" Church training.—"Our Position."—"Talks to Bereans."—Tests.—Basis of fellowship.—Standard Publishing Company.

"If we would make the most of life, and redeem it as far as possible from carking care and from failure, we must let our anxieties center in that which depends on ourselves, and our hopes in that which depends on God." With such words of wisdom and faith, he introduced the labors of the new year, 1872, in a well-considered leader on the Present and Future. He added: "We grow nervous about the welfare of the church, the fulfillment of the prophecies, the triumph of truth and righteousness in the earth. Every thing seems to be going wrong. The former days were better than these. Wickedness abounds, infidelity is bold and defiant; the people are at ease in Zion; and our zeal is paralyzed by our faithlessness. On the other hand, *we* are all right; *we* have the truth; *we* are not as other men, nor even as poor sectarians; and our self-complacency begets carelessness and presumption when we have need of fear and trembling;" and he



A. I. HOBBS.

CONTRIBUTOR OF SCRIPTURE LESSONS, 1872.

proceeds to emphasize and enforce the sentiment first quoted above.

We are glad to be able to say that he entered into the new year under circumstances unusually propitious and encouraging. He had become personally a great power in the land, and especially among the churches. He was recognized everywhere as a safe counselor, a wise, prudent and courageous leader. In the "Standard" he possessed an instrument of tremendous power, in the use of which he was singularly skilled. His paper had grown into a circulation of over fifteen thousand regular subscribers, and the list was steadily increasing.* The cause, too, which it so powerfully supported, was, in spite of occasional adverse winds, growing in strength, and in popular favor. He might well feel happy, and he did. In order to illustrate his great work, and to preserve some small portion of his valuable contributions to the thought and enterprise of his times, I have already repeatedly quoted from his writings, as I shall continue to do, chiefly on points then, as now, in controversy. But here, for the sake of variety, and to give the reader a delightful entertainment, I introduce one of a different character.

(Christian Standard, January 13, 1872.)

SPECS.

We have come to it at last, and may as well own that we are not as young as we once were. Not that we have any consciousness of advancing age. We are only fifty-two, and

* Among the attractions of the "Standard" this year, which added both to its interest and its subscription list, was the good work of A. I. Hobbs, whose contributions under the title: "Scripture Lessons for Sunday-school Teachers and the People," were received with a delightful approbation. He was always welcome at head-quarters as an earnest co-worker, a trusted counselor, a true friend and faithful brother.

if we were boyish at seventeen, or vigorous at twenty-five, we have no idea of any less freshness or strength to-day. True, we can not read small print by moonlight as we once could; but it never struck us that was because vision was failing—we regarded it a mere matter of moonshine. The fault was in the moon—somehow it did not shine *quite* so brightly as in former nights, and we were sometimes inclined to ask, in behalf of that failing luminary, why the former days—or nights rather—were better than these. We thought of changes in the gulf stream; of spots in the sun; of comets; of the immense quantity of carbon liberated by the north-western fires; and wondered whether any strange freak of nature had caused new conditions of atmosphere to interpose betwixt the moon and our nobility—thought, in fact, of almost every thing except the possibility of our strong eyes failing. We had to admit that, in reading proof in minion type, the lines had acquired a naughty habit of running together, so that there was little sense and much confusion in the proofs; and we fear the reader may think much the same is true sometimes, even after the proofs have been corrected. But in our most perplexed moments we never thought of saying, "Bless my eyes," for we had no notion that our eyes needed blessing. The *proofs* were dim—that was all. But on Christmas morning we found in our stocking a pair of nice, gold spectacles, a gift from Santa Claus—as much as to say: "You are in a fair way to become a nice old gentleman; you have come over the crest of the hill of life; youth is yours no more; you are going down hill now; here is a nice pair of specs to aid you to see your way down the valley." We can not say it was the most delightful of messages for "a merry Christmas," but being left for us by so benevolent an old gentleman, we were sure it was not meant to offend us, and so we took them and meekly put them on, and humbly confessed to being a weaker brother than we once were—about the eyes. Ah! these tokens of decay—how sad they are! We recollect that first gray hair. We thought it was a silken thread that had

found lodgment there, and sought to remove it—but it was fast! A closer inspection revealed scores of hairs like it; and this was the first premonition that youth was fleeing, or had fled. But we remembered many whose hair had turned gray while they were yet *quite* young, and might it not be so in this case? But *now* “those that look out of the windows are darkened,” and soon, we suppose, the keepers of the house will tremble, and the strong men bow themselves, and the sound of the grinding be low, and the silver cord shall part, and the golden bowl be dashed, and the bucket be broken at the fountain, and the wheel crushed at the cistern—and then the dust will return to the earth as it was, and the spirit to Him who gave it. *Yes*—we have passed the crown of the hill, and are beginning to descend. We can not but cast “a longing, lingering look behind,” and recall with fondness the gayety and briskness of the ascent—the eloquence of life that danced and sparkled and bounded with so joyous an elasticity, and so gloriously exultant in consciousness of increasing strength and expanding powers. After all, is it not a beautiful weakness that refuses to admit the approach of age; that protests against every evidence of it, and insists, with growing emphasis, on every indication of undiminished power? It is the protest of an ever youthful spirit against the inevitable wear of the body—the protest of immortality against decay and death.

Not that we are unhappy on account of it—not at all. True, we would like to remain young a thousand years. But then, we are not far down hill, and the sun shines gloriously, and it is bright and merry all around us. The sun, it may be, is sinking towards the west, and the valley at the foot of the hill is solemn with the shadows that have crept over it—shadows that are pointing up towards us. But they are yet some distance off, and we will enjoy sunshine and bird-songs and beauty while we may, and the company of loved ones; and perhaps, as we go down the hill into the shadows, we shall grow tired, and the spell of light and beauty and

song will be broken, and friends will drop away here and there, and the soul will become lonely, and by the time we reach the foot of the hill with faltering and trembling step, we shall be glad to close the toilsome journey and find a grave of hopeful rest as welcome as ever the gay, warm scenes of life have been.

But, thank heaven, the *heart* does not grow old, nor is faith's vision dimmed. The outward man may perish—let it go, so as the inward man may be renewed day by day. The spiritual body will possess an immortal and powerful vision, whose sublime range can not now be even guessed. "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off." "We know that when He appears, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Earth has ten thousand beauties and magnificences from which the soul may, even here, drink in unspeakable joy and rapture, and by the aid of art the eye gains a god-like glance over the glories of very distant heavens; but these are but prophecies of the beatific visions of the ransomed in the world of unfailing light. We presume it is good to grow old and come into close fellowship with the invisible.

Mr. Errett was residing at this time in Cummins-ville, a suburb of Cincinnati, to which place he had removed his family from Alliance, in 1870. There they luxuriated in "sweet domesticity," in a large old-fashioned house, with pleasant grounds attached, in which a croquet ground had been speedily prepared. Before long Russell returned as a graduate of Michigan University, and Wickliffe from Alliance; and every afternoon father and sons enjoyed their favorite game, with unconstrained hilarity and never ceasing pleasure. They proved a sore trial to the housekeepers of the family, as no amount of coaxing could induce the three "boys" to leave an unfinished game to go to their

meals. There was a little church in the town, which they attended on Sundays, and upon the whole enjoyed their comparative ease and irresponsibility there, notwithstanding some drawbacks. It was really in the country, and some of the elders and deacons seemed to have the common rural prejudice against coats and suspenders, and the young folks could never feel quite sure *what might happen*, though they always felt certain that something would! The absence of suspenders was a special "grief" to them, as it never failed to result in divers and sundry *hitchings* at critical periods, which were not always crowned with success! It should also be said that the house had been provided with crazy old seats, which had grown feeble from age and long service, and when one of them crashed to the floor under an accumulated weight of worshipers, the catastrophe was not as solemn to the lookers-on, especially the young, as it was to the unfortunate *descendants*.

It was a happy group that gathered nightly around the Errett fireside—a united, confiding, sympathetic family—hopeful, joyous, full of life and spirits, but genuinely religious. The good father was not only proud of his bright and promising sons, but intensely interested in them—in noting their special gifts and tastes and aspirations. How tenderly, truly, wisely and faithfully he loved them every one; and as we approach the dark shadow which we know to be near at hand, we are glad to feel that he seemed to have a special fondness for Wickliffe. He was indeed a grand boy—brave, true, upright, talented, and withal quick and gifted, like his father, in reading human character. The father and son were drawn together in perfect con-

fidence and perfect love. Harry, too, was an interesting study and a constant pleasure. Already he began to be mastered by that passion for art which led incidentally, as we shall see hereafter, to his untimely end.

We shall not linger upon the sorrows that came into the household, overwhelming the father's heart with grief, and leaving there an ineffaceable impress of sadness. They came not singly, but one after another, as if to ensure, by the repetition of the stroke, the fixing of his affections upon things above. His brother, John W., a good and faithful minister of Christ, after a long illness, had died the previous September; and now, on the 2d of February, his older brother, Henry R., also a devoted Christian, died at his home in Mt. Vernon, O. Mr. Errett, speaking of it, says:

We can not trust our pen to write what it is in a brother's heart to say. We laid him to rest when the snow-covered ground gave no promise of resurrection, and the biting winds breathed no sweet prophecy of spring time and flowers; but the sun came out from the clouds to tell of a bright heaven beyond frost and gloomy cloud, and the voice of Faith spoke cheerily over the descending coffin and the rattling clods, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

With a heart sore and sad he returned from the funeral to find Wickliffe and Harry both ill—but the fears and anxieties of the family were so centered about the *little* boy, Harry, who seemed to be the worse, that Wickliffe's greater peril was for the time unnoticed. Indeed, he was not then very sick, and a whole month passed before the terrible typhus fever

became fully developed. Soon, alas, its fearful work was done! The brave young man, but yesterday so full of life, and so strong and active—his father's joy and companion, and the staff upon which already he was beginning to lean—yielded to the fell destroyer, and passed out of the world. This was a crushing blow to Mr. Errett, and one from which he never fully recovered. But the reader must imagine the agony of his soul, the awful but triumphant struggle of faith and hope against sight and sorrow—when prayer itself, at the sacred family altar, where but lately their beloved Wickliffe had kneeled, went up to God in broken and tearful utterance. The brief tribute which he placed upon record was beautiful and just: "An obedient son, a loving brother, a faithful friend, pure and upright, a Christian in faith and in life, he bequeaths to us a memory without stain, and fragrant with goodness and honor."

Later on he gives, out of the depths of his swelling heart, a column of reflections on "Death in the Household," intended, doubtless, both to relieve his own feelings and to carry comfort to others similarly distressed. It would be difficult to find anywhere a paragraph on this subject more radiant with truth and beauty than the following:

Home is yet more sacred when a portion of its membership dwells with God. Heaven is nearer and dearer. Christ is more and more precious. Earth's vanities cease to dazzle and bewilder. Life takes on a grand solemnity. The tent of the pilgrim band is pitched nearer to Jordan, and the echoes of joy from the land of promise are caught more distinctly. The heart grows into a conviction of immortality through its own experiences, such as philosophy could never

establish, until the future takes on a blessed reality, and *this*—not *that*—is the land of shadows.

The family were greatly blessed in their bereavement, not only by the heartfelt sympathy and thoughtful kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, their ever true and steadfast friends, but also by the tender, wise and helpful ministrations of A. I. Hobbs, pastor of one of the Christian churches in the city. He had himself suffered much, and he knew well how to impart comfort.

Early in April the family removed from Cummins-ville to Riverside, a home near their friend Carroll's, beautiful for situation, and in a delightful neighborhood. It was on a hillside overlooking the "beautiful river" and the Kentucky hills beyond. The place was within twenty minutes of the office. It was surrounded by vineyards and orchards and multiplied charms. The community was quiet, orderly and moral, and every man looked up to Mr. Errett with a respect bordering on reverence. It was indeed an ideal home; and, notwithstanding the freshness of the sorrows which he carried to it; nay, perhaps, all the more in consequence of their hallowing influence, he was very happy there.

The views of a clear and discriminating mind like Mr. Errett's, on any phase of Christian doctrine, are always worthy of serious attention. Recent discussions, carried on in various periodicals, enhance the interest of the following presentation of a matter which he had studied with great care:

(Christian Standard, January 13, 1872.)

FAITH AND BAPTISM.

The "Journal and Messenger," copying our remark that "we teach that baptism conveys to the believer the *divine*

assurance of pardon," and settles nothing as to the moment when actual pardon takes place in the divine mind, says:

"If the Disciples would only definitely say that 'baptism, in order to the remission of sins,' meant simply that it was a vehicle for conveying to the believer the assurance of pardon, the dogma would be relieved of a good deal of its ugliness. But even the editor of the 'Standard'—who approximates evangelical orthodoxy as nearly as any of the Disciples—gives it merely as a peradventure that God may forgive unimmersed believers.

"We beg to submit to the 'Standard' that the Bible does not leave it in such an indefinite shape. 'Justification' is the Bible term for this act of the divine mind; and it never says that we are justified by baptism; nor by faith and baptism; but 'by faith.' This faith, of course, will lead to baptism, if it knows God commands it. But the act of the divine mind in justifying the ungodly is predicated on the faith, and never on the baptism. Baptism is a fruit of the righteousness (justification) which is by faith. How is it the Disciples have so much to say on 'baptism for the remission of sins,' and so little upon justification by faith? For every text which 'squints toward' baptism for pardon, we can give them a hundred teaching justification by faith."

On this we remark:—

1. This is precisely what the Disciples have always definitely said—that "baptism is a vehicle for conveying to the believer the assurance of pardon." Thus, in Dr. Richardson's "Principles and Objects of the Religious Reformation Urged by A. Campbell and Others"—a tract which, more than any other, has been approved and circulated as containing a brief and satisfactory exhibition of said principles and objects—we have the following language touching the design of baptism:

"To the believing penitent we regard it as an *assurance of actual forgiveness*. . . . It is, to the believer, the

sign, evidence or assurance of pardon, and not the *procuring cause* of pardon" (pp. 69, 70).

We are sorry that the editor of the "Journal and Messenger" should think it an "ugly" arrangement that God has made in this regard. The "ugliness" must be sought in the rebellious human heart, not in the gracious provisions of the gospel.

2. It would be indeed strange, if baptism is intended to "convey a *divine* assurance to the believer" of his forgiveness, that the unbaptized believer could be as well assured of pardon as the baptized believer! What is the "divine assurance" worth in this case?

3. The reason why we have so much to say on "baptism for remission of sins" and so little on justification by faith, is a controversial reason. Justification by faith is not in dispute—baptism for remission of sins is. Let the Baptists deny justification by faith as they deny baptism for remission of sins, and we promise to make justification by faith ring in their ears until they repent. It is the very reason why Paul said so much about justification by faith—it was in controversy. Faith once admitted, there was no difficulty about baptism. Hence, about the latter, comparatively little was said, while the former, being disputed by the Jews, who contended for justification by a law of works, was necessarily made peculiarly prominent. Were Paul here now, knowing that Baptists and other "evangelicals" admitted justification by faith, and denied baptism for remission of sins, we doubt not he would bring the truth which is denied into the foreground, and compel them to hear a great deal more than they want to hear on the subject.

It is a singular argument that, because faith is mentioned *oftener* than baptism, therefore baptism is not for the remission of sins! Faith is mentioned *oftener* than *repentance*; therefore, repentance is not necessary to salvation or justification! Repentance is sometimes mentioned without faith, as Acts iii. 19: "Repent and turn, that your sins may be blotted out." *Therefore*, sins may be blotted out without

faith! Does the "Journal and Messenger" believe such nonsense? No; he says, faith, if not expressed, is clearly implied. How does he know? Because other passages, equally clear, declare that we are justified by faith; and the passages must be taken together. Very well. He has an answer to all he says about the texts that teach justification by faith. Let him not forget that not one of these passages teaches justification by faith *alone*. They all imply repentance, and they all imply baptism—for the same divine authority that teaches justification by faith, teaches repentance and baptism for the remission of sins.

Referring to the above, a Mr. Charles Ashton, in the "Standard" of February 24th, calls in question Mr. Errett's statement that the Disciples taught that baptism was designed to give to the penitent believer the *assurance* of pardon, and insists that they teach "baptism must precede not only the assurance of his remission to the penitent, but also according to the gospel, the remission itself." To this the editor replies:

That baptism is designed to convey divine assurance of pardon to the believing penitent, is a statement which, so far as known to us, our entire brotherhood agree in. But the inference which some have drawn that the sinner is actually pardoned the moment he believes, is not one in which they would agree. As nothing is revealed to us as to the precise moment when God forgives; we teach nothing on the subject as a matter of faith. All we say is, that there is nothing in our position on baptism for the remission of sins that binds God to the moment of baptism as the moment when he forgives; but it binds us to obedience in baptism before we can appropriate the promise of forgiveness.

He proceeds to quote numerous brief passages from Mr. Campbell's debates and other published

works, asserting and insisting upon this very doctrine in the very words used by Mr. Errett. He adds :

We do not claim that our writers have always been sufficiently discriminating in their language respecting the design of baptism. This is too much to expect where there has been so much controversy, and when a disputant speaks often with his eye on one point without pausing to consider the use that can be made of his language as applicable to another phase of the subject. But that this has been the approved teaching among us from the beginning we confidently assert. In forty years membership among the Disciples, we have never understood anything else, nor known any other view to be accepted ; but we have of course heard and read some unwise and unauthorized declarations from lips and pens that failed in proper discrimination. Let it be understood, however, that we affirm nothing as to the moment of actual forgiveness. That is one of the secrets of the divine mind. It is ours to learn the conditions on which *we may appropriate* the blessings of the grace of God, and obey them."

I may be permitted to say of the above, that, as a means of setting forth the inveterate opposition of the Disciples to "sacramental grace," or an inherent saving virtue in the ordinance itself, the distinction will doubtless hold good. But considered in the abstract, that is, without reference to any prevailing error, and regarding remission of sins as the primal blessing of the gospel, into whose enjoyment the penitent believer *seeks to be inducted*, baptism, along with its gospel antecedents may properly be regarded as *a condition precedent*. Certainly it is so represented in the New Testament ; and neither Mr. Campbell nor Mr. Errett, nor any well instructed Disciple ever meant to get away from this scriptural doctrine. While they

heartily believed in justification by *faith*, they were far from believing in justification by *disobedient* faith. It is certainly true that baptism does give to the penitent believer the *assurance* of God's forgiveness, but whether, as a matter of fact, that forgiveness is granted *at the time* of baptism, or *previously*, is practically a question of no consequence. The Disciples may resort to various forms of expression in trying to help others to a true conception and appreciation of this important ordinance, but for themselves they are quite content with the simple statement of Scripture, that of God's mercy, "*he saved us by the washing (or bath) of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Spirit.*" Nor is it easy to conceive that the object was accomplished *before* the use of the instrument *by which* it was accomplished.

Mr. Errett seemed to realize at this time—if possible more than ever before—the supreme importance of leading his brethren up to a higher plane of ecclesiastical and personal living. He wrote carefully and elaborately on Church Training, on Personal Religion, on the Right of Appeal, and other subjects looking to the harmony and well being of the churches and to the perfection of the Christian life. Besides all this, he failed not to attend, personally, numerous conventions, district, State and National, to contribute his powerful influence in stimulating and encouraging the brotherhood to attempt greater things, and to consecrate themselves and their means more unreservedly to Christ. In consequence, the missionary spirit began to exhibit unwonted fervor, and everywhere there seemed to be a general waking up to new life and enterprise. Meanwhile, he did not overlook the necessity

of keeping the plea prominently before the religious and secular public. It was this year that he prepared and published "Our Position," a paper setting forth in brief space, but with admirable precision, and lucid discrimination, the faith and practice of the Disciples—pointing out wherein they agreed with other religious people, wherein they differed from them, and the grounds for such difference. The work, of course, was done in good taste and in a kind and fraternal spirit, and no doubt contributed largely to a better understanding and appreciation of the Disciples by their friends and neighbors. The paper was so highly esteemed that it was subsequently issued as a tract, which was widely circulated, and is still regarded as one of the best and most useful leaflets for giving a short and satisfactory answer to the question: "What do the Disciples believe?"

In addition to this, he prepared a more elaborate work, issued serially in the "Standard," under the head of "Short Sermons to Bereans," which was afterward published in book form under the title, "Talks to Bereans." I gave my views of this excellent work when it first appeared, and when the interest it excited was warm in my mind; and now, upon a cold review, I feel that I can not do better than to reproduce that notice:

(Christian Standard, Oct. 19, 1872.)

BRO. ERRETT'S "TALKS."

It may interest the readers of the "Standard" to know that one difference between the editor and associate editor is, that the former is able to *accomplish* what the latter can only faintly and half-despairingly *think of*. For many months

I have had a sort of crude idea that there surely must be a better way of presenting our plea than in the eternal thrusts and counter-thrusts of polemics. With great labor and pains I had reached this conception only to find my capacity and my strength thereby exhausted. Meanwhile, Bro. Errett easily and gracefully accomplishes the very thing which, with infinite labor and awkwardness, I had thought might be accomplished. "Talks to Bereans"—a little book which comes to us in the tasty and elegant dress which characterizes all the issues of the Messrs. Carroll & Co.—is really admirable. Beautiful in conception, perspicuous in statement, graceful in style, forcible in argument, and withal symmetrical in its proportions, and sufficiently full, without redundancy—it leaves nothing to be desired. Anybody can understand this book; it is as clear as a sunbeam. Anybody almost could have *written* it; at least, you are apt to think so while reading it. It simply says the right thing, in the right way, and at the right time and place—just what any of us could say, and say it quite as well as it is said—now that we have the copy before us! I am thoroughly satisfied now that I could have produced this work myself, and I am surprised and mortified that I never did.

Well, I am heartily glad that somebody did. The place it fills was vacant. Not that the subject is new, nor yet that it had not been often and ably discussed. Most of us had some tolerably good understanding of it, and could, upon occasion, have presented it *in our way*. But who of us could have re-handled the old jewels so skillfully, or re-set them so artistically? Who of us could so have brushed away the dust and cobwebs, and have brought out the precious gems into such a light as to make them sparkle with a brilliancy that we had forgotten, if we ever knew, was in them?

I like such a book as this; I like it better than if it was altogether new. The old wine is good enough for me. It is delicious even in the common jugs and mugs of coarsest pottery; but when I can get it in cut glass or a golden goblet, I always take it that way.

The book is refreshingly modest—modest in title, in object, in claim. It professes merely to “talk” to plain people, in plain language, about certain plain truths. In reality, it sets forth the whole way of salvation in lucid and earnest manner, that makes us all love it better. It seems to be now not simply the way that we can *demonstrate* to be right, and *maintain* in the face of gleaming swords and glittering bayonets; it is all of that; but somehow it is more—it is the *good* way. One feels, after reading it, like taking hold of the sinner’s hand, and earnestly entreating him to walk in this way for his own soul’s sake.

We needed a book like this—one that, in a brief space (so that it would be read); in a kindly, Christian spirit, (so that it would be welcomed); and with clear and forcible argument (so that it would be effective)—should exhibit and uphold the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, respecting man’s sin and its cure. We needed a work that would sympathize with the troubles and perplexities of inquirers, and, at the same time, faithfully help them to a correct understanding, and woo them to trustful acceptance of the truth; a work, in short, that should exhibit no straining after effect, no questionable statement of half-truths, no effort at paradox, but an earnest and loving *commending* of the truth to men’s consciences as something good and helpful and needful for them.

Such is the character of this book; and being such, its influence will not be restricted to the class for whose benefit it was specially designed. Many an earnest, religious man and woman will be led by it to a better understanding and a heartier appreciation of our teaching. Its arguments will be all the more forcible, because not made in the spirit of a partisan, nor in the interest of polemics, but in the higher and holier interests of God and truth and humanity.

In short, it is a safe book. It is one such that, as we read it, we think of some candid friend, some good neighbor, some earnest preacher, and say to ourselves, “Oh, I do wish he could see that!” What a blessed thing it is to have the

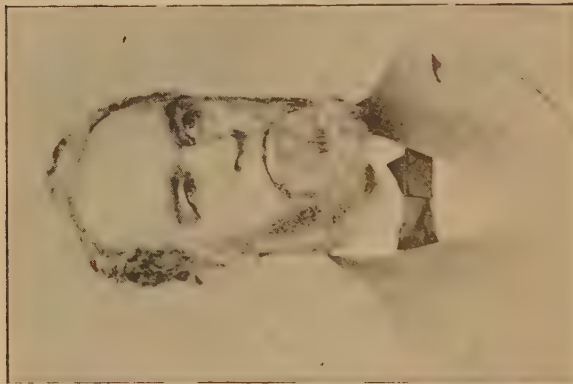
truth correctly represented—and not, as we so often see it, with a fine argument marred by a sophism, or a splendid passage defaced by an inaccurate statement, or an ill-chosen phrase or a questionable assertion. What a comfort to be able to read without feeling obliged, at every turn, to bring out your chemicals, to pour on your caustic, to raise your smoke, and to generate your *gas*—in order to test the soundness of each scruple of matter! “Talks to Bereans” may be read with confidence; it will excite no suspicion, and no doubts; and I feel sure that wherever it is read its influence will be salutary upon the reader and helpful to the cause.

It was still necessary, as, perhaps, it ever will be, to iterate and reiterate the true position of the Disciples on the test of soundness and the basis of fellowship. Some of them had positively become wild on the subject, and were ready to elevate their personal opinions and preferences, and their inferences from Scripture teaching, into standards by which their brethren were to be tried. The ablest men in the ranks, the purest and the holiest, if their tongues “could not frame to pronounce” the shibboleths proposed to them, were looked upon and proclaimed as unfaithful and wicked. The Disciples of whom mention has been made were doubtless actuated by worthy motives; they were simply mistaken in supposing that every one’s mind should be, or could be, cast into the moulds which had been formed by their own preconceptions. It was indeed but the manifestation of the same spirit and feeling which in all Christian ages has given birth to sects and parties. “*We* are the people; *we* are sound and right; *we* stand up for the truth; those who do not see as we see are wrong; if they will not see as we do after we have pointed out the right way to them, they are not only in error, but they are

morally criminal." Thus, estrangements are engendered, fellowships broken, and parties formed. Now, as in the nature of the case the issue had to come upon the Disciples at some period in their history, it was, perhaps, fortunate—rather, I should say, providential—that it was brought on by questions comparatively insignificant and trivial—matters *so* small that to the great intelligent and unprejudiced mind of the brotherhood and the general public, it seemed positively childish to regard them as things of real and vital importance. Under the wise direction of the Divine Being, however, they were made to serve his ulterior purpose, perhaps more effectually than matters of greater moment would have done. The use or non-use of an organ, for example, might have been nothing or next to nothing in itself, but in the hands of Mr. Errett it sufficed as a means whereby the true principle of Christian fellowship could be set forth free from the entanglements with which it was sought to complicate it. It became necessary for him, therefore, to demonstrate, again and again, as different phases of the subject were successively presented and urged, that such questions were wholly foreign to the true basis of fellowship and the true test of soundness; and that if there were any wickedness and criminality, they were found with those who were seeking to corrupt the faith by introducing these false elements as a part of it. His work here was truly masterful. And it was well for the churches that in the providence of God these distracting, and, to some minds, obscure questions, were permitted to arise while he was yet spared to them—with his unclouded mind, his penetrating insight, his perfect comprehension of the Disciples' position and



R. W. CARROLL, TREAS.



ISAAC ERRETT, PRES.



RUSSELL ERRETT, SEC'Y.

THE STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, INCORPORATED JULY 29, 1873.

plea, and his well-proved devotion to their cause. With the authority of supreme truth, and in the spirit of one who was conscious that he was in fellowship with its divine author, he recalled the indiscreet and hasty wanderers back to their original position, and to those fundamental principles which, from the beginning, had characterized and guided their glorious movement, but which now, in an evil hour, they were so sadly and so fatally violating. As I think of him in this holy work, I can but associate him with the great apostle to the Gentiles, rescuing the cause of truth and of Christ from the ruinous influence of Judaizing zealots and blind and bigoted legalizers.

In going over the annals of his life, identified as that life was with the Disciples and their interests, it seems to me that every several year is crowded full of good work—work which was specially demanded at the time, and which he, of all men, was best fitted by his talents, his character, and his position, most effectually to accomplish. Of course I can give but meager specimens of his labor, but it all lives in the wise direction which it gave to a great cause, and the deep impress which it left upon consecrated hearts.

In July of this year "The Standard Publishing Co." was incorporated, with Isaac Errett as president; R. W. Carroll, treasurer, and Russell Errett, secretary. These three, indeed, constituted the company. The staff of the paper remained as before, with the addition of Russell Errett as co-editor.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

1873.

Mighty influence.—Regeneration.—Whitsitt and Metaphysics.—L. L. Pinkerton.—Private judgment.—The faith.—Peculiar significance of baptism.—An anecdote.—Querists' Drawer.—A see-saw preacher.—A. C. M. S.—Visits Toronto.—Premonitions.

The "Standard" at this time had not only a large circulation; it also commanded the very ablest intellectual and moral support. Its columns were constantly enriched by communications from men and women of refinement and culture, who, though freely expressing their individual convictions, which often differed from those of the editor-in-chief, were yet in hearty accord with his great spirit and with his leading object—the maintenance of Scriptural truth and the apostolic basis of fellowship. It was a clean paper, dignified and courteous, and totally free from everything that was low, or coarse, or vulgar. Moreover, there was nothing lugubrious in it. It sparkled upon occasion with wit and humor, and it was always bright, cheery and hopeful. It was recognized as a true representative of the best thought of the Disciples, and a trustworthy exponent of their faith, doctrine and aims. It was by no means uncommon for the press of the various denominations to speak of it in terms of highest

respect and admiration. It was indeed a journal of which the brotherhood was proud, and which they delighted to put into the hands of their neighbors. It is needless to add that both within and without the church its influence was most powerful and happy; and that it contributed more than any other agency to the breaking down of those inveterate prejudices which had hitherto been accepted and circulated by the religious world as the truth concerning the cause it represented. It required masterly skill, long patience, the manifestations of a genuine Christian spirit, and the possession and use of abundant resources, to accomplish this difficult work; but the subsequent, and especially the present status and weight of the Disciples, show how effectually it was done. Of course it had to be gradual. Antagonists were slow, even in the face of overwhelming demonstration, to admit that they had always been wrong; that, without due investigation, they had taken up a baseless reproach against their neighbors, and given currency and sanction to accusations which were conspicuously false. It would be too much to say that in every part of this broad land such unholy procedures have even yet been abandoned. In some cases men are still in darkness, and, alas! in the back settlements party spirit, with all its unloveliness and injustice, is still prevalent and dominant, but the truly enlightened and cultivated, particularly in the centers of intelligence, have learned to appreciate the position of the Disciples at something like its true value, and to acknowledge without stint the importance of their contribution to the Christian thought and progress of the age.

While this could be predicated in 1873 of the loftier minds, whose attention had been directed to the subject, it was still necessary to continue the discussion with second-rate and inferior men, who were yet biased by early preconceptions, and who, besides, were too intensely sectarian to do justice to a position which was intensely unsectarian.

See with what clearness Mr. Errett answers one of these who was antagonizing what he supposed was Mr. Campbell's doctrine of regeneration:

But Mr. Campbell taught that "baptism is a part of the process of regeneration." Yes, he made it a part of the process of regeneration, *as defined by him*; but that he made it a part of regeneration, *as defined by the Baptists*, is not true. Just here there is need of discrimination. With the Baptists, regeneration is entirely an *internal* process, if process it can be called; the implantation of new life, or the principles of new life, in the soul. Mr. Campbell never taught that baptism was any part of *that* process. Baptismal regenerationists do; and in that respect there is a great gulf between him and them. He taught that regeneration embraced *a change of state*—a birth, a passing out of one state and one condition of life into another, and that baptism was that birth of water in which a being *already made alive to God*, passed into new conditions of life—entered into the kingdom of God.

This is an accurate statement of Mr. Campbell's position, by one who was intimately acquainted with it—a statement that can be easily verified and abundantly supported by quotations from Mr. Campbell's own writings—and the very doctrine on the subject which has been uniformly received and taught by the Disciples. We opine that when viewed through the lens of the Scriptures, not a modicum of unsoundness

can be detected in it; and yet, as long as we live we expect to hear it insinuated, and even proclaimed, by turgescient *petits* that Mr. Campbell "taught *the monstrous doctrine of baptismal regeneration!*"

Mr. Whitsitt, the gentleman who was criticising Mr. Campbell, calls out our editor on another point, which should here be considered:

He entirely mistakes the character and aims of Mr. Campbell's teaching, when he represents its main feature to be an attempt to return from subjectivity to objectivity in religion. That there was something of that involved in the movement—and that it was needed, our critic very frankly admits—is true; but as a philosophical view of the case, it is meager, defective and, indeed, essentially incorrect. How far his views of spiritual operations legitimately tended to formalism, may be seen from a few extracts from speeches made in reply to this very charge:

"I say, again, my voice never would have been raised upon the subject of spiritual influence, had I not seen in those extravagant forms, as I judge it, making void the word of God and the preaching of the gospel. Men and parties often make revivals, and now we have a class of preachers known by the title of "revivalists," men well disciplined in the art and mystery of obtaining outpourings of the Spirit. But my standing proof of the great amount of deception practiced on such occasions, is the lamentable fact that after the excitement ceases, and reason resumes her wonted dominion, *the converts are about as unenlightened in the religion of the volume of God's inspiration as before.* Their feelings were moved and their hearts quailed, or their affections were overcome by the scenes around them; yet still their minds were unenlightened, their spirits were not more elevated, nor their faith enlarged. In most instances the converts are as ignorant of God and Christ after as before. Persons so converted rarely read the Bible. They believe more in excitement than in the twelve apostles, and would

rather listen to exciting speeches than keep the commandments of God" (*Campbell-Rice Deb.*, p. 696).

"We are represented, because of the emphasis laid upon some ordinances, as though we made a Saviour of rites and ceremonies—as believing in water regeneration, and in the saving efficacy of immersion, and as looking no further than these outward bodily acts; all of which is just as far from the truth and from our views as transubstantiation or purgatory. I have, indeed, no faith in conversion by the word without the Spirit, nor by the Spirit without the word. The Spirit is ever present with the word, in conversion and in sanctification. A change of heart is essential to a change of character, and both are essential to admission into the kingdom of God. Without holiness no man shall enjoy God. Though as scrupulous as a Pharisee, in tithing mint, anise and cummin, and rigid to the letter in all observances, without those moral excellencies usually called righteousness and holiness, no man can be saved eternally; for the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God" (*Ib.*, p. 678).

Let these suffice as specimens of what may be quoted by the chapter, and almost by the volume, from Mr. Campbell's writings. We appeal to the candid reader to say whether he perceives in these any dangerous tendency to formalism and unevangelical extremes. . . . He opposed the extravagant tendencies to mysticism of which Mr. Whitsitt speaks, because he saw it led people away from the word of God, to seek immediate revelations from heaven. He opposed the anxious-seat and experience-telling, because these were expedients and tests unauthorized by the word of God, and tending to perpetuate divisions. He repudiated Armenianism not less than Augustinianism, as a speculative system, tending to discord, and as at war with the simple faith of the primitive church. [Christians never could be brought into unity by speculative theology, whether true or false; therefore, he repudiated it.] His opposition to prevailing notions and theories of spiritual influence was not

with a view to build up an opposing theory, but to call men back from theories to a reliance on the plain teachings of the New Testament—to *fact*, instead of *theory*; to *faith*, in place of *philosophy*; and to *obedience*, and through obedience to a trust in the promises of God, in place of a delusive and witching trust in marvelous sensations, and emotions. In all this he had a steady eye on the great purpose to be gained—the union of Christians in the simple faith and practice of primitive times, to the utter ignoring of every practice, every doctrine, every name, every test of fellowship, every partisan distinction, known to modern parties, but not known in the New Testament.

That this was a grand conception—a worthy aim—is being conceded more and more fully every day. That Mr. Whitsitt could write so long an essay to account philosophically for Mr. Campbell's peculiarities, and never once even allude to that which was Mr. Campbell's most prominent characteristic, will readily account for the blundering estimates presented in his partial and superficial criticism. No man can possibly criticise Mr. Campbell with justice or discrimination, who ignores his life-long consecration to the restoration of the catholicity of the primitive church.

I feel sure that not the Disciples only, but many others who are earnestly seeking to find a solution of the great problem of Christian union, will welcome such quotations as the above from the writings of two such eminent and godly men as Alexander Campbell and Isaac Errett, both of whom had given the subject most profound and prayerful consideration. It was with them not a collateral or subordinate, but a leading and all-absorbing question. And such was the solicitude among the Disciples for the attainment of their great object, that it was sometimes difficult to restrain them from breaking over the divinely-fixed boundaries of the subject, and advocating *union*, regardless of *unity*.

This was especially true respecting the doctrine of baptism, which seemed to be the most formidable obstacle in the way of ultimate success. Good men might well be pardoned for inquiring whether, when so much was at stake, it might not be practicable and right to ignore this comparatively subordinate matter, at least for a time, until old sores could be healed, and Christians be brought into those fraternal relations and that catholicity of spirit, which would enable them to study the subject without partisan bias or predilection. Mr. Errett's views upon this point will be read with profound respect. They were called out by a series of articles written by Dr. L. L. Pinkerton, a gentleman of great ability—a polished writer, an eloquent speaker, a devoted and faithful Disciple. In advocating the course suggested above—though men might disagree with him—none could question the benevolence of his heart, nor the purity and worthiness of his motives. The Doctor placed his advocacy primarily upon the right of private judgment, and to this Mr. Errett first addresses himself:

Let no one imagine that we hold the right of private judgment in light esteem. Far from it. We hold that no one should apply for membership in a church, unless his private judgment leads him to accord with those with whom he would unite *in all that is essential to membership with them*. And, on the other hand, that they are bound to respect his private judgment in all else, provided only he is one with them thus far. In other words, they should require nothing of him that is not clearly and unmistakably required in the New Testament. "But how is that to be ascertained?" we are asked. "Am *I* to decide for *another*?" No, but if another wishes to associate with you, it is his business to see that he is able to accord with you in all that is requisite

to such association. Now, if a church of Christ is a society with distinctive aims, principles and practices, it is to be presumed that the New Testament sets forth that which is distinctive with sufficient clearness to avoid any serious clashing of private judgment among reasonable people, in respect to essential matters. "Yes," it will be said, "but you have yourself admitted the confusion growing out of the apostasy, and the difficulty of arriving at one judgment among those so variously educated, under so many conflicting theories and practices as have necessarily marked the journeyings out of Babylon toward Jerusalem." Very well. That calls for patience, no doubt, and tolerance, and long-suffering. But if, in spite of all this confusion and these conflicts, there are still certain distinctive teachings of the New Testament which are so clear and unmistakable as to have commanded almost universal assent, and to have been stamped with catholicity, surely here we have what may reasonably sway private judgment to such an extent as to save us from the charge of dogmatism when we insist on it as the very truth of God. It is not *my* creed set up against *yours*, but it is the voice of the church universal, asserting what the apostles taught—chanting the harmonies of the original age of catholicity, and sending them across the boisterous ages succeeding, in tones so sweet and grand and immortal that they have never been lost in the din and strife of sects, nor the roar of persecuting rage, but still sound as sweetly and divinely as of old. It is not asking too much of any man that he shall respect what thus comes to us as the unmistakable interpretation of the will of God. It is not asserting a blind dogmatism to insist that we have a catholic basis of union in that which has been approved, always and everywhere, as essential to the unity of the church of God.

After speaking thus in general terms of the characteristics of the basis which may rightfully lay claim to catholicity, he proceeds to specify certain particulars

embraced in the broader statement, and adhered to by the Disciples :

Now, in regard to that faith in Christ, the Son of God, which we insist on, it has this stamp of catholicity. We religiously eliminate from the problem of his divinity all that human philosophy and sectarian controversy have accumulated around it and incorporated with it, and present the Christ of the New Testament, living, teaching suffering, dying, rising, ascending, and interceding, and ask for faith in him as our Lord and Saviour, leaving all else to private judgment and to future pious study, but insisting on this as vital and fundamental to Christian life. Do we war on the right of private judgment here?

As touching repentance, we exact nothing that is not universally conceded to be the requirement of the gospel.

And as touching baptism, we insist on that which all times, all places, all parties agree in asserting to be apostolic, namely, the immersion of the believer into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Respecting pouring and sprinkling, there is any amount of dubiety, disagreement and strife. So there is touching infant membership. Not so regarding the immersion of the believer. That is beyond controversy as apostolic baptism—even with the greatest extremists, it is certainly valid and not to be rejected. Is it invading the right of private judgment to insist on this as another of the marks of catholicity belonging to the church of God?

After showing thus, and with greater fullness of argument than I have quoted, the *legitimacy* of the Disciples' position on baptism, notwithstanding their hearty recognition of the right of private judgment, he next proceeds to state the special *reasons* why this position should be steadfastly maintained. He begins by quoting Dr. Pinkerton as saying :

"Had the word *baptizo* and its conjugates been translated by order of King James I., we would, I presume, have had no trouble in relation to the act of baptism. This was not done; hence the confusion into which Christian societies have fallen in relation to the most significant and solemn ordinance ever appointed for the observance of mankind. Baptism is the only act that any one can perform, *by divine authority*, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit."

We do not quote this for what it says of the translators of the common version; of that again; but for the allusion to the *peculiar* significance of baptism.

If it is the only act that any one can perform, *by divine authority*, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit; and if "it is the most *significant* and *solemn* ordinance ever appointed for the observance of mankind," there may be—there must be—special reasons for guarding its integrity and its "significance." Let this be a reply to all that the Doctor has said on the peculiar care bestowed on this over other positive ordinances. It is *initiatory*. As an initiative act, baptism has a peculiar significance. Anywhere else can an institution afford to be yielding and deferential to individual judgment, better than in its initiatory rites. These are typical and representative. They are expressive of *authority* on the part of the ruling power, and of *submission* on the part of the subject. The whole coming life is condensed, in purpose and in character, into this one expressive act. If, anywhere, a man feels that he goes out of himself—prostrates self, as it were, before a superior power—it is in an act of initiation, in which he largely renounces self-control and self-dependence, and seeks for something better in the acknowledgment of an authority superior to self, and in associations in which he is to find compensations for what he has surrendered. One of the most vital points, therefore, at which to assail the life of an institution, is its initiatory laws. Subvert and destroy what was meant to be sacredly guarded here, alter its meaning,

weaken its authority, and the way is opened to subvert the character and aims of the institution. . . . It will not do to say that, *in the candidate's judgment* he is honoring the authority of Christ. Undoubtedly he has a right to decide that for himself. But when he asks me to endorse and approve it as honoring the authority of Christ, it is another matter. Shall I be told that it is not my business to decide in the case? I reply—to decide for him is not my business; but to decide for myself as to *my* part in the matter, either as administering or consenting to the administration of an act which I am profoundly convinced is not what Christ commanded, *is* my business, both as a teacher and as a member of the church in which the applicant seeks membership. It belongs to the members of the church to guard the truth, and the ordinances, and the laws which Christ has given. They may not impose what he has not imposed; as little may they dispense with that which he has established—especially with “the most significant and solemn ordinance ever appointed for the observance of mankind.”

Let it be observed, too, that more is involved in this than the mere outward act. Most of those who would come claiming membership on the basis submitted by the Doctor, were sprinkled in infancy. The rite to which they submitted was not only not the act that our Lord enjoined, but was without the faith that the gospel requires; so that to surrender here is to surrender the authorized *order* of things in the gospel, as well as the act which is divinely prescribed. If we can yield all this, we know not what may not be yielded, nor what would be left as furnishing even an apology for the perpetuation of Christianity as a peculiar religion.

I call special attention to the following, because it so clearly detects and exposes a fallacy which many have mistaken for sound logic. The only wonder is that so accomplished a scholar as Dr. Pinkerton should have been deluded by it:

Dr. Pinkerton finds a difficulty and a gross inconsistency in this: That while we profess that the creed of the Reformation is that "Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God," we nevertheless refuse to receive even the sincerest and most excellent who believe this, unless they are immersed. He concludes that "the real efficacious creed of the Reformation will be found to consist of two propositions: (1) Immersion only is baptism. (2) No one can be received into a church of Christ without immersion."

There is here the very common fallacy of using a word in one sense in the premises, and in quite another in the conclusion. When it is said that the creed of the Reformation is that Jesus is the Christ, the son of God, the word is used simply and solely to denote what is *believed*. It has no reference to *practice* or a *rule of action*, but is confined strictly to a matter of *faith*. It is never said nor meant that *nothing but faith is required*, but that *nothing as respects faith* and the object of faith, is required but this. Baptism is not a *truth* to be *believed*, but a *commandment* to be *obeyed*. When persons are invited to come on this basis of faith, it is always with the understanding that they are to walk in the commandments of the Lord Jesus. To say, therefore, that we are inconsistent with this creed in requiring those who accept it to walk in the commandments of the Lord Jesus, is wide of the mark. And to represent immersion as our real creed, is to change the meaning of the word *creed*, and involves an evident sophistry. This would not have surprised us in some writers, but our acute correspondent ought not to be caught in this way.

Were his construction of the creed correct, the question of baptism should stand aside altogether. A man confessing this faith, but claiming that his private judgment is against water baptism, would be entitled to reception just as logically as the pedo-baptist. The real question is not, shall we receive pedo-baptists without immersion? but, shall we receive believers without reference to baptism?

As I have said already, the "Standard" was not *filled* with heavy argumentative articles. It had its due proportion, certainly, of doctrinal discussion, because this was the work demanded by the times, and from this chiefly I have deemed it proper to quote, in illustration of Mr. Errett's intellectual characteristics. But besides this there was many a pleasant thrust, many a happy hit, which lighted up and enlivened the whole weekly budget, to say nothing of the numerous contributions and clippings on miscellaneous subjects, including science, art, political and social movements, besides original stories, some of them quite entertaining, written expressly for its pages. Moreover, a good anecdote was by no means despised. Witness the following:

A CALVINIST CAUGHT.—A Calvinist preacher out West applied to a gentleman to give him a lot on which to build a church, when, according to the report of the latter, the following conversation took place: "I asked him if he did not believe that all who were unsound in the faith, as he believed me to be, committed sin in every act of their lives? He said, 'Yes.' And if I should give you a lot for a church, would I not be committing a sin in so doing? He hesitated a little, but standing up to his creed, he said, 'Yes, but I will share the responsibility with you.' I said, "No, thank you; we commit sin fast enough without being urged to it by ministers. I think I will not do it."

Upon this our editor remarks:

The solicitor was not sharp, or he would have reminded the gentleman that he could sin quite as much in refusing to give, as in giving; and since all he did was sin, he might as well *sin in a benevolent direction!*"

The "Querists' Drawer" was a sort of depot of religious supplies to which every man who wanted

anything came without hesitation, and often without reason. All sorts of questions were propounded on all sorts of subjects. Every man who had a doctrinal puzzle which he could not work out, or a theological nut which he could not crack, or a grievance about some matter of discipline which he could not overcome, or a maze of hermeneutical perplexities which he could not get through, rushed forthwith to the Querists' Drawer for knowledge or direction, and he usually got it. Some of the happiest interpretations of difficult texts, and some of the wisest counsels to churches in their troubles with refractory members and incompetent or hard-headed officers, were called out by queries inserted in this department. It was rare, indeed, that no answer was given, or that, when given, it was not perceived to be right, and accepted as satisfactory. Occasionally, however, especially when the query related to some apocalyptic enigma, he freely confessed his inability to answer it. Sometimes, too, there were jocular interrogations, not meant to be answered, but designed to call attention, in a sportive way, to matters that were absurd or annoying. The following will serve as good specimens of this class, and it is manifest that "to ask these questions was to answer them":

1. When a see-saw preacher comes along, heralded by a letter asking to be met at the depot, and stating that he will stay over Sunday and preach for you, what ought a conscientious man to *do about it?*

2. When said preacher displays a miraculous gift at blowing his own trumpet, about how long, in your opinion, would it be proper to allow him to blow *before you kill him?*

3. Is such a man in any case entitled to the "benefit of clergy"?

4. Do you think that killing him after—say, two hours—would be *justifiable homicide*?

5. In case it leaks out that he is on his way to visit his wife's grand-aunt, please say what *precise degree of humiliation* a man is bound in conscience to suffer in begging railroad officials *to pass him free*?

6. After he has bored your congregation past all endurance, and asks you to follow in an appeal for aid, can you tell the exact amount of *pathos* proper to be put into said appeal?

7. In case you concluded not to kill him outright, do you think it would do any good to touch off a bunch of *fire-crackers* under his feet?

8. Would this be *sound*?

MARTYR.

The Christian Missionary Society, meeting this year in Indianapolis, was largely attended, and gave evidence of healthful growth and prosperity. Foreign missions, always dear to Mr. Errett's heart, were proposed and advocated, and the outlook was altogether encouraging and stimulating. He felt that the great cause, with which he had been so long identified, was moving forward, and that its advocates and supporters were beginning to realize their power and to feel more deeply their responsibilities. We may be sure that his report of this great meeting, and of different state meetings, which he attended, was full of cheer and animation, and helped to diffuse far and wide the good influences felt at the various conventions.

I need not speak of his delightful visit to Toronto, and other points in Canada, where he was most warmly received. He met many old friends and made many new ones, and his editorial correspondence from the Dominion, reflected the pleasure he was daily deriving from his outing. It gave interesting accounts of

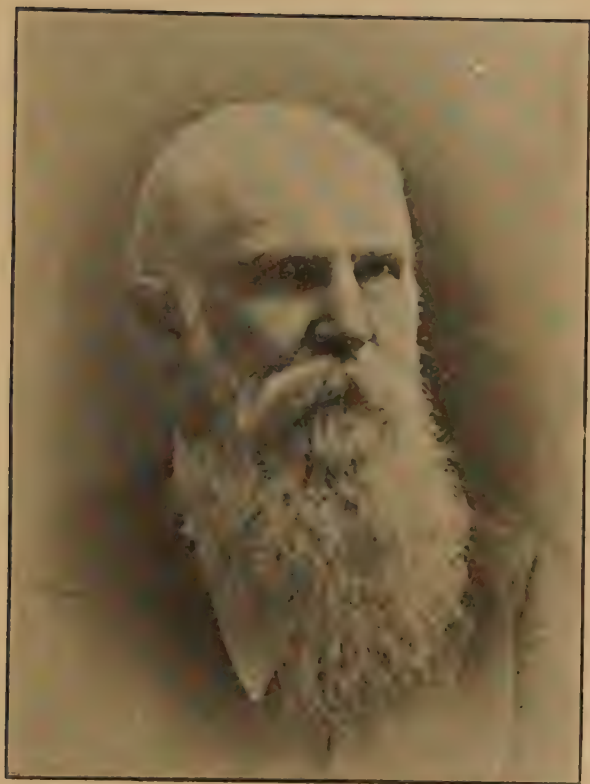
the churches, the people, the institutions, and the social life and habits of the Canadians. Altogether, 1873 was a very successful year to him. God was causing flowers of joy to bloom for him, though his heart was still sensible of its deep sorrows. There were, however, premonitions of coming financial stringency. The paper was popular, its subscription list was large—and yet the files of this year show us more frequent and more earnest appeals than usual *to pay up*. Evidently, money was becoming scarce throughout the country, and at such times the periodical press is likely to be among the first interests that suffer. The editor, however, looks on the bright side, and closes the old year with announcements of better things in store for the new. There is to be a new dress, an important addition to the editorial staff, increased interest in the various departments, and everything is to be brought up to the very highest practical standard.

CHAPTER XXXV.

1874.

W. K. Pendleton.—Current of public opinion.—The Disciples.—Effect of Mr. Campbell's death.—No new doctrine of baptism.—Cheekiness.—Assaulted on another ground.—Modern saving processes.—“Family of God.”—Intolerance.—Resumes work in Chicago.—Change in the “Company.”—The *immense* Grant-Honore wedding.—Woman's movement.—Organization of the W. C. M. S.—“An important difference.”

In the beginning of 1874 the name of W. K. Pendleton appears as one of the associate editors of the “Standard.” This was a valuable addition to its force. Pres. Pendleton was a ripe scholar and a graceful writer. As editor of the “Harbinger” he had long been recognized as one of the most powerful champions of the Disciples' cause, and many of his contributions to that journal were masterpieces of literary and argumentative composition. With the editor-in-chief, supported by a mind so gifted, and so thoroughly in sympathy with his catholic spirit and lofty aims; with Russell Errett, another associate, rendering important assistance in the prosecution of the great enterprise, and with an able corps of correspondents and contributors from all parts of the country, I can not regard it as any misfortune to the paper that I, myself, though my name was still pub-



W. K. PENDLETON.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE STANDARD, 1874.

lished as associate, was prevented by impaired health from contributing regularly to its columns. The files of this year are a store-house of good things. Mr. Errett wrote in his happiest vein. He perceived that the current of best public opinion was setting strongly in the direction which he desired, and he felt animated, encouraged and hopeful. It is true, the soundness of the Disciples' plea and position were still sometimes called in question; but there was a decided lowering in the tone of opposition. Prejudices which had hitherto seemed inveterate began sensibly to abate. The Disciples had demonstrated their right to live and their right to be heard. Though not equal in all the elements of force to some of the older bodies, they had become a great and powerful people, and they were growing with unprecedented rapidity. It was seen that they were fostering and supporting education, and building up strong institutions of learning; that on all the great moral and social questions of the age, their influence was always on the right side; that many able and leading men in all the walks and professions of life—men of refinement, of culture, of strength—had aligned themselves with them, not as in other churches, because they had been *brought up* under their influence, which would have had comparatively little significance, but because, in spite of early training and its consequent bias, they had yielded to the force of arguments which carried irresistible conviction to their minds.

Another fact was also beginning to impress the public mind. It had been confidently predicted during Mr. Campbell's lifetime that, as the Disciples, so it was asserted, were simply his followers; that, as

they were held together by the force of his great name, and his powerful personality ; so, with his death, they would speedily disintegrate and come to naught. But to the surprise of many, and, perhaps, the chagrin of some, no such result followed. On the contrary, they seemed to take on new life, and to increase and prosper with unwonted rapidity. They never had been "followers" of Mr. Campbell, in the sense that had been supposed and charged ; they never had been "Campbellites," and had always indignantly repudiated this nickname as false and slanderous. They honored and loved Mr. Campbell as a great and good man, who was devoting his splendid talents to the overthrow of evil and the upbuilding of truth, but they accepted nothing upon his personal authority. Indeed, from the first step in his great movement to the last, he never sought nor pretended to influence his brethren or the world, otherwise than by a careful presentation and earnest enforcement of the truth, pointed to in the Holy Scriptures. He taught men how to read and understand these ; he constantly insisted that these were the true and only legitimate authority in matters of religion ; and hence, as he was not the nucleus around which the body had been formed, but only the honored and efficient agent by whom it had been formed upon Christ and his word, there was, in fact, no reason why his death should arrest or even impede this great work—as indeed it did not.

On the question of baptism it seemed very hard for the Disciples to be understood or appreciated, and discussions respecting it were still forced upon them. It is needless to say that in the conducting of these the "Standard" necessarily took a prominent part.

Future generations will doubtless look back with amazement upon the course pursued at this time by the various Protestant denominations. They will perceive what, indeed, ought to have been clearly evident from the beginning—that the Disciples taught no new doctrine whatever respecting baptism. They insisted that the *Bible* teaches that, to a scripturally designated subject, it is “for the remission of sins;” that it so teaches in express terms—and this not in a merely incidental or allusive way, but formally and pointedly and with the manifest purpose of emphasizing and enforcing it as an authoritative and certain truth. They resorted to no private or doubtful interpretation; they simply maintained that these were the very words of God. They also held that this divine doctrine was not only taught in these identical terms, but in various other words and phrases which were clearly of equivalent sense—such as “saved,” “wash away sins,” “the answer of a good conscience towards God,” “putting off the body of the sins of the flesh,” and the like. There was nothing inferential in their teaching—not a line nor a word that was not clearly, solemnly, expressly and forcibly taught in the New Testament. Moreover, all the creeds of Christendom inculcated the very same truth as the doctrine of Scripture, some of them going much farther than the Disciples believed that the Scriptures justified. And yet, notwithstanding their position was so truly Scriptural and so certainly catholic; notwithstanding they simply adhered to the language of the Apostles, and with the church of all ages believed “in one baptism for the remission of sins,” they had to fight for this doctrine as if it had been a nineteenth century novelty; they were covered with

reproach and odium; they were ridiculed and caricatured; nearly all Protestant bodies combined to oppose them, and concurred in casting them off and casting them out as unsound, heretical, untrustworthy, as baptismal regenerationists, as water Saviours, as anything and everything that the ingenuity of partisan rivalry and ill-will could suggest. I am satisfied that for downright *cheekiness*, there is nothing in all the history of religious thought and polemical discussion that can equal this. And doubtless for ages to come it will continue to maintain in the pages of church history, its unapproachable and odious pre-eminence.

At length, when the Disciples had demonstrated, to the satisfaction of all intelligent and unbiased students of the Bible, the impregnable strength of their position, a new battery is uncovered, and they are assaulted upon another ground, namely, that by their unyielding maintenance of this doctrine they are obstructing Christian union. T. J. Melish, of the "Journal and Messenger," laid great stress upon this, claiming that it was an impassable chasm—one which rendered the coming together of the people of God an impossibility. He thinks, says Mr. Errett, that so long as we give the "abnormal prominence" we now do to baptism for remission of sins the chasm will remain.

Let those who profess to be governed by the word of God restore the apostolic teaching on this subject to its proper place, and the "abnormal prominence" he complains of will cease—but not till then. The truths neglected or denied are those to which prominence must be given until reformation is wrought. We are frank to say that in apostolic times there were no sermons or essays on the design of baptism. The apostles preached Christ for salvation, and when sinners, convicted by this preaching, cried out: "What

shall we do to be saved?" they taught them, as they were commanded to teach, that "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." This is precisely what we want to see now, and should rejoice if the necessity for further controversial discourses on baptism no longer existed. We have no special fondness for the theme. But if there is anything prodigiously "abnormal" in the current exhibitions of Christianity, it is seen in the persistent evasion of the plainest Scriptural teaching in answer to the question: "What must I do to be saved?" and in the equally persistent reiteration of doctrines of men which make void the word of God. Anxious-seat "seekings" of pardon; immediate revelations, from heaven to the sinner's soul, of pardoning grace, as the result of human mediation; miraculous regeneration in an instant of time, by the same power that raised Lazarus from the dead; dreams, visions, swoons, trances, leapings, shoutings, and reliance on particular types of psychological phenomena as evidence that God has spoken peace to the soul; these, with their large train of mischiefs, are the orthodox substitutes for New Testament teaching on this subject; and while they continue we shall be compelled to give peculiar prominence to that class of texts so persistently ignored. We have a large list of exchanges. The question of what a sinner must do to be saved is often dealt with. Scarcely once in a score of instances do we find even an allusion to baptism in the answer, and sometimes not even an allusion to faith. Some story is told of some marvelous psychical revelation, and the sinner is told to pray and seek for similar experience. If baptism is at all referred to, it is apt to be in the way of a sneer at "water regenerationists." What is true of the press is true also of the pulpit. Not one in a hundred times is the inquiring sinner told to do just what the apostles told sinners to do. Let the "Broad Church Evangelists," whom Bro. Melish represents, come back to apostolic teaching and practice, and they will no longer have to complain of an "abnormal prominence" given to this subject. Talk

of "dogma"—of "formulated religious opinion or interpretation"—it is just these wretched dogmas and interpretations that we have been fighting all the time. *They* form the "chasm" complained of. . . . All this fine talk about the family of God including "all believers," sounds charmingly; but when you come to the *real meaning* of it, it fails to impart the satisfaction promised in its utterance. It means "all believers, *baptized or unbaptized.*" Such a fellowship of believers the New Testament does not teach. When it speaks of the fellowship of believers, or of the "one body" of believers, it says; "You were *all baptized* into one body, whether Jew or Greek, whether bond or free." It says: "As many as have been *baptized* into Jesus Christ have put on Christ;" and it is among these *baptized* believers that he says: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for you [baptized believers] *are all one* in Christ Jesus." In the units essential to the Christianity which Paul taught, we find "one baptism." That baptism stands between the "one faith" and the "one body." We dare not ignore it, overlook it, or thrust it out of its place for the sake of accommodating ourselves to any scheme of union or fellowship.

I must also quote a few words from his article on The Charge of Intolerance:

It is growing into fashion now, with the most modern advocates of Christian union, to charge us with intolerance and exclusiveness. As a piece of controversial tactics, this may be considered somewhat adroit. For fifty years, while these men were the devotees of sect, and found ample range for their Christian charity within the range of one denomination—and sometimes a sect of insignificant proportions—the Disciples were plying the charge of intolerance against sect advocates with great force and pungency. If now they can steal our thunder, and turn the tables against us, it will be, to say the least, a skillful maneuver. It is quite possible,

however, that this charge may be a trick of controversy, rather than a matter of fact. Come to think of it, we remember that it is the stale, old charge, that was urged against us long ago, by the sects to which these modern union advocates were then giving their strength. We were then charged with intolerance because we would not admit that the sects, as such, were churches of Christ, and because we called on all believers to come out of Babylon and return to Jerusalem. Now, since these gentlemen yield the point then in controversy, and join us in denouncing the sect principle as unscriptural, mischievous and sinful, they condemn us as intolerant because we will not swing with them to another extreme, and abandon divine appointments as well as human inventions—the word of God as well as the traditions of men.

Chicago had risen from the ashes ; members of the Indiana Avenue Church seemed to have regained their lost wealth, and their minds once more turned to Mr. Errett to come to their help, and give direction and impetus to their work. He told them frankly that he would be handicapped in their service by the necessity of spending one week in every three in Cincinnati, in the interest of the "Standard." But they freely yielded this privilege, and offered him five thousand dollars a year to take the pastorate. He accepted, and, July 1, 1874, entered upon the work. We need not follow him into that field. We are familiar with the character of his ministerial and pastoral labors, and know with what earnest devotion and self-sacrifice he would enter upon the task before him, and how satisfactory and fruitful would be his ministrations in that great emporium.

In the month of October R. W. Carroll & Co. sold out their interest in the "Standard Publishing Com-

pany" and retired, much to Mr. Errett's regret. He was especially attached to Mr. Carroll, whom he had always found honest, honorable and faithful. He says: "We entered into this association with the conviction that he was a true gentleman; we go out of it carrying with us the same conviction, only strengthened and deepened by our personal knowledge."

In the same month occurred the "event of the season" in Chicago—the marriage of Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Dent Grant to Miss Ida Marie Honore. Col. Grant, being the son of the President of the United States, and the Honores being prominent people in Chicago's social circles, it is no wonder that the occasion brought together a "brilliant assemblage of distinguished guests." The great daily papers, from the New York "Herald" down, or up, were ably represented, and each gave a full page account of the affair. Nearly every stitch and button of the elaborate and costly *trousseau* was carefully noted for the delectation of the universal feminine gender, as were the dresses of the bridesmaids, the decorations of the house, the collation, and every wedding present, from the costliest diamonds and pearls down to the inevitable teaspoons, fish-knives and mantel vases. The distinguished guests were named in becoming terms; the bridal procession and "wedding march" were duly chronicled; where "the officiating clergyman" stood and waited for the happy pair, and what he said when they came before him—all this was made evident to an expectant and hungry public, waiting with bated breath to hear the joyful news. Even diagrams were introduced in some of the papers, with the usual concomitants of A to B and C to D. As the Honores

were members of Mr. Errett's church, he of course, was "in the swim," and had to tie the nuptial knot. I give his ceremony on the occasion, copied from the New York "Herald" of the next day, first, because such productions are always delightful reading, and, secondly, because the distinguished persons who were present thought it particularly charming. Any young preacher who may be called upon to marry a President's son will get valuable hints from it :

THE CEREMONY.

The following is the form of marriage used on this occasion, the Honores belonging to the Church of the Disciples :

"We are about to unite in marriage Frederick Dent Grant and Ida Marie Honore.

"There being no lawful impediment to this union, the parties to it presenting themselves in the presence and with the approbation of their parents, accompanied with the best wishes of their large circle of friends; and, moreover, being moved thereto by mutual affection, this consecration of their lives to the sacred objects of marriage has a right to be regarded with the liveliest interest and with brightest hopes, as well as with earnest prayer to the Father of Light, from whom descendeth every good and perfect gift, that he will grant them, in this decisive step, that blessing that maketh rich, and to which he addeth no sorrow.

"Deeply solemn and significant, in reference to marriage, are the words spoken of it when it was first ordained : 'Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh.' The tenderest ties of filial affection yield to the drawings of that love which binds two willing hearts in a new companionship, and withdraws them from all they have most loved and trusted, to assert for themselves a new sovereignty, and venture together on a new path of life. In thus resigning the most tender and sacred associations of the past, and

going out from the dear home fellowship with father and mother, brother and sister, to enter on an untried path, and commit the whole of life to new ends and aims, it ought to be a joy to you, my young friends, to know that you are acting in accordance with the will of your Creator. The blessedness of Paradise was not complete until marriage crowned all its joys in the union of the man whom God made in his image, and the woman whom he formed out of man as a part of his own being, to live in his heart, to stand by his side, and to share his life. The loss of Paradise can never be an utter loss, so long as this original law of human society is honored and obeyed, and man and woman shall cherish and maintain that supremacy of wedded love which God has made the very foundation of earthly happiness. In that religion which seeks the recovery of our race from sin and death, marriage holds an honorable place. Ordained by our Creator, sanctioned by our Redeemer, held sacred alike in the law and in the gospel, and proved by all human experience to be essential to the dignity of our nature, the order and security of society, and the promotion of the noblest objects of our existence, it should be alike a high solemnity and a supreme joy to you to enter, as you are now to do, into the holy estate of matrimony, uttering the vows which are to bind you in life-long companionship. Earth witnesses nothing more sacred than such a union of hearts and lives; heaven listens to no vows more binding than the marriage vows in which your mutual love, trust and fidelity are to find expression.

"Assured that this is well understood and appreciated by you, and that you are ready, in the light of all that God has taught of the duties of husband and wife, to assume the obligations of marriage, I will only remind you, before the word is spoken that is to make you one, of a divine precept, in the remembrance and observance of which you may certainly secure the completest happiness of married life: "Let the husband so love his wife even as himself, and the wife see that she reverence her husband."

"If now, forsaking all others, you are prepared to give yourselves to each other, to live in the holy estate of marriage, according to God's law, you will join your right hands.

"Do you, Frederick Dent Grant, take this woman whom you now hold by the right hand to be your wedded wife, vowing to be to her a true, loving and faithful husband so long as you both shall live?"

"Do you, Ida Marie Honore, take this man whom you now hold by the right hand to be your wedded husband, vowing to be to him a true, loving and faithful wife so long as you live?"

"Let this faith be mutually plighted by giving and receiving this ring. Pure and endless, let it symbolize the love which makes you one.

"Having thus promised to be true and faithful to each other, and having sealed your vows by giving and receiving a ring, I now pronounce you husband and wife, henceforth one in name, in interest and in all the joys and sorrows of life, until it shall please God to part you by death. What God hath joined together let not man put asunder.

"May our Father in heaven bless you and make you a blessing, and enable you so to live a life of faith in the Lord Jesus, and of obedience to him, that you may enjoy the riches of his grace here, and in the world to come life everlasting."

It was about this time that the woman's movement began among the Disciples. Mr. Errett had always been free from the prevailing sentiment which relegated this best element in the churches to a condition of silence and comparative idleness. He felt that the vast wealth of heart and talent possessed by the women should be utilized in active work. He wrote a leader headed, *Help Those Women*; he conferred with some of the leading spirits among them; he aided and counseled in giving direction to their thoughts and their

efforts ; and he was made most happy this year at the General Convention, when, on Thursday afternoon, as the result of these preliminary labors, " the first hour was given to a reception of the good sisters who had met and organized a Woman's Christian Missionary Society. Interesting addresses were made by these ladies, to which the large audience listened with profound attention. At the close of it all he offered, and the convention adopted, the following :

Resolved, That this Convention extend to the " Christian Woman's Board of Missions " recognition and hearty approval, assured that it opens a legitimate field of activity and usefulness in which Christian women may be active and successful co-operants of ours in the great work of sending the gospel into all the world. We pledge ourselves to " help these women " who propose to " labor with us in the Lord."

Such was the first small beginning of an enterprise which has now reached large proportions, and is every year doing great good both at home and abroad. As long as he lived Mr. Errett continued most heartily to cheer, encourage and help those women. He realized that they were an immense power for good—not only in accomplishing their own special work, but in the influence of their example of zeal and devotion upon the hearts and activities of the brotherhood in general.

I desire to call special attention to the editorial which appears below. It abounds in clear-cut distinctions and luminous statements of fact, respecting a doctrinal point of great moment. There are two classes of persons who may read it with profit: 1. Those who claim not to be able to understand the Disciples' position on the matter in question, and who surmise that there is something unsound and heretical

in their evangelizing practices ; and who, at the same time, assume that their own practices are grounded in the very essence of truth ; that they are the *ne plus ultra* of soundness ; the divinely approved models of what is right and proper, and, therefore, wholly beyond the limit of legitimate question. And,—2. Those super-fraternal and somewhat weak-kneed Disciples who become unduly solicitous about Christian union, and painfully impatient to witness its attainment. For the sake of this they are almost ready, at times, to give up the great truth which God has committed to their trust, or, at least, to hold it back and keep it out of sight in order to fraternize with men and churches who are unwilling to accept it.

It will doubtless appear to every one who dispassionately reads what follows, that on the practical matters brought to view, the difference between the Disciples and others is fundamental and irreconcilable. These are points which lie at the very threshold of the Christian profession. They do not exhibit simply a variation in the mode of stating the same truth ; they are radically diverse ; they disclose conceptions of the gospel which are utterly foreign to each other—conceptions which have so little in common that they can not possibly be blended into one, nor harmoniously worked out together in practical evangelizing. In short, it must be evident to the reader, not simply that one conception is preferable to the other, but that one or the other is absolutely *wrong*.

(From the Christian Standard, November 21, 1874.)

AN IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE.

There is one important difference in doctrine and practice between the Disciples and most of the parties known as

evangelical—even the Baptist sects, with which we might be expected most readily to affiliate. It relates to *the evidence of pardon*, and involves the whole process known as regeneration or conversion. In one view, regeneration is a miracle wrought by almightiness—by the immediate operation of the power of the Holy Spirit on the heart of the sinner. With some, this is independent of human instrumentality; with others, human instrumentality is admitted, but with the understanding that such instrumentality is worthless unless accompanied by the Spirit in a direct, immediate, sovereign act of creation, as clearly miraculous as the original act of creation when God breathed into the nostrils of the passive form of clay the breath of life, and man became a living soul. Accordingly, in seeking the conversion and salvation of sinners, those who hold this theory depend on the efficacy of prayer in prevailing with God to work this miracle in the sinner's behalf. The constant labor and prayer is for "an outpouring of the Holy Ghost," and this, with a view to give the sinner an internal consciousness of his acceptance in the sight of God. Until this is gained, no faith or repentance of his, no consecration of heart and life to Christ, no baptism springing from faith and repentance, no acceptance of gospel terms—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved"—can be regarded as having the slightest value. Hence, the appliances used in revivals—the anxious-seat; the loud and protracted and agonizing struggles of the church with God in prayer, to prevail on him to descend and do his work; the long waiting and despair of many, to whom such prayers bring no answer; the exultation of others, who seize on some unusual psychological experience as an evidence that God has regenerated them, and bestowed the evidence of pardon; the experience meetings, in which the converts are inspected and closely questioned as to their *feelings*, with a view to decide whether there has been a genuine work of grace or not; and the array of startling experiences as proofs of miraculous conversion, and as models to which others are to conform, and

by which they are to decide whether they are converted or not.

And when *union* is talked of, about the first step towards it is a union of forces in a revival, in which all are to join in praying for the descent of the Holy Ghost—for the baptism of sinners with the Holy Ghost and with fire—for a baptism of power, by which sinners may be made to know that their sins are forgiven—for an immediate revelation from heaven of Christ's power to save; and sinners are encouraged to arise and tell how God has spoken peace to their souls in answer to prayer. There is to be nothing *denominational* in these meetings; yet this idea of conversion and pardon is insisted on, just as if everybody accepted it as God's method of conversion. If any one were to arise and tell agonizing sinners that God is entirely willing to forgive them—that they can not, by all their struggles, make him more willing—that his grace is ever accessible—that they have but to *accept* it, believing in Christ Jesus, turning away from their sins, and being buried with Jesus by baptism into death, relying on his blood-sealed promise that “he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved;” were any one, we say, to speak out thus in such a union meeting, or go to anxious sinners at the altar and say to them, “Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit,” he would be instantly cried down as uttering *sectarian* doctrine and disturbing the peace of a union meeting. It is *sectarian* and *denominational* to tell sinners just what Jesus Christ and his apostles told them, but it is not at all *sectarian* or *denominational* to insist on a doctrine of the Spirit's work and on a process or conversion which is utterly destitute of support by any teaching or practice in the New Testament since the day that our Lord authorized the gospel to be preached in all the world, to every creature. In the other view, the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, and faith comes by hearing. Men must

see with their eyes, hear with their ears, and understand with their hearts, and turn, that God may heal them. The gospel is to be preached that men may hear, that hearing, they may believe, repent and be baptized, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins. The evidence of conversion is found in the sinner's willingness to abandon his sins, put his trust in Christ Jesus, and obey him and him only. The gospel feast is ready; sinners have but to come and partake of it. No test is submitted but that of faith in Jesus as the Christ, the son of God, and obedience to him as Lord of all. Efforts for the conversion of sinners are accompanied with prayer, just as "in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving," we are to "let our requests be made known unto God." But they are not prayers that God would descend and do what he has already done in the perfected work of Christ, and the perfected mission of the Holy Spirit; not prayers that he would accomplish by an outpouring of the Holy Spirit what he has assured us is to be accomplished through the gospel; not prayers that he would grant an immediate revelation of pardon to the sinner, when he has already published to all the world, to every creature, what are the terms of pardon; not prayers that he would spread a feast of salvation for the sinner, which was spread eighteen hundred years ago, and is as fresh; abundant and accessible now as then; not prayers that he would impart faith to the sinner, when he assures us that faith comes by hearing the word of God; not prayers that he would do, in any respect, for the sinner what he commands the sinner himself to do; but prayers that "the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified"—that Christians may be divinely aided in their work of calling sinners to repentance—that sinners may come to a knowledge of the truth and be saved—that the invitations of mercy may not be slighted—that God's providences may be favorable for the sowing of the seed of truth, and that while Christians plant and water God may prosper their work and grant the proper increase. These prayers are accompanied

with thanksgiving for that adorable mercy which has provided salvation for all, and which is ever ready to bestow its treasures of redemption on all who will accept them.

The difference between these views and proceedings is irreconcilable. In one view, forgiveness is an immediate revelation from heaven to the individual sinner—a special act of legislation, so to speak, *ad hoc*. In the other, the gospel is a general proclamation of amnesty, under which whosoever will may come, accepting its terms and appropriating its promises. In the former view, salvation is a special feast prepared for the individual sinner and brought immediately from heaven by the Holy Spirit; in the latter, it is a feast spread once for all in the gospel, and whoever hungers and thirsts may come and partake upon the terms provided. The former is a plea with God to come to the sinner and save him; the latter is a plea with the sinner to come to God and be saved.

Clearly these are radically different views and practices. They cannot be harmonized. One or the other must give way, or there never can be union among believers in Christ. We see no way to harmony but the abandonment of all *theorizings*, and a return to the New Testament *practice*. If we find the apostles and the churches they planted praying for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit on sinners for their conversion, or directing sinners to look to God for an immediate revelation of pardon, or erecting anxious-seats and inviting sinners to kneel there while the church prays that they may be baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, or holding experience-meetings and deciding on the fitness of candidates for baptism by the experience they tell—why, let us do likewise. But if we find nothing of the kind, let us be warned by the Master's word: "In vain do ye worship me, teaching for doctrine the commandments of men." If we find that the apostles were engaged in beseeching sinners to be reconciled to God, and not in praying God to be reconciled to sinners; that they "preached Jesus Christ and him crucified," that sinners might be led to "repentance toward

God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ;" and that when sinners voluntarily confessed their faith in Christ, they immediately baptized them and received them into the fellowship of Christians, teaching them to continue steadfastly in breaking of bread, and in prayers—let us do likewise. It is vain to talk of union while, in so great and essential a matter, there is so radical a difference and so evident a departure, somewhere, from the teaching and practice of apostolic times.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

1875.

The past and the future.—Restoration and union.—“Baptism in its relation to Christian union.”—Two objects.—Preparing for greater work.—Formation of the Foreign Society.—Reflex influence.

Though Mr. Errett was conscientiously careful in making preparation for the pulpit, marking out his lines of thought, and knowing beforehand the ground that they would cover, he usually preached without notes. Hence, though I have in my possession a rich store of materials, the fruits of many years of ministerial labor, I have found but few of them in proper shape to be given in this work. *

* It had been his long cherished desire to put his best work in a form less perishable than the columns of his paper; and he had promised to seek release from care, and prepare some sermons, lectures and other writings for publication in book form. The good work was begun by a series of sermons on the Christ. He had given this great subject special study, and the work, to his critical taste, was the best of his life. We may judge of the interest awakened by these discourses from an incident both mortifying and ludicrous. They were delivered before a select gathering of preachers and Bible students, who had come together for a few weeks of instruction during a summer's term of training in their sacred calling. The time and place shall be nameless. The matter had been so well received by the class and public, and was, withal, so well adapted to edify a congregation, that he resolved to utilize it in his preaching. Having been invited to hold a meeting for a church in which he had labored in his earlier years, he began by delivering the first of the series. To his

I am especially gratified, therefore, to be able to reproduce here a sermon which he himself published, and which will be recognized as singularly appropriate to the time of its delivery—the close of the year. The treatment of his theme is strikingly original, and I feel sure that the discourse will be read with interest and profit. It is a fair specimen of his pulpit style ; and it will be observed that there is no beating of the air, no meretricious ornament, not a word spoken for mere rhetorical effect, but in every part and as a whole it is plain, pointed, practical and vitally important.

surprise he found that it awakened no response, but seemed to be regarded as stale, flat and unprofitable. The next day he continued the series with the same result. And the third day was like the second. What was the matter? Was his power waning? Had his silver tongue lost its music? Or was it possible that the congregation were too dull and stupid to appreciate a good thing when they heard it? No; it was a good old church, and there were strong men and brilliant women in it! He only knew that he was failing, and that he was beginning to feel depressed and discouraged. He was tempted to run away. But he had promised to give them a two weeks' meeting, and he had reached a point in that fatal "series" when it would not do to stop. The case grew worse, until at length, on Friday night, a good old brother—an elder of the church—took him aside and told him that those were very excellent sermons, very excellent indeed; but this was *the ninth time that congregation had heard them within the past three months!* that his delivery certainly was better than that of any of those who had preceded him, having come out one after another on their way home from school, to the number of eight, and every one of whom had favored them with these identical sermons; and he respectfully asked for a change of diet. It was evident that *somebody* had been "stealing thunder"; and to that congregation it was not very clear who was the theological thief. Certainly there were some presumptions in favor of Mr. Errett's innocence, but the circumstances were suspicious; the young men had anticipated him, and had thus acquired a sort of pre-emptive right in the matter in hand. He, of course, took a new departure in the meeting, but found it impossible to lift his hearers out of the depths of disappointment into which the unlucky "series" had cast them. The precious manuscript was destroyed—with many others—and he never again wrote sermon or lecture in full. His latest and best work is found in outline.

[Christian Standard, January 2, 1875.]

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

A SERMON BY THE EDITOR.

"God requireth that which is past."—Eccles. iii. 15.

"This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—Phil. iii. 13, 14.

At the first glance these texts may appear to contradict each other. Only in appearance, however, is contradiction found. The *past*, in the first text, does not relate to that which is *left behind us*, but to that which is *driven ahead* of us into the future, that which is *crowded out* of the past unfulfilled, and being *driven away*, is bound to assert itself in the future. It is in this view that it is said, "that which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God requireth that which is driven away." That which has had its fulfillment in the past—which is really behind us and can not be altered—it is best to forget. Brooding over it does no good. Be it good or ill, a source of pleasure or of pain, it is inadequate to furnish the inspiration needed at present; and to dwell upon it is to hinder our advancement to that which is better. But there is much that comes to us from the past which is incomplete, and which we can not, if we would, separate from the present and the future. We are to-day what the past has made us. All that is ripe in us, be the fruit good or bad, is but the harvest from a past seed-time. All that is yet formative in its power over us is also a heritage from the past. The principles on which we act, the loves and hates we cherish, the associations we have formed, the habits of life we have established, the influence we have exercised over others, the gifts and powers we have cultivated or neglected, the passions we have fostered and suppressed, the opportunities we have improved or wasted—all these have been sent forward from the past with a history yet incomplete, a destiny yet unfulfilled—and God requires these. If, in past years, we

have stifled our convictions of duty and resisted the Holy Spirit, we are found to-day with a hardened heart and an enervated moral nature ; our future is one of sterner conflict and harder struggle, if we are ever to recover what we have lost. If the past has been marked by guilty self-indulgence, or serious wrong to others, or the violation of any of the laws of righteousness, and the avenger has not yet overtaken you, be assured that retribution will come, and you will reap as you have sown—for God requireth that which is past. If secret sins have been indulged, and the heart has been a nest of unclean thoughts and lusts, though as yet it may be known only to you and God, it will not always be thus. There is nothing secret that shall not be revealed. These pent-up desires and imaginations will break their bounds some day; the dam you have built will be undermined, and, like a desolating flood, the secretly cherished lusts will sweep forth and on in unrestrained power.

If you have misled others by false teaching or wicked example, you will yet be confronted with the terrible results; your future will be haunted with the fearful spectres of injured and ruined lives, or dishonored reputations, which will rise even to mar your future hours and affright you in your merriest moods. On the other hand, if the past bears a record of honest dealing with truth, of self-denial, benevolence and diligent soul-culture, all this is sent ahead of you now to strew your path with flowers, to cheer your darkest hours with happy memories, to fill life's pathway with joyful echoes from the scenes of past conflict and victory, and people it with the forms of those whom you have blessed, or led from darkness into light. Hence our future comes out of our past. Memory treasures all the thoughts, words and deeds of that past, and lets them loose upon us as beasts of prey, to devour us, or sends them as good angels to fan us with their wings when we are faint and weary. Conscience has a thousand several tongues with which to reproach us for our sins and errors, and a

thousand scorpion stings with which to torment us, or she salutes us with the sweetest messages of peace that can be borne from the heart of God to the heart of man. Justice, with unsleeping watchfulness and divine impartiality, traces all the windings of our lives and pursues every look, word or deed into all its ramifications, and, though waiting long and seeming to slumber, comes to us at last with certain recompense, and presses to our lips a cup whose draught is but the genuine extract of our own life. Vain is it, then, to think that we can dismiss the past as a thing by itself, fenced in from all interference with the present or the future. It lives in us to-day; it will shape our future, unless its lessons are wisely heeded; it may prove the fountain of everlasting wretchedness and despair. It, therefore, calls for solemn and anxious consideration, and searching investigation.

There is, unquestionably, a way of considering the past that brings us no blessing. To brood over joys that are fled and can not be recalled, is but to madden the present and darken the future. To dwell constantly on wasted opportunities, is but to add present waste to that which is past, and increase our misery. To call up sins committed, and hold them in memory continually, is but to paralyze the energies of the soul. The stream will not rise above the level of its fountain. If the soul is to be fed only with self-reproach and despair, it will never rise to anything better. The evils that are without remedy, the sins that have been forsworn, the associations that have been renounced, the errors that have been outgrown, are useless burdens. They are among the things which are behind, to be forgotten. The mariner who sits in the stern of his vessel, looking ever mournfully back to the shores he has left, and brooding in melancholy over every memory of storm and peril, will never make any port in safety. He needs to take his reckonings, to know where he is, and what progress he is making; but, this ascertained, he needs to be preparing for the storms yet ahead, and steering with reference to the port he is going to,

rather than that from which he has come. Let him forget the things behind, and reach forth to those which are before.

But the wrongs of the past which can be righted; the errors which may yet be overcome; the sins yet to be conquered; the opportunities not yet gone entirely to waste; the follies which may yet be crushed before their ripe fruit be borne; the evil habits not yet conquered, and the good purposes not yet fully realized; the battle begun but not pushed to victory—in regard to all these, it is “greatly wise to talk with our past hours,” and arrange for the future in the light of all that the past teaches us. No more profitable task belongs to the close of the year than such a retrospection, and we earnestly exhort every reader to pause and review his life, that he may know what there is of it that is sure to be sent forth into the future, and prepare to meet it.

Just here we are met with an important inquiry: When we have thus surveyed the past and learned its lessons, how may we prepare our the future? To this question, our second text furnishes the reply.

1. *Forget the things which are behind.* Cease to brood over its misfortunes; cut loose from its evil associations; bid adieu to its discouragements; cease to be burdened with its useless reminiscences; break away from its sins and follies. There must be an end to everything belonging to it, which can not be utilized for the purposes of the future.

2. *Reach forth to the things which are before.* The aimlessness of many lives is the source of most of their troubles. So many people merely *drift*. They have no aim—no purpose, beyond that of the blind enjoyment of present pleasure, or escape from present suffering. Into a nature thus empty and unguarded, sin early intrudes. It is swept into wickedness by the currents to which it yields itself, and offers no resistance until it is too late. It is not necessary to *intend* evil or *plan* mischief in order to become a sinner; it is enough simply to let the life drift—it will surely be borne by currents of evil far away from all that is good, and become

an easy prey to some of the thousand seductive and corrupting influences that lurk about every man's path.

But it is not enough to have an aim ; that aim should be the highest and noblest. Paul had just one aim of life. He "pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ." This was the "one thing" which inspired him. He had set his heart on gaining eternal life. He valued everything else only as it subserved this great end. Suffering and joy, riches and poverty, honor and dishonor, were alike to him, if they but enabled him to finish his course with joy, and the ministry he had received of the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God. Would you make your future a sure success? Live for heaven. It is all that is certain. It alone can yield worthy inspiration to your life, and so ennoble it that every step toward that destiny shall be a kingly step! No man is prepared to live who has not within his horizon all the grand possibilities of eternity, and partakes not of the conscious dignity of an heir of everlasting life. The present life, viewed as an end, is an unsolvable enigma. It offers no prize worthy the ambition of such a creature as man ; it presents no object of attainment that is not a bitter mockery of the effort and sacrifice needed to secure it. It yields no interpretation of suffering, no reason for the adversities which throng about it, no adequate compensation for the ills we are called to bear, and the bitter strife we are compelled to urge in behalf of truth and right. It lures us with gay hopes, only to disappoint us with bitter fruition. After a life-long struggle and eager pursuit of promised good, it turns all our endeavors to ashes, and sends us, crushed and despairing, to the grave. In the light of eternity, there is meaning in all this ; in view of the heavenly rest, there is fitness in our present toil and suffering ; for "these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

We do not mean to say that we should have no earthly aims. We need them and must have them, if the present

life is to be either useful or enjoyable. But we mean that our earthly aims should harmonize with this heavenly aim, and be subordinated to it even as the aims of childhood are to be subordinated to the one grand aim of preparation for manhood. Our earth-life, whatever it is—whether carrying a hod or bearing the burdens of state, digging in a coal-pit or soaring among the stars, toiling in the kitchen or reigning with grace in the parlor, ploughing the earth or ploughing the seas—should be simply that in which we may do our best to cultivate our own souls in virtue and nobility, and be helpful to others to lead them into a true life. No one has a right to be idle. The gifts bestowed on even inferior natures are too valuable to be hid in a napkin or buried in the earth; and the richer gifts bestowed on others were never meant to minister to mere self-indulgence. The world presents too vast a field, and the demands on us are too loud and constant, to allow any one to look idly on without diligent effort to make his life a blessing to others. It is not so much what our calling is, since there is no honest calling in which we may not serve both God and man honorably and efficiently; it is the spirit in which we pursue it, and the ends which we seek to gain by it, that makes it honorable or dishonorable. By any path of honest toil, if we love God and keep his commandments, we can make our way to heaven.

One great trouble with us, in regard to the future, is the cherishing of *unauthorized expectations*. Failing to read aright the inexorable laws of God, in obedience to which only is there safety and success, we indulge in vain fancies and baseless hopes, and fill our future with beautiful dreams of riches and honor, ease and abundance, long life, health and happiness; and then, when the stern realities of life dissipate these dreams, and awake us to suffer and strive, we mourn that God has dealt so hardly with us. The simple truth is, that we have dealt foolishly and unjustly with ourselves, and reap the reward of our own folly.

Closely akin to this is the disposition to evade the toils

and struggles which inevitably attend a true life. There is a constant tendency, not only to indulge in rose-colored views of life, but to get away from toil and trial. In place of a manly acceptance of duty and a patient and cheerful endurance of trial, there is a perpetual shrinking from the rugged issues presented to us, and an unmanly murmuring when our faith and patience are seriously tested. We do not want to be soldiers fighting the battles of the Lord, but petted favorites of the king, exempt from military service.

All this but shows how feebly we enter into the grand aim of Christian life. Were we in proper earnest to secure the endless life, it would matter little to us what might happen along the way. Earth's joys would be grasped but lightly, and its sorrows would not weigh heavily, nor would the sternest duties be other than pleasing to us, if we realized that all these were but helping us in the destiny we long for. "If by any means I might attain to the resurrection of the dead."

The true secret of deliverance from the annoyances and burdens of life is the introduction into the heart of aims and hopes so high and grand as to render us insensible to these inferior things. He who is fighting for glory does not stop to fret over the daily trials of his tent-life, or the fatigues of the march. He who seeks for gold does not pause to dwell on the countless self-denials of his toilsome search. He is largely insensible to them. He who ran in the race was largely insensible to the severity of the discipline and the fatigues of the contest, in his all-absorbing desire to win the crown.

Thus Paul pressed toward the mark for the prize of his high calling; and thus must we be lifted above the ills that beset us, in an all-engrossing desire to lay hold on eternal life. Whether any life is burdensome or light, sad or joyful, weak or vigorous, depends not so much on what enters into it of burden or trial, as on the amount of *heart* we give to it. Let us but love our calling, and every burden is light, every trial endurable.

If, then, we would make our future as happy as an earthly future can be, and secure it from failure, we must :

1. Abandon the sins and follies of the past.
2. Consecrate our lives to the service of Jesus Christ, that he may lead us to eternal life.
3. Having made this choice, subordinate our earthly callings and associations to that one grand aim.
4. Cultivate this heavenly desire and ambition until it becomes the ruling passion of the soul—the “one thing” for which we live and labor.

We will add but one further thought: *Let us live by the day.* He only is living a true life who so begins and ends every day with God, that death coming to him at any hour would require no change in his conduct—no special preparation or shriving. In regard to business affairs, it may be impossible to hold ourselves in such readiness ; but as it relates to our spiritual state, it is quite possible to live this way. Indeed, it is the only true life to live. If we are putting off the conquest of our sins, or the performance of our duties to the future, we are unfaithful servants. So far as our associations, relationships, and cherished purposes of good are concerned, there may be much to regret when death comes to bear us away from what we have and what we desire to accomplish ; but so far as the state of the heart and the record of the life is concerned, we should be able to lie down every night as well prepared for the sleep of death as for the sleep of the couch, dreading the grave as little as our bed. It is the failure thus to look death in the face—the constant evasion of the issue and procrastination of duty, that throws a painful sense of falseness over our lives, and shuts us out from the light of God’s countenance.

“ He that would love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil and his lips from speaking guile. Let him eschew evil and do good, and seek peace and pursue it. For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open to their prayers ; but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil.”

It is a comfort to know that although God requires that which is past, and much that we would gladly forget and escape from, will, even in spite of mercy, project itself into our future—there is yet forgiveness with God. So far as the penal consequences of sin are concerned, and the soul's relationship to its maker, all the sins of the past may be overcome. Though they may linger in our memory and compel us to write ourselves down "chief of sinners," God has promised to those who accept his covenant: "Your sins and iniquities I will remember no more." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Not only does he promise thus to forgive, but he offers to accept us as his children, restoring us to the estate from which we have fallen by transgression. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and you shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." In becoming new creatures in Christ Jesus—dying to sin, buried with Jesus by baptism unto death, and rising to a new life, it is as if that past had never been. We are born again, of a new parentage into a new life; and as far as mercy can prevent, the past will no longer be required.

And in regard to the future, it should be satisfactory to know that, however uncertain to us its incidents may be, in regard to its final issues, nothing can be more definitely fixed. We shall reap as we have sown. Truth and right are eternal and unchanging, and "his mercy endureth forever." "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him." Until the throne of God fails, truth and justice and mercy must abide, and "he who doeth the will of God abideth forever." Even in regard to the incidents of the future, we have the assurance that "all things work together for good to them who love God, to them who are called according to his purpose." "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal: The Lord knoweth them that are his, and,

Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."

Let us, then, redeem the past by a wise improvement of the present, and a truthful consecration of the future to the service of God.

Has the past been all marred by unbelief and rebellion? Seek at once the refuge that mercy provides, and hide from wrath in the covenant of God's grace.

Has the last year been one of trial and disaster? Let it wean you from earth, and teach you to seek those heavenly treasures that never fail.

Do sad memories come to you from the graves of those you love? Look beyond the grave to the eternal hills, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

Does the past bear a cheerful record of sins conquered, mercy accepted, and growth in grace and knowledge? Then remember that you have not yet attained the great end. Forgetting the things behind, and reaching forth to those before, press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

Here we have no continuing city. With our pilgrim-staff let us journey on, abstaining from fleshly lusts that war against the soul, and seeking that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Within its gates are life, and peace, and love, and joys immortal. "Blessed are they that have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, for they shall have right to the tree of life, and enter in through the gates into the city."

"Now, the God of peace, who brought again from the dead the Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen!"

The Disciples were raised up for the accomplishment of two objects—the union of the people of God, and the restoration of original Christian-



ity.] But these two, while distinguishable in thought, are fundamentally and in fact identical. Inasmuch as divisions have been caused alone by a departure from primitive doctrine and practice, if the professed followers of Christ could be brought back to the full and hearty acceptance of these, it would follow that Christian union would thereby become an accomplished fact; and it would matter but little whether such union were formal or informal. In either case, all would be one in Christ Jesus. The work of those to whom this important mission has been committed would, therefore, be greatly simplified if they would limit their attention and labors more exclusively to the matter of restoration as the antecedent condition or prerequisite of any true Christian union. It is owing to forgetfulness of this that longings for union sometimes becomes a temptation and a snare. Even faithful Disciples, influenced by some specious and seductive plea, occasionally feel inclined to make compromises where such compromises would in truth be fatal to their own object. This is specially observable in the case of Christian baptism. It is represented to them by one and another that in adhering so steadfastly to their doctrine on this subject, they are really obstructing and preventing the union for which they plead and for which they pray. Many of us at one time or another have felt the force of this fallacious reasoning, and have found it somewhat difficult to reach that spiritual elevation from which we could discern the real source of the temptation which assailed us, and be able to say, with the authority of the divine word, "Get thee behind me, Satan, thou art a stumbling stone unto me."

Even Mr. Errett himself, although never carried away by it, was not insensible to this powerfully seductive influence. And no wonder, for he was deeply religious. His heart was aglow with love for all who seemed to love his Master, and most cordially and generously did he recognize whatever was praiseworthy in their character and work. To such a spirit it could not be pleasant to live ever in an atmosphere of controversy. His very soul reached out after broader sympathies, and larger communion, and unrestricted co-operation. But he never could, and never did fail to recognize that his first and supreme obligation was to Christ and his word. Whatever his personal desires, therefore, they could not seduce him from his personal loyalty and devotion. I am about to quote a carefully considered deliverance of his, which, in view of recent tendencies among us, and of that spirit of union which is rapidly becoming so dominant in religious society, should be thoughtfully weighed as the utterance of a man of recognized calmness and wisdom, and signally free from prejudice and bigotry. It will be noted that, while arguing with masterly ability for a steadfast adherence to the truth of the gospel, he interjects a solemn word in season for those who, as he fears, are not all guiltless in their persistent opposition to that truth. In order to fix attention upon the leading subject of the quotation, I prefix a heading of my own: BAPTISM IN ITS RELATION TO CHRISTIAN UNION.

(From the Christian Standard, March 13, 1875.)

We submit a few additional reflections on the "Baptist Union's" article, published last week, in favor of recognizing as Christians all men of faith and piety without regard

to baptism. Much stress is laid by the "Union" on the fact that many of the unimmersed are, superior in goodness and in Christian activity to the immersed. This is doubtless true; but the *therefore* which the "Union" would deduce from it is not legitimate. It is not in our hearts to deny or depreciate real worth, no difference where it is found. Robert Owen was more benevolent than multitudes of Christians. It will not do to say that, *therefore*, he should have been recognized as a Christian. Many Unitarians, who deny the divinity of the Lord Jesus, are eminently virtuous, benevolent and godly in their lives—much more so than many who are sound on the question of the divinity of the Christ. But it is not true that, *therefore*, in refusing Christian recognition to such, we "reject evidences of Christian character which the Holy Spirit enumerates as the most satisfactory." Of a Roman centurion's faith, the Saviour said: "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." It did not, *therefore*, follow that he had a right to be recognized as one of the covenant people of God without receiving "the token of the covenant"—circumcision. Of certain Gentiles, Paul said that they should "judge"—condemn—the Jews, being superior to them in righteousness. He even declared that God would count their uncircumcision for circumcision. Yet, not one of the Gentiles could be lawfully received into the Jewish covenant without circumcision. Paul declared that, in the Corinthian church, there was crime such as was not even named among the Gentiles, and the church had winked at it. Did it follow, *therefore*, that pagan unbelievers ought to have been recognized as Christians? It legitimately follows that Christians should have been put to shame for their inconsistency and unfaithfulness; but it does *not* follow that pagans, on account of superiority in virtue, should have been received to fellowship in the church of Christ. And for this reason—and this brings us to lay bare the fallacy in the "Union's" argument—*something more* is required to constitute a Christian than gentleness, goodness, meekness, etc. Indeed, these do not

constitute a Christian at all; they are among the *fruits* of Christian life, but they are not the *original proof* that a man is a Christian. To be a Christian, he must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. He can not be a Christian without it, no difference what his life may show of love, joy, peace, etc. It is possible that God may take him to heaven without this faith, if he is not responsible for the lack of it; but it is not possible that he can be admitted to the church of Christ without the confession of this faith, not even if his life is adorned with every virtue and grace. We say this in the face of the "Union's" censure of "rendering the ministry of fallible man more exacting than that of the holy and infallible God"; and, moreover, we venture to predict that the "Union" will not take issue with us at this point. Is it not, then, clearly evident that all this argument that "by their fruits ye shall know them," as used by the "Union," is fallacious? "By their fruits ye shall know them," indeed, whether, after they have confessed faith in Christ and been baptized, they are men of genuine faith and true obedience. But, if we are going to decide by their fruits whether they have been constituted Christians according to the word of God, then *faith* must be reckoned among the fruits, and so must *baptism*; for in this same epistle Paul declares: "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus, for as many as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ." When a man is commanded to be baptized, it will not do for him to answer: "Oh, I have love, joy and peace in my heart." When he is required to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, he must not reply by offering, as a substitute, his acknowledged meekness, temperance, and benevolence. We are not authorized thus to trifle with divine authority.

Let us now say that, while we take pleasure in acknowledging all legitimate evidences of piety and goodness among pedobaptists, we are, by no means, so certain that they are generally free from guilt in their rejection of the "one baptism." The plea of ignorance, or of inability to see the truth, had much more force two hundred years ago, when

believers were just emerging from the mists and fogs of Babylon, than it has now. The truth is that many of them stubbornly reject the truth, and even ridicule it and condemn it. There are as glaring instances of uncandid treatment of the truth, and of determined opposition to it at this point, as is seen on the part of unbelievers in rejecting the evidence of the Messiahship of Jesus. The latter can put in a plea of sincerity quite as valid as the former, and they are not slow to back it with striking evidences of high moral worth. Undoubtedly there are those among them who are free from just charge of sinful rejection of divine authority, who are really loyal to Christ in heart and purpose; and the Lord knows them and will save them. We do not know them. We have an *opinion* about them, but it is as apt to be wrong as right; and to attempt to set aside a divine ordinance on the strength of such an opinion is an assumption of responsibility for which we are not prepared.

Finally, the "Union" intimates that we are hindering our plea by what he deems our uncharitable exclusiveness. Even if this were so, we can not help it. We are responsible for the way we deal with God's truth, but we are not responsible for the results of faithfulness to our convictions. But we wish to say, with all emphasis, that we have the best of reasons for believing that the "Union" is mistaken. At the beginning of the plea of the Campbells for union, it was unembarrassed by any of this so-called exclusiveness. They were Presbyterians. They sought the union of professed Christians without regard to immersion, and without the rejection of infant baptism. [*Their effort was a signal failure.*] The dear, pious people, who are so eulogized for superior spiritual worth, and pronounced to be so "loyal in heart and purpose," turned a deaf ear to the plea for union. They were so sect-bound and creed-bound that they would have none of it. But after the champions of this movement were led to surrender infant membership and affusion, and planted themselves on the ground we now occupy, their plea began at once to assert great power, and within fifty years

has met with a success that has hardly a parallel in the history of religious movements. We have no reason, even on the ground of expediency, to change our ground. We therefore say to our brethren, in view of every consideration of truth, consistency, charity and expediency, *stand firm*; "diminish not a word." As the grounds of difference are narrowed, there will be strong efforts, under the plea of charity, to bring about a surrender of gospel teaching concerning baptism. Pedobaptists are bent on forcing this issue. In vain we tell them that they can easily, without a surrender of conscience, agree to that which they and we alike accept as valid baptism. This is scouted by them. They are bent on classifying baptism with things indifferent. Clerical and denominational pride, more than loyalty to Christ, is concerned in this; for loyalty to Christ would soon hush the controversy when there is catholic ground on which all may meet—a catholic baptism which all can acknowledge. It is a false liberalism which insists on that which is uncatholic, and which must ever be an occasion of strife. This tendency must be resisted. Yield the "one baptism," on the ground of charity, and out of respect to the moral and spiritual worth of those who make this demand, and soon we shall be called on to surrender the "one faith" for similar reasons. Already there are strong tendencies in that direction. We must not surrender an inch of the ground we occupy in our plea for the complete restoration of the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the complete repudiation of all human authority in matters of Christian fellowship. In regard to things human, we can be liberal enough to meet any demands made on us. We will yield to the prejudices or preferences of any and all, and sacrifice all cherished habits, tastes and expediencies. But in regard to the faith and practice revealed in the New Testament, we must be sternly uncompromising. If the battle must come on this question of baptism, there we shall stand on apostolic ground, and repeat, day and night, without ceasing: "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism."

There were two objects in which Mr. Errett had for several years been deeply interested: first, the enlisting of the women of the churches in active and organized missionary work, and, second, the extension of the missionary labors of the Disciples into foreign fields. The first of these, as we have seen, was happily accomplished in 1874; and now, in this succeeding year, he was to witness the realization of his most ardent hopes in the formation of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. The Disciples had been long in reaching this point, and it had required careful engineering and masterful leadership to enable them to reach it at all. He had to prepare the way for it; to educate the minds and consciences of the general brotherhood to desire it; and to meet and overcome those obstructionists to whom I have already had occasion in this work frequently to allude, and whose opposition to this most Christian and blessed enterprise was peculiarly obstinate and unreasonable. They based it upon the same old ground upon which they had fought and lost so many battles, to-wit: that as there was no apostolic precept nor example demanding missionary societies, their formation was a departure from the fundamental principle of the Disciples' plea, and was manifestly unauthorized and sinful. It was in vain to tell them that the Saviour said, "go into all the world," and they were not going; that he had said, "Preach the gospel to every sinner," and they were limiting their labors to their immediate neighborhoods, and to such wealthy churches as were able to give them a liberal compensation. It was in vain to demonstrate that the principle alluded to had reference to the faith and precepts expressly enjoined in the New

Testament, and not to matters upon which that sacred book said nothing whatever; that while it made it a solemn duty to *go*, it did not say *how* to go, but left this to the thoughtful consideration and decision of those who were seeking to perform the duty laid upon them. Again, it was in vain to point out that, according to the application of this principle contended for by these brethren, they themselves were violating it almost every day; that nearly all their work and worship was open to the same objections which they urged against the missionary societies. All this was patiently presented and lovingly insisted upon in the hope that the great brotherhood might be brought to unite as one man in performing the work which had begun to press so heavily upon many hearts; but it need not be said that it was without avail. The matter had at length become wearisome to the last degree of human endurance. Brethren everywhere began to ask if they were to be forever thwarted and obstructed in obeying the Saviour's divine commission by an eternal and fruitless controversy over "plans" of obeying it; and many of them were beginning to feel sure that some at least, of the opposition had in fact more reference to the "almighty dollar" than to the authority of the almighty Saviour. At any rate, as they had waited many years upon those who had talked so loudly about the Lord's "plan," while doing positively nothing upon any plan, they resolved, after mature consideration and serious and prayerful conference, to wait no longer, but go forward in the discharge of their duty, regardless of those who would not go themselves, and who claimed to be doing God service by persistently hindering those who would.

The circumstances connected with the formation of the Foreign Society are interesting. It was at the annual convention which met this year in Louisville, Ky. The author was pastor at that time of the First Christian Church in that city, in whose commodious house of worship the convention was held. He was, of course, present, taking some small part in the proceedings, and is, therefore, able to speak of the matter from personal knowledge, as well as from documentary evidence which he has in hand.

The attendance was very large, made up of representative men and women from the various parts of the country, who came together in a spirit of deep earnestness to take counsel respecting the best interests of their cause. The venerable James Challen led off in a short speech of rare earnestness, tenderness and power, and the response to it, through all the sessions, was kindred in tone and sentiment. The business meetings were characterized by dignity, brotherly kindness and prompt business action. It was very soon evident, after the first business session, that the convention meant *work*—that the delegations from the various States had come up gravely determined on a forward movement, and earnestly bent on excluding everything that did not look in this direction. At the evening session the President, Isaac Errett, delivered his annual address, in which, after reviewing the work, already accomplished, he most eloquently and forcibly appealed to the brethren to rise to a higher appreciation of missionary work. He reminded them that no people had ever been blessed in their home enterprises without a foreign missionary spirit and work; and he closed with a rousing exhortation to

the brethren to get out of selfishness into divine love—to be filled with a spirit of earnest consecration and all-conquering devotion.

The set speeches, which had been prepared at his request, were also of high order—moving in the same direction and emphasizing the same thoughts. They showed both the necessity and duty of breaking loose from the obstructive influences which had hitherto prevented any adequate results, and of pressing on to the work so urgently required. In the course of his address, W. T. Moore said:

But away with all petty excuses that stand between the Disciples of Christ and the great work of converting the world. The time has come to end this discussion concerning the difference 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee. It is *work* that is needed now, and not *controversy*. Then let the Macedonian cry, which comes up from all quarters of the globe, so completely drown the noise of our fruitless discussions, that all along the army of the Lord nothing shall be heard but the stirring command of "*Forward to the conquest of the nations.*"

But if there are those who are unwilling to work in *any way*, I think we ought to say to all such that we can not wait on them any longer. For the last twenty-five years we have been trying to get forward, but surely our progress has not been all that we could desire. And it seems to me part of our trouble has been that those among us, who have had a true vision of our responsibilities, and who have always been willing to make real sacrifices in order to push on the work, have been largely spending their time in fruitless efforts to conciliate certain brethren who oppose all co-operative missionary labor. I say "fruitless efforts," for there never was a more profitless controversy than that which has been going on between our missionary and anti-missionary men. If the difficulty with those who oppose

us was only an intellectual aberration, then might we hope to correct it by discussion; but as long as it remains true that selfishness is at the bottom of all anti-missionary logic, it is worse than useless to try to overcome prejudice against us by an appeal to the reasonableness of our cause.

It ought to be evident by this time, that if the work is ever done, we must do it ourselves. We can not hope for the co-operation of those who will not co-operate in any thing, unless it be opposition to all that means success. Nor can we delay any longer in this matter, brethren. If we do not act now, God will give the work into other hands; for you may rest assured he will not leave himself without a faithful witness to the nations of the plea which we to-day represent.

I must also insert a brief extract from the very able and pointed address of L. B. Wilkes, delivered on the same occasion:

Does any one say, be careful how you form a co-operation, every detail of which is not expressly provided for in the word of God? I reply, be careful that you fail not nor refuse to do what is, in this case, manifestly the will of God. It is, as I understand the subject, the divine plan in such a case that the people of God should unite in such a co-operation as would be efficient. Opposition in such a case is not the teaching of the book. It is human, if it is not something worse. I am for the divine plan in every case, and against all human schemes. . . . We need to have our more prominent brethren, with tongue and pen, to speak out a little *plainer*. If there is anything settled in regard to our work, so that there is no reasonable doubt, let there be plain talk about it. . . . It ought to be made odious to oppose *all ways* of co-operation for doing missionary work. A man may be respected who prefers one plan of co-operation to another. Such an one is not only willing to do something in co-operation with his brethren, but he manifests the common sense candor to admit that

some plan is needed to work by. But he who opposes all plans of co-operation and, therefore, opposes all co-operation, is not religiously respectable. This plain, earnest talking ought to be done everywhere. Especially ought it to be done by every preacher in his pulpit, and as he goes in and out before his brethren.

These utterances were heartily responded to by the convention. Indeed, they were but the reflex of convictions and feelings which already filled every mind. It was evident, therefore, that a new era was about to dawn. A committee appointed at the last convention reported a suitable constitution for a Foreign Missionary Society, and on October 21st, between the afternoon and evening sessions of the convention, the friends of a new organization to promote foreign missions held a meeting, adopted the constitution, and elected the following officers, who became ex-officio the executive committee: Isaac Errett, president; W. T. Moore, J. S. Lamar, Judge Jacob Burnet, vice-presidents; B. B. Tyler, recording secretary; R. Moffett, corresponding secretary; W. S. Dickinson, treasurer.

Thus, at length, this great enterprise for which Mr. Errett had so ardently prayed and so long and faithfully labored, was fully organized, and ready to enter upon its God-appointed work. It has grown in power and usefulness with the years, and is to-day sustaining numerous missionaries in heathen and other foreign lands. No doubt it is destined, as the prejudices against it are more and more overcome or disregarded, to accomplish far greater things in the future for God and humanity. Moreover, just as Mr. Errett had foreseen and foretold, the reflex influence of this blessed work upon the home churches has been most happy,

and they are cultivating their domestic field with a devotion and success hitherto unprecedented even in their own most remarkable history.

I have given considerable space to the subject above presented because I regard the preparation for, and final formation of the Foreign Missionary Society as being, in some respects, Mr. Errett's most important work for the cause he so dearly loved. It is true that in this he had the hearty sympathy and coöperation of many scholarly and consecrated men—all of whom, however, looked to him as the leading spirit and most efficient worker, without whom the achievement could hardly, if at all, have been accomplished. It was an achievement, moreover, whose benefits did not end—indeed, they were simply begun—by its accomplishment. It was the starting forth of a stream which we trust will continue to flow with ever increasing volume and power, until the original and divine gospel shall have been preached to every creature in all the world.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

1876, 1877.

Increased labors.—“Common sense in things ecclesiastical.”
—The communion.—Herbert, the skeptic.—Letters to a young Christian.—A little joke.—Visits the Centennial, and the convention at Richmond.—Quiet Life.—Suit for slander.

This year was chiefly characterized by hard work. Mr. Errett found that the presidency of the Foreign Society added largely to his labors. Men were to be selected for the different fields which it was deemed best to occupy, and this necessitated much correspondence respecting the proposed missionaries, and the acquisition of detailed information concerning the places to which they were to be sent. Ways and means, too, in this, the beginning of so great an enterprise, required thoughtful attention and care, and unfortunately it was still necessary to cultivate the missionary spirit, and the habit of systematic and generous giving among those who must sustain the work. These things imposed a heavy addition to labors which were already burdensome, so that his time and strength were taxed to the utmost. One of his intimate personal friends, writing on the subject, said:

The “Standard” office is a busy place. Chase & Hall attend to business with diligence, and they deserve their

reward. Bro. Errett gives us a paper that ranks among the foremost of the land. He is an incessant worker. Two days in the week he lectures on Homiletics to students in Northwestern Christian University; he assists as an elder in the Central Christian Church; he preaches far and wide, almost as much as a regular evangelist; and he conducts a correspondence and attends to a business, either of which is work enough for an ordinary man. Yet his work in chief, extra of all this, is to edit, as he does with wisdom and ability, the "Standard," and, with his son, the charming little Sunday-school paper, which is just beginning to receive the circulation which it deserves. God has endowed him with strength of mind and body for all this, but let him not abuse these splendid gifts by overwork. W. K. P.*

It was no doubt with reference to this toilsome and most important work that the Divine Father had subjected him, years before, to those severe disciplinary trials which, with some fullness, I have detailed in the first volume of this work. No dainty favorite of fortune, delicately reared and tenderly shielded during the period of youth and young manhood, would have been equal to the task which Isaac Errett now performed with readiness and ease.

I have said that it was necessary to stimulate the benevolence of those in favor of missions. Unhappily it was also still necessary to meet the cavils of opponents, and the pretensions of those who continued vociferously to advocate what they were pleased to designate as the "Lord's plan." I shall not reproduce much of Mr. Errett's admirable work along this line, but the following brief editorial presents so clearly and forcibly the *principle* that should govern, not only

* W. K. Pendleton, LL.D., then of West Virginia, now residing at Eustis, Florida.

in this case, but in all similar ones, that I must here embalm and preserve it :

[From the Standard, June 24, 1876.]

COMMON SENSE IN THINGS ECCLESIASTICAL.

Every careful reader of the New Testament must be impressed with the fact that, instead of positive laws describing the officials to be recognized in the church, defining their duties and marking the limitations of their authority, there is simply *an historical development* of church life, arrangements being made and officials being appointed to meet contingencies as they arise. Instead, therefore, of looking for a *thus saith the Lord* respecting church ministers and church work, we must reach our conclusions respecting the officers and work of the primitive churches from an induction of the historical facts in which their church life is set forth. To illustrate: At the beginning, in Jerusalem, everything in the way of authority, and of official service, was limited to the apostles. They preached and taught, received and disbursed the moneys, and served tables. At some time, when there was found a need for it, elders were chosen, for we read of them as in existence (Acts xi. 30, xv. 2); yet so little is the time or method of appointment, or number appointed, or mode of investiture, according to any "pattern shown in the mount," that not a solitary hint even is given on any of these points. They were appointed when they were needed, and in the way that was deemed best under the circumstances. That is all we are authorized to conclude respecting it.

When the time came that the apostles could not attend satisfactorily to the ministry of tables without neglecting the more important ministry of the word, they proposed to the multitude to choose seven men of proper qualifications for such a service; and when seven had been thus chosen, the apostles prayed and laid hands on them, and thus set them apart to that special task. The emergency gave rise to the election and ordination.

When the disciples were scattered abroad from Jerusalem, they "went everywhere preaching the word" (Acts viii. 4). This was without previous arrangement, or even intention—a course of conduct suggested by the emergency, the exercise of common sense in regard to the duty of the hour. But when tidings came to the church in Jerusalem of the success of the gospel in Antioch, common sense at once suggested, in view of the importance of Antioch as a great center of influence, as well as in view of the spiritual wants of the host of new converts, that a wise and faithful spiritual instructor should be sent thither, to remain until these young disciples were properly educated, and the church fully established in the faith, and organized for effective work. Accordingly Barnabas, was sent on this mission, who remained more than a year in that city, fulfilling this duty (Acts xi. 19-26). When certain prophets came to Antioch and predicted a great dearth throughout Judæa, the disciples, acting again according to the dictates of common sense, "determined to send relief unto Judæa, which also they did, and sent it to the elders by the hands of Barnabas and Saul."

When trouble arose in the church of Antioch, growing out of the doctrine of certain men that came from Jerusalem, common sense said: "This is a question which affects the churches at large; in view of the present and the future there should be a clear understanding and agreement in all the churches as to the extent to which Gentile Christians are to be required to conform to Jewish prejudices. We have an inspired apostle and inspired prophets and teachers here, who could decide this question for *us* satisfactorily; but the decision, though correct, might not secure the assent and co-operation of other churches, equally interested with us in this matter. Therefore, let suitable men carry this question up to Jerusalem, whence these men came, and where the apostles and elders may freely confer over the matter in all its bearings, and reach a decision that may be of benefit to all the churches as well as to us." Accordingly,

delegates from the Antioch church went to Jerusalem, and referred the question to the mother church, and a decision was reached which put an end to strife.

When money was needed, more than any one church could furnish, for the relief of the poor saints in Judæa, common sense said: "Bring the churches into co-operation in this service; let them unite to do what they can not do separately." Accordingly, measures were set on foot for a visitation of the churches in Galatia, Achaia and Macedonia (I. Cor. xvi. 1-5); agents or solicitors were sent out to stir them up to proper liberality—some of these delegated by the apostle Paul, one of them "chosen by the churches," and others who were "messengers (apostles) of the churches," not only carried what the churches that appointed them gave, but acted as solicitors in the churches they visited (II. Cor. viii. 16; ix. 5. Compare I. Cor. xvi. 3, 4; II. Cor. viii. 18, 19, 23, 24; Phil. ii. 25.) It will be seen:

1. That Paul, as corresponding secretaries now do, planned a system of visitation to the churches to raise funds, and also went himself on the same business, and had large correspondence with the churches on this subject.

2. That the churches of a province, such as Galatia or Achaia, co-operated in raising money for a specific object.

3. That various churches united in choosing one delegate to represent them, and others sent several messengers to carry out their wishes in this matter.

4. That some of these delegates were expected to bear the funds raised to Jerusalem, Paul going with them.

Strange to say, there is not a hint of the large percentage of the money raised that would be required to pay the traveling and other expenses of these agents and messengers! Not a hint is given of the needless outlay in sending messengers all the way to Jerusalem with this money, when Paul could easily have carried it himself; nor a single calculation of the number of poor people that might have been fed with the money laid out on these "stall-fed" messengers or delegates; nor so much as one howl of dismay from a

careful economist over this prodigious waste in costly travels—for be it remembered that traveling then was both difficult and costly. Somehow, the apostles and the churches of that time had an idea that the spiritual and ecclesiastical good to result from such visits and brotherly intercourse was so great, that its cost in money was not worth mentioning. The growlers of that period evidently had not learned all the arts of the modern demagogue, or they would have pointed to the thrift and prosperity of the provinces we have mentioned, as a gratifying proof that the work of charity was sufficiently accomplished, without heeding the cry from distant and suffering regions; or would have shown the folly of sending off money to Judæa, when it could all have been used profitably at home; and would have edified the churches with estimates of the extravagant outlay to support messengers and agents to go on a traveling expedition at the expense of their deluded brethren; winding up with the advice to hold back their funds from all expensive agencies and ambitious self-seekers, and put their money directly into the hands of the poor, so that they might know that it was honestly appropriated. There has evidently been “progression” in the arts of demagogy. But, to our mind, there is simply common sense in the arrangements we have been contemplating. No single church could raise the money that was needed. Single churches, left to themselves, would never have raised it. Therefore, agents were sent out for a systematic visitation of the churches, to rouse them to proper effort. It was right that the churches raising this money should send it by trusty hands to Judæa, and prudent on the part of Paul to avoid the responsibility of bearing it himself. And, as it would have been needless for every church to go to the expense of a messenger to bear its funds, it was wise that they should unite in choosing a few messengers in whom they had confidence—enough to do the work and represent them adequately to the churches of Judæa. Common sense governed the whole proceeding.

But we shall be reminded that an apostle was at the head of the whole proceeding, and that as we have none now invested with apostolic authority or endowed with apostolic wisdom, *we* are not authorized to proceed in any such method now. We ask, then, if the reign of common sense closed with the personal ministry of the apostles, so that, in case of a famine in any part of the world, the churches can not combine their means and unite to appoint messengers to bear their bounty; and none dare to appoint agents or solicitors to visit the churches to arouse them to liberality? Turning from the question of feeding the hungry with bread by co-operative measures, there is another question of pressing importance just now, to supply a perishing world with the bread of life—is this a less benevolent work than supplying the body with the bread that perishes? And when tidings come to us from regions where souls are perishing for lack of this bread of life, and single churches can not or will not supply the need, are we to ignore all dictates of common sense as to a combination of resources, and the employment of agents, solicitors, messengers and whatever else may be necessary to accomplish the desired object, merely because no apostle is here in person to order it done? May not *some one*, in the absence of an apostle, arouse the churches to action? May not the churches of a district or State, like the churches of a province, unite their forces and choose a delegate whose “praise is in all the churches,” or appoint “messengers of the churches” who shall be “the glory of Christ” in bearing the bread of life to the perishing? And does it not *need* to be done? Think of it seriously, and examine carefully the passages to which we have referred.

In a subsequent editorial he elaborated the subject yet further, and made special applications of it to the work then in hand. I need not, however, quote this, as my object was simply to set forth the principle which he regarded as controlling in all such cases. Indeed,

he gave it a still wider range of application, extending it beyond the order and enterprise of the church into the domain of its worship and service. This is evident from his discussion of the question of communion. In this he insists, that :

To regard the Lord's Supper as *the* communion is unscriptural. It is simply communion in the appointed symbols of the body and blood of Christ. We have fellowship in prayer, in song, in work, in joy, in suffering, in hope. The whole Christian life belongs to this fellowship of the saints. Let us say, moreover, that this fellowship is not restrained within the limits of local organizations. It is the fellowship of saints without regard to place. It was a fellowship that bound Jerusalem and Corinth together, and united the congregations of Achaia, Macedonia and Galatia in a common service, and can be exhibited in the co-operation of the Christians of a State or Nation as truly and as scripturally as in the united work of the local members of a congregation.

He adds :

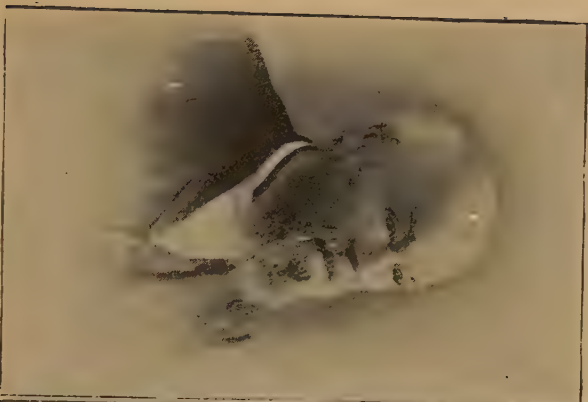
If this were properly understood, it would rid us of some errors to which many still cling tenaciously. For instance, a member of the church becomes grieved with his brethren on account of sins, real or imaginary, against him or against the common cause ; and, failing to obtain satisfaction, he refuses "to commune," as the phrase goes—that is, he absents himself from the Lord's Supper, and is at pains to make it prominent before the public that he does thus absent himself. Either he is dissatisfied with himself, as not being in a suitable frame of mind to share in this feast ; or, he is dissatisfied with others, and feels bound to testify against them by his refusal to eat and drink with them. Mark you, he will pray with them, sing with them, contribute money with them ; in fact, do all else that enters into Christian fellowship ; but this one act of eating the Lord's

Supper—and thus he refuses to *commune*! What an absurdity! He *does* commune. In nine-tenths of all the acts that belong to Christian communion, he is their fellow, and lives in full fellowship with them; but relies on his refusal of the other tenth for a protest against them as unfit to be communed with! As remarked in the outset, the root of this conduct is an erroneous—we had almost said superstitious—idea of the Lord's Supper as being solely or mainly the ordinance in which Christians have communion with each other; whereas, the apostle says: "*If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, then have we fellowship one with another.*" Evidently, if they are not fit for our fellowship in the Lord's Supper, they are not fit for our fellowship in anything that belongs to Christian communion. And if we can have fellowship with them in praying, singing, giving, etc., we ought also to have fellowship with them at the Lord's table.

The same root error is manifest in all this controversy over open and close communion. Men will sing together, pray together, preach together, work together in every possible way, until it comes to the observance of the Lord's Supper—and then there is trouble about *communion*! just as if they had not been *communing* all the while! It is the absurd notion that this ordinance was meant to be a touchstone of orthodoxy or of sanctity.

We regret that our brethren humor this notion—this offspring of priestly assumption and papal superstition—in consenting to entertain the proposition that baptism is a prerequisite to the Lord's Supper, just as if it were not equally a prerequisite to everything in Christian life and Christian association. It is high time that, among us at least, this superstition were fully exploded, and our ideas of Christian fellowship more broadly based.

It was during this year that the correspondence between Herbert and the editor appeared. Herbert claimed to be an unprejudiced skeptic, willing to be-



PROF. W. J. BARBEE.



L. H. JAMESON.



B. U. WATKINS.

lieve, but prevented by certain difficulties, some of them theological, others ecclesiastical. These hard nuts he placed before Mr. Errett to be cracked, *secundum artem*, which he accordingly did. The series was both entertaining and instructive. The skeptic was evidently a thoughtful and scholarly man, who could not be satisfied by the superficial commonplaces usually sufficient to silence, even if they did not convince. His difficulties must be met, his objections answered, his perplexities unraveled. In his replies Mr. Errett displayed wonderful familiarity with the whole subject. He was frank and honest in his recognition of whatever was a real difficulty, at the same time pointing out a better way of looking at it so as to avoid it as an obstruction in practice; showing, in other words, that though the objection might hold, it could not legitimately set aside the claims of Christianity, nor excuse any one from the performance of his religious duties. In short, while the subjects were in part hackneyed, his treatment of them was delightfully fresh and original, and the whole series was read by the public with absorbing interest.*

It was this year also that "Letters to a Young Christian" appeared serially in the "Standard." These were not written in the tone of ordinary sermonizings which, to the class addressed, would have appeared dry and forbidding, but they were sympathetic, apprecia-

* It was not till years afterward that it became known that Herbert was not in fact a skeptic, but a faithful Christian and minister of the gospel—Prof. W. J. Barbee. He had personated the honest skeptic, and had set forth the difficulties and perplexities which he himself had often heard presented as reasons for not obeying the gospel, in order to call out Mr. Errett upon them and get the benefit of his well-known ability in the skillful handling of them.

tive, tender and paternal. The training of his own children, and his long service as pastor, had made him intimately acquainted with young people, and enabled him to understand fully the peculiar snares and pitfalls to which they were exposed. He could point out the danger that often lurked in things seemingly innocent and harmless, and the evil consequences likely to result from any departure from correct principles. Nor did he content himself with guarding young Christians against sin and the gradual formation of improper habits; he sought to develop also the positive virtues, and to show how the highest, truest, noblest character might be acquired and matured—and to stimulate to the attainment of this by setting forth its beauties and excellencies in attractive colors.

It is no wonder that these admirable letters—so wise, so guardful, so helpful and, withal, so genial and attractive—were welcomed everywhere as a Godsend. When they were collected into a volume and put upon the market, its sale was phenomenal from the first—many churches ordering in quantity as presents for their young converts, and as supplying an efficient aid to parents and elders.*

In the midst of all his hard work he found time to get off a joke about taking a holiday by going in search of Stanley, calling on the Pope *en route*, etc., to which a little later he thus pleasantly alludes:

We are receiving many protests against our suggested visit to Africa and other foreign parts. Well—come to think of it, we should be kept too long away from the

* This little work, which may still be procured from the Standard Publishing Company, has lost none of its charm nor any of its value by lapse of time.

Standard office if we were to go on the search for Stanley; and we promise, if delinquents will pay up promptly, to give that up. But we must go to Philadelphia—that's flat. And we want to go in good humor, and be able to write pleasant things about it; and our closest introspections have satisfied us that we are only capable of doing our best in that line when we have a fat pocket—from which our readers may safely draw the conclusion that we are not lifted to that state of exaltation very often. But pray don't send us off to the Centennial exhibition in a bad humor. Pay up, and we promise not to go to Africa, or to visit Pio Nono either."

Some time after this the "Apostolic Times" alluded to the little joke as follows:

Now, if Bro. Errett had just been successful last summer when he called on his delinquent subscribers to pay up, so that he might go to hunt Stanley and visit the Pope, we might have known all about it by this time. But we were satisfied at the time that the whole thing would be a failure. The fact is, the people don't want the editor of the "Standard" to get lost in the jungles of Africa, for then they couldn't "keep their eye on him." And as far as his seeing the Pope, they think that he is going to Rome fast enough, as it is, without crossing the Atlantic Ocean. Comment:—"Yes, the people have concluded that now, even as in the *apostolic times*, there are popes outside of Rome that need watching. So they want us to stay at home and look after them."

It should be stated that, although the dignified editors of the "Times" had erstwhile "split the ears of the groundlings" by their wretched taste in *church music* (!) they were all sound to the core on missions and missionary societies, which brought them and the editor of the "Standard" into close, sympathetic relations. Hence, perhaps, their ability to tickle each other's cuticles in the above playful style.

Sure enough, Mr. Errett did go to the Centennial—taking in the Missionary Convention, which met this year in Richmond, on the journey. I judge, too, that he carried a “fat purse” with him, as he certainly wrote of the wonderful sights in most excellent “humor.” His address before the convention was in his happiest style, argumentative, soul-searching and stimulating—interspersed here and there with bursts of thrilling eloquence.* He was, indeed, greatly encouraged by the progress that had been made, by the large attendance at the convention, and by the lively interest which all seemed to take in the great and most benevolent enterprise. And with the delivery of this masterly address, his year’s work was virtually closed.

I find that, in order to reserve sufficient space for matter more immediately personal and eventful in the years to come, I shall be obliged to omit the insertion of many important extracts from Mr. Errett’s periodical writings, which I had marked for use in this place. I, therefore, pass over, though I do so with reluctance, all his contributions of the year 1877—some of them, especially those on Christ and Christianity, being exceedingly thoughtful and able. His review of Dr. Summers, too, and his discussion with the “Journal and Messenger” on Baptist Regeneration, were bright, pungent and powerful. But apart from his daily toil, which, great as it was, his ample equipment and thorough training rendered comparatively easy, the current of his life during this year flowed tranquilly and smoothly, being marked by no disturbances or incidents that need to be mentioned in this place. It is

* This address is contained in “Linsey-Woolsey and Other Addresses,” published by the Standard Publishing Company.

true that his quiet was somewhat disturbed for a time by a suit against the "Standard" for slander, in publishing a certain *soi-disant* preacher as an impostor. The damage claimed was twenty thousand dollars. But Mr. Errett so fortified himself with proofs of the truth of the charge, that when the time for the trial came, the suit was dismissed, and no harm was done, except the inevitable care and worry and expense incident to the preparation for his defense.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

1878—1879.

Serious illness.—Trip to Florida.—The modest junior editor.

—Fun for the absentees.—Humorous editorial letter.—

Home again.—Harry's success.—Unwell but still at work.

—The English brethren.—Missionaries.—Harry goes to

Paris.—Geo. E. Flower.—Resurrection.—Eschatological subjects.

The new year found the editor seriously ill, owing to exposure, in his own editorial rooms. The landlord, contemplating a new roof for the building, had removed the old, and before the work could be finished, rain set in and continued, with slight intermissions, for several weeks. Notwithstanding the dampness of the room, the editor, partly from the force of habit and partly from a sense of duty, continued to resort to it every day until at length a severe cold and sore throat, together with painful symptoms in the lungs, forced him to desist and to abide at home. At times his sufferings were extreme, and more than once the devoted and anxious members of his family believed that he was at death's door. Still, whenever it was at all practicable, he continued to perform, as best he could, some part of the work which he now felt pressing so urgently upon him.

Occasionally, the influence of the physician and entreaties of the family were sufficient to keep him

at home for a few days, when some urgent call would come for him to go out, which he would heed only to bring on more serious trouble. In spite of it all, however, when the month of February came, he seemed to be fully restored ; and then, at his physician's earnest entreaty, he consented to respond to a toast at a banquet given by the medical faculty to their students. It was decided that he should remain at a hotel in the city all night, and he engaged a room and ordered a fire to be kindled in it, only to find on his return from the banquet that it had been forgotten. Being very weary, he had concluded to occupy the cold room and sleep in the very cold bed. This brought a relapse, and compelled him to take a trip to Florida. He speaks cheerily of his proposed trip, saying :

Before the next number of the "Standard" is issued, the senior editor expects to be far on his way South, on a vacation of a month or two—a release imperiously demanded on account of failing health. The junior editor has full knowledge of the details of the office work, and is already experienced in their management. Bro. W. T. Moore has kindly consented to give any necessary aid, and also to contribute to the editorial columns. Brothers Pendleton, Lamar and Hinsdale will also contribute to these columns. And if there should still be any lack, our junior is abundantly able to supply, under the spur of necessity, what his native modesty hinders him otherwise from producing. We congratulate our readers in advance on the freshness and variety which are sure to be supplied to them in our absence. We may break in on this with an occasional article after the old style—but we make no promises. We go away on purpose to get rid of work, and we mean to be, for a time, as idle and useless as possible.

The junior's fitness for the task thus imposed upon him may be inferred from the following :

As announced last week, the editor of the "Standard" is now on his way to Florida, on the first vacation he has allowed himself in a public service of forty years, accompanied by the wife who, through all the vicissitudes of that long and toilsome service, has been as faithful to duty in her sphere as he has been in his.

In making known his intention last week he took unfair advantage of a certain junior, holding him up as a fearful and wonderful example of modesty, and then, almost without comma by way of pause, coolly seated the young man among the mighty men of war, known by long and distinguished services—with Bros. Pendleton, Lamar, Moore and Hinsdale. When the said junior contemplates himself, with his mind's eye, as one in such a company of worthies, he strikes himself as such a touching instance of modesty that he pauses right here to take a quiet smile, thus—

In taking up for a few weeks a small share of the burden which rested so lightly and gracefully upon the proper shoulders, it is with supreme thankfulness that he is in some little degree capable of the services which he is now called upon to perform, and able to aid in a little respite to labors which have grown to be so enormous. Few even of the most laborious have any conception of the magnitude of the labors performed by the editor of the "Standard." It is literally true that, in all his public life, his only relaxation has been to turn from one kind of labor to another—from preaching to writing, from the platform to the council, from the public address to the private conference; from the hour of rising to the hour of retirement, from the week's beginning to its end, year in and year out, the longest rest he has known has been the rare allowance of a few short hours to the entertainment of friends or strangers. Fortunately he has taken timely warning that such labors must suffer some intermission; and most fortunately for him, he

has decided to free himself from public cares, and devote that intermission to the prime necessity of his restoration to health. In all human probability a few weeks will suffice for his perfect recovery.

We make this plain statement in the full confidence that every reader of the "Standard" will cheerfully grant him this respite, and make all allowances for such imperfections as appear in his absence. We know that there are thousands who will remember him in their every invocation, and who will not willingly see his work flag even for a day. With them, we hope for his speedy return, and meantime work with the strength we have.

This graceful tribute of filial affection is as honorable to the son who indites it as it is to the father and mother whose lives and works he so justly appreciates.

Meanwhile, the sick man has made his way to New Britain on the Halifax river, where he finds comfortable quarters, and where he is charmed with the novelties in the scenery, and the softness of the balmy air, from which he derives great comfort. Yes, he was comforted, but not cured. Though he seemed to write bravely and hopefully to the loved ones at home, they detected, as they thought, a sort of undertone which said, "I am no better." They all conspired to write him none but bright and cheering letters, and their neighbor and friend, Mr. Carroll, entered into the conspiracy in his own happy way, by writing laughable pieces for the Cincinnati papers, detailing the farming operations of the young farmers in charge of the place. According to Sydney Smith, there are three things that every man thinks he can do—farm a small property, drive a gig, and write an article for a review. Russell could have written for the review, and done it well; any of them, perhaps, could have driven a gig—after

a fashion ; but if we may credit Mr. Carroll's ludicrous pictures, their farming of the small property was by no means a phenomenal success. Still, all these things admirably subserved their purpose as a remedy for Florida blues. He read them, laughed over them, wrote back in a similar vein, and so in every way was amused and benefitted.

The humor of the following, taken from his editorial correspondence, is so characteristic and *healthy* that I can not refrain from giving it to the reader :

We have said but little, thus far, of our journeyings ; and, indeed, there is but little to say on this point that would be of interest to the readers of the "Standard." But lest they should think that we have gone into a state of torpor, we will state that we have traveled, since we came into the state, over a thousand miles, by steamboat, steam yacht, sail-boat, row-boat, cart, wagon, hack—in fact, in almost every sort of conveyance this country can afford, except the wheelbarrow and the back of a mule ; besides several miles daily afoot. The overland conveyances here are not stylish, and if the Florida standard of one-horse power were generally adopted, it would materially alter the figures in all estimates of the power of steam engines. Florida horses, taking the country over, are sorry specimens ; Florida cows are sorrier still ; while Florida pigs ought to be conspired against by the whole animal creation as enormities of ugliness and meanness. They are clearly a pigmy race—that is, all except the head and snout. Of the mules we say nothing—they are indescribable. . . .

Our physician, in packing us off to this insect-built peninsula for the benefit of an over-taxed nervous system, gave us a special charge to "rough it" as much as possible. Fortunately the facilities for this superabound in this country. With a view to obey orders, we chose an overland route from the St. John's to the Halifax and back again. Let us briefly describe our trip from the Halifax to the St.

John's—a distance of forty miles. We made it in about fourteen hours, partly on dry land, but for several miles through waters of a depth of from six inches to three feet—for the rains of the last year have been so excessive that much of the country is flooded. In justice to Florida it must be said that this is quite unusual. No one who has not tried it can form a reasonable guess of this sort of mixed navigation. There is not the least danger of monotony. If you tire of the land, you will soon be in the water; if you weary of water, you will not be long in discovering land. It is a grand trip for whimsical people. This is especially true if, as in our case, you have a sick mule in the team. The team was composed of a horse and a mule—"a splendid team," everybody said, and we were congratulated on our good fortune in securing so superior a traveling force. But we have little admiration for any such linsey-woolsey combination. A horse and a mule are about as incongruous as an ox and an ass, the yoking of which the Jewish law forbade as an abomination. Our horse did bravely, but that rascally mule—one of the most mischievous scamps, we afterward learned, in that country to break halters, jump fences and spoil gardens—had not proceeded far until he laid down in the harness. This propensity grew upon him until, if he was not kept in a brisk trot on land, or was allowed to stop in the water to drink, there was danger every moment of a resort to the recumbent posture. Only a sudden application of the lash by our watchful and skillful driver saved us from frequent repetitions of this mulish trick. When the driver was off his guard, and the watchful mule seized his opportunity to go to bed, it so roused the ire of the charioteer that, as soon as he could get him up again, the blows fell on the culprit thick and fast until away we went, bouncing, bumping, thumping over the palmetto roots, and crowding more ups and downs of life into five minutes than ought reasonably to be spread over a year. You needn't be particular about a nice carriage and a soft seat at such times, for the fact is, you are not on the seat many seconds at a

time, but briskly engaged in rapid ascents and descents, heavenward and earthward, and forward, "progressive" movements, and rapid backslidings, that render the style of your turnout of very inferior importance. But the horse was a grand old fellow. He managed to pull us and the mule through at the rate of nearly three miles an hour for forty miles; and when we got through we felt that we had "roughed" it enough for one day. It must be that it strengthened our nervous system—for, ever since, at the first shadow of a reminiscence of this day's travel by mule-power over palmetto and pine corduroy, every nerve we possess instantly bristles with vigor and with a proud defiance of sick mules and palmetto roots, which convinces us that said nerves possess an immense fund of reserve power that will do to draw upon for some time to come. We recommend this trip to all nervous invalids. Let them establish a daily line between Daytona and Volusia, buy that mule and a cart, and drive themselves—we mean drive the mule, as long as he stands up, and lift him up when he falls down. They will soon find that they have nerve enough for all swearing purposes if they are profane; and if they are religious, they will look away lovingly to a better world than this, and hope for rest in the land where there shall be no more mules.

Let not our readers think that we had a sorry time. We enjoyed it hugely. It was our first experience with a mule. It had the charm of novelty. Our driver was a capital fellow, well posted in the eccentricities of mule nature; we were in no special danger; the shaking up did us much good, and the laughter provoked by the mule's antics did us more.

The pilgrims returned home in May—the ever-lovely Riverside home—finding all nature dressed in gala attire to welcome them. The rich, green grass, the broad and beautiful Ohio, the verdant hills of Kentucky rising in gentle slopes beyond, were a delightful picture,

upon which he gazed with unqualified pleasure. "How very beautiful it is," said he. "I feared it would seem bare and drear after the South—but it is very lovely, and very, very restful and sweet."

He was made happy, too, by Harry's success in the School of Design, where he had obtained a gold medal. Harry had chosen a Scripture subject—Elijah denouncing Ahab—because he thought it would please his father, and of course it did more—the paternal heart was stirred by pride in his promising son, who was rising so surely towards greater triumphs in the future. He was, indeed, a gifted young man, and seemed destined to a splendid career—but, alas! who knoweth what a day may bring forth?

Mr. Errett, though improved, was by no means perfectly well. In truth, though by God's mercy he was to be spared yet a good while, he was never fully himself again; and his family, ever solicitous about him, could not keep off forebodings of approaching disaster. It is a source of heartfelt gratification to me to be assured that I was able to cast even a few rays of sunshine into a household over which the shadows of coming events were already creeping. Speaking of this period, with its troubles and anxieties, Miss Errett, in a recent letter to me, says—and I feel sure the reader will pardon me for quoting it: "Just here I must tell you that *you* were a choice and rich blessing to him then and there. I have only to hold my pen, close my eyes and listen, to hear him laugh at and applaud your most admirable 'Leather Breeches' articles, and your letters from abroad. How he did enjoy them, and rejoice in them and you! We had many a family gathering on the porch at eventide, to talk of

your most delightful work of that year. We owe you much."

It is by no means to be inferred that, because of any ill-health that was not absolutely disabling, Mr. Errett discontinued his daily work. His leaders continued to be produced with regularity, and with no signs of failing power. It was this year that some of the English brethren undertook to regulate the American Disciples, and to bring them into accord with their own pet notions and amazing, not to say funny, usages, which, in an unguarded moment and with overweening confidence, they paraded as the very essence of Scripture teaching, and as being strictly according to the "Lord's plan." (Of course). The ease with which our editor exposed their sophistries, their groundless pretensions and dictatorial assumptions, to say nothing of the unfraternal spirit which their letters exhibited, ought to have been edifying to them, as it was certainly gratifying to his readers in America.

The Foreign Missionary Society received his constant care. The past two years had been marked by financial stringency, which the society had sorely felt; but still it was doing something. It had an able missionary in Denmark, one each in England, France and Jamaica—the latter being under the immediate patronage of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. They contemplated, also, the sending of a missionary to Italy, and were struggling to get ready to occupy heathen lands—which, I may state here, they have since done—with marked and most encouraging success. Recent developments in England, together with a careful scrutiny of the Christian statistics of that country, disclosed, it was believed, the necessity of strengthening their mission-

ary force in that field; and, accordingly, W. T. Moore and M. D. Todd were sent there some time during the year; and, upon the whole, the work in that country has prospered—in some places, signally.

The year 1879 was not without its personal troubles, some of them serious and painful, which need, however, find no place in this work. But I may mention his deep sadness occasioned by the departure of Harry. This promising son had continued to develop his artistic skill; had been made a teacher in the school of design; and had finally resolved to go for a time to Paris, in order to prosecute his studies under more favorable circumstances. His father was most reluctant to yield to this request, but the son was so persistent and earnest in urging it that at length he did yield, and the beloved boy went forth from the paternal home, never to see it more. But I will not anticipate the heart-breaking calamity which the future will reveal only too soon. Could it have been that, in the gloomy feelings with which the father saw him depart, a merciful providence was casting a shadow over his heart in order to prepare it for the deep darkness which was to follow?

In October of this year the subscription list of the "Christian Examiner" of Richmond, Va., was transferred to, and its editor, J. Z. Tyler, was added to the staff of the "Christian Standard." His name appeared as associate editor from October 4th to February 28th of the following year. In announcing the change he said: "It is said a wise man will seek to make the best of misfortune. In this I am disposed to play the part of a wise man. Since necessity has compelled the change, I desire to take a hopeful view of the situation. . . ."

While it would be gratifying to have a state paper, provided we could have a good one, and support it, yet I think it for the better to unite upon some first-class paper, even though it should be published beyond the state, than to have a feeble one struggling for existence within the state." He had been a steadfast friend of both editor and paper for years, and seemed to delight in editing large *subscription lists*. To which arduous duty he gave himself with unfaltering devotion after the union.

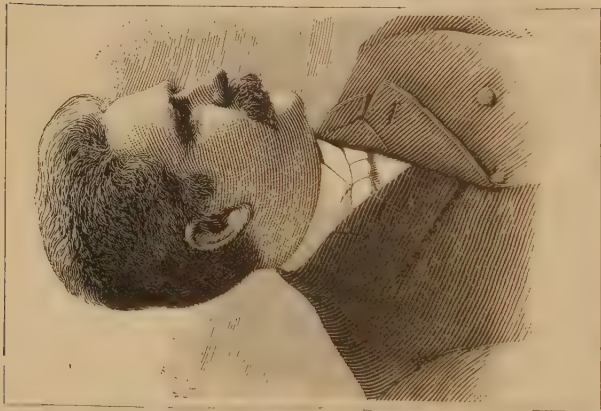
George E. Flower was at that time pastor of the church in which Mr. Errett held his membership—a man after his own heart, earnest, pious, thoroughly consecrated, but, alas, with health so shattered that he was forced to resign and return to his former home in Paducah. Mr. Errett loved him tenderly, and continued to feel anxiously solicitous about him till the disease had finished its work, and the good man and powerful preacher had gone to his reward.*

Among many striking editorials written in 1879, was a series on the Resurrection of the Dead, occasioned by a discourse of my own on the same subject, the publication of which my congregation had indiscreetly insisted upon. I had taken a position adverse to the prevailing orthodox view of a strictly literal resurrection of the physical body, and had sought to

*I may state here that in 1885 there appeared a handsome volume entitled "The Life and Writings of George Edward Flower. Edited by Isaac Errett." It is a work of rare merit—the outflowing of genuine love and intelligent and hearty appreciation. Though the subject of it died at an early age, having filled only a limited sphere, his biographer finds much in his brief career to interest, instruct and stimulate the reader. The work is as tenderly affectionate as the Laureate's In Memoriam.



F. M. GREEN.
(1882.)



J. Z. TYLER.
(October, 1879—February, 1880.)



P. J. RADFORD.
(1886.)

ASSOCIATE EDITORS OF THE STANDARD.

maintain my ground by arguments drawn partly from reason, but mainly from Scripture. The discourse awakened earnest opposition from different quarters, and was regarded as altogether unsound and heterodox. Indeed, it produced so much excitement and unrest that Mr. Errett deemed it necessary to discuss the whole subject *de novo*, in which not only my discourse, but the whole literature of the subject was brought under review—literature upon which I had made no drafts, and but little of which I had ever read. As might be supposed, his treatment of the theme was very able, and while it did not change my own convictions, I regarded it then, as I do now, as the best presentation of the orthodox view which I had ever seen. It may here be stated that, while I do not attribute the result in any degree to my small contribution, nor to any failure in Mr. Errett's powerful advocacy; still, it is true that the trend of religious thought, both among the Disciples and others, has, since that time, moved more and more directly and strongly towards the position which I then assumed, and away from the grossly materialistic conception of the resurrection which had previously been common. The subject, like all eschatological subjects, is, of course, extremely obscure and difficult, and he would be a bold man who should assume to dogmatize upon it. On such matters men's minds are influenced less by cold logical arguments and verbal exegesis, than by their conceptions of the intrinsic probabilities or improbabilities of the case presented; and they will be apt to rest in that view of it which gives most comfort to their sorrows and animation to their hopes.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

1880.

"Evenings with the Bible."—What the Disciples believe and teach.—The first grandchild.—Garfield.—Death of Harry in Paris.—The father's lucid account of the mystery.—"Early Deaths."—Office-seekers.—Withdraws from Publishing Company.

Notwithstanding he was still far from well, being troubled especially with a painful and obstinate cough, he began, early in the year, the preparation of what proved to be the crowning literary work of his life—"Evenings with the Bible." It appeared first in the "Standard," in a series of chapters, which continued to come out, with occasional intermissions, till the close of his life. Its title may indicate the mode of its production. It was *written* in the evenings, when his office work of the day had been finished, and he had left all its cares and responsibilities behind. Then, before an open fire in his lovely Riverside home, he would shut himself in his room and give himself to deep meditation upon the special theme which he was about to treat, and immediately afterward, from the fullness of his mind thus refreshed and stimulated, he would put his thoughts upon paper.

His plan, stated in brief, was to take up one by one the various personages whose names are prominent in the Bible—to interest the reader in the story of their



J. W. M'GARVEY.



GEORGE E. FLOWER.



E. B. TYLER

lives—to analyze their characters and leading motives—and to draw practical lessons from them, applicable to our present times, responsibilities, temptations and trials. The work has been issued in three handsome octavo volumes by the Standard Publishing Company. The demand for it, which still continues, was large from the very first; and it richly merits its exceptional popularity. It contains the cream of Mr. Errett's best thought and learning—the result of his life-long and profound study of the sacred word. It is, indeed, a storehouse of wisdom, knowledge and truth, which may be opened and entered anywhere with equal pleasure and profit. Ministers of the gospel especially find it invaluable as a stimulus to their own thought, a guide to their own studies, and a beautiful example of the best and purest style. For, amid its other excellencies, it is highly appreciated as a mine of English undefiled. Parents and teachers, too, find it to be a happy auxiliary in their efforts to interest the young in the study of the Bible; and, in fine, it deserves the rank which it securely holds as a standard work of the first merit.

He also published, this year, a series of well-considered and carefully-prepared editorials on "What the Disciples Believe and Teach." No one, certainly, was better qualified to perform this work. The times and circumstances seemed to demand such a re-statement of familiar themes as he here presents, with his usual clearness and argumentative skill, but which I need not in this place more particularly notice.

There were two things this year which gave him unqualified pleasure: 1. The birth of his first grandchild, little Harriet May Errett. She was named for the beloved grandmother, and was the source then and

afterwards of some of the brightest rays that shone into a life already in its gloaming, and soon to be enveloped in darkest night. 2. The election of his life-long and bosom companion, friend and brother, James A. Garfield, to the Presidency of the United States. Although the "Standard," true to its higher mission, took no part in the campaign which led to this result, it was natural for its editor to feel personally the liveliest interest in it, and the sincerest joy at the final triumph.

I now turn to the darker side of the picture. His youngest son, Henry F., commonly called Harry, was far away in Paris, ardently pursuing his art studies under one of the best teachers, and winning golden opinions from teacher and fellow-students alike for his unrivaled genius and remarkable skill. The most competent judges predicted for him a career of eminent distinction and success; and he was certainly a young man of extraordinary endowments. When I add that his moral character was all that even *his* father could desire, it is no wonder that he loved him with the most ardent and tender affection. Think of the terrible shock, then, when a telegram was received announcing his death. The circumstances of the death, which were of the most harrowing character, are best given in the father's own statement—a statement which, for reasons mentioned in it, he prepared for the public eye, and published to the world. Without one line of coloring or a single appeal for sympathy, it makes a story of most pathetic and touching sadness:

THE DEATH OF HENRY F. ERRETT.

The peculiar mystery that surrounds the death of my son, Henry F. Errett; the apparently contradictory state-

ments that have been published concerning it; the numerous, and in some cases injurious speculations that have entered into street rumors and newspaper accounts; and the wide-spread interest manifested in the case, not only in this city, but in various parts of the country, especially in regions where he and his family are well known, make it proper that I should state, over my own name, the facts as they are known to the family. Whatever repugnance is felt at the thought of even seeming to parade before the public a calamity and a grief, the details of which ought to have been respected as private and sacred, is overborne by the necessity of doing justice to the character and memory of a young man of spotless integrity, whose untimely and mysterious taking off has necessarily given birth to many wild suspicions.

Having, even from early childhood, shown an unusual talent for drawing, Henry F. Errett was placed under competent instructors in this city, such as Miss Mary Spencer, Mr. C. T. Webber and Mr. Thomas S. Noble, who presides over the School of Design. In this school he spent several years, first as pupil, and then as teacher, winning the highest testimonials alike for his artistic skill and his noble character. Such were the developments of his genius in the line of art, and such the urgent counsels of those who knew him best, that his family determined to send him to Europe, to pursue his studies. Accordingly, in August, 1879, he took his departure for Paris, accompanied by Mr. J. C. Meyenberg, who had been his pupil in the School of Design, and after his arrival in that city, and consultation with several artists there, he determined to enter the school of the celebrated Gérôme, to which, by the aid of friendly artists, he found ready access. His place of residence was selected under the advice of friends in Paris, with a view to convenience and moderate expense. He and Meyenberg roomed together for some months, when, in perfect good will, they separated, Meyenberg seeking other quarters. In Gérôme's school he continued until his death, making rapid progress

and receiving hearty approval and encouragement from his teachers. Outside of the school he had but a small circle of friends, his time being wholly absorbed in his art studies. Mr. and Mrs. Jules Delaunay, missionaries, 8 Rue Beuret, Vaugirard; Mr. Woodward, an artist, formerly of this city; Mr. Meyenberg and a few of the artists of Paris, such as M. Baudry and Mr. May, made up this circle. In August, 1880, he was seized with typhoid fever, through which he was carefully and tenderly nursed by Mrs. Delaunay, and was attended by Dr. Appia. All these became tenderly attached to him, as did all who came to know him intimately. After his restoration to health in October, he again entered the school, and all his letters to his family were full of cheer, and spoke of his complete recovery from his illness. On the second of November a confused and unintelligible cable dispatch was received which led me to dispatch for more definite information. This brought, on Wednesday, a second dispatch, saying, "Henry is dead." There was no hint of the cause of his death, and as the family had been in constant dread of a relapse into typhoid fever, they reasonably concluded that his death had resulted from such a relapse, and hence published in the city papers that he died of typhoid fever. I immediately dispatched to have the body embalmed and sent home. It was more than two weeks after this that letters came to us from W. T. Moore, who had been summoned to Paris from Southport, England, by telegraph, and Mr. and Mrs. Jules Delaunay, stating that Henry was found dead in his room, on the bed, his overcoat on, a pistol at his left side — one account said the pistol was found on the floor — and a bullet wound in the left side. These letters were evidently written under great excitement, and what few details were given were so indefinite or confused that we determined to say nothing except to a few friends, until more definite information was received. The letters afterwards received stated that the city authorities were notified, and took possession of the room. The result of the investigation

was, that he had left his room at 8 o'clock, Monday, November 1, and returned at 11, receiving from the concierge, as he went to his room, a letter from home. Within one, or two, or three hours afterward—the statements at this point are conflicting—the wife of the concierge, wishing to enter the room, knocked at the door and received no answer. Finding the door unlocked, she entered, and found the dead body as described. The letter he had received was found open on the mantelpiece. His watch and money had not been disturbed. An examination of the wound proved that the bullet had penetrated his heart. The authorities, finding no evidence of murder—they do not appear to have searched very diligently for it, as will hereafter appear—jumped to the conclusion that it was an instance of self-destruction, either accidental or intentional, and gave up the body to be disposed of according to my directions; it was accordingly embalmed and shipped. No official statement of the case has been received here. From all we could learn from the letters sent to us, and those received by Mr. Noble from Mr. Woodward and Mr. Meyenberg, we could reach no other conclusion than that his death had resulted from the accidental discharge of the pistol found at his side. Such was the conclusion of those who knew him in Paris. It would have been a guilty and base thing—a monstrous wrong to one whom we had known all his life as singularly upright and pure, free from any stain whatever of vice or crime—to have allowed even a shadow of a suspicion of suicide to enter our minds without facts on which to base it, or while there was any other rational way of accounting for the fatal shot. There is not the slightest evidence of any intention to take his own life. We can trace him, day by day, in his pursuits and associations, up to the day of his death. The uniform testimony is, that he was healthy, cheerful, full of hope from recent marked testimonials of favor, from his teachers, and blameless in his conduct. We have received a letter written by him to one of his sisters, only two days before his death, abounding in cheerfulness and hopefulness. The

only circumstance that would seem to favor the thought of suicide is, that the pages of his account-book had been carefully cut out, leaving only the stubs, and the leaves of his diary had also been torn or cut out. But his accounts were kept for the purpose of sending home, every few months, an itemized statement of his expenditures; and what is called his diary was mainly a book in which he practiced composition—jotting down thoughts, or rhymes, or sketches, for his own amusement, and occurrences which he needed to note at the time. It was his habit, when he was done with anything of this kind, to label and file away what he wished to preserve, and burn up what was no longer needed. There is, therefore, nothing suspicious in the mere fact of the contents of these books having been destroyed, although it is possible that their destruction was accomplished by another hand and for another purpose. The possibility of this will appear in the light of facts yet to be submitted. In the absence of all evidence of premeditated self-destruction, the facts all pointed to an accidental discharge of the pistol. It was a weapon with the use of which he had no acquaintance. If he had bought one, as has been supposed, as his friends had advised, for self-protection, and as we were led to believe—although there is no certain evidence that he had bought a pistol, or had one in his possession—he would naturally seek, in the privacy of his own room, to learn how to handle it and use it, and an accidental and fatal discharge might readily occur; or if he were lying on the bed, and attempted to take the revolver from his pocket, it might be that a careless and thoughtless effort would cause such a discharge. Reaching this as the only conclusion warranted by the facts as far as they were known to me, when I published a notice of the funeral services, after the body had arrived in New York, but in advance of its arrival here, the former statement of death by typhoid fever was corrected, and the death attributed to the accidental discharge of a pistol.

The foregoing statement contains all that we knew up to the time of depositing the body, after the funeral services,

in the vault at Spring Grove Cemetery. I decided not to bury for some time—partly because we thought a few days more might possibly bring us further details from Paris, and partly because, after the tumult of feeling attendant on the developments of the last few weeks, we wanted time to reflect on all the circumstances of this mysterious death, and determine what was best to be done. The next day (November 25) I learned from Mr. Smith, in the employ of Mr. Epply, undertaker, who had prepared the body for burial, that, in lifting the body from the box in which it came, into the casket, and placing one hand under the head, he was surprised to find the back of the head quite soft, and apparently exuding a “sticky” substance; but, as he supposed the death was from typhoid fever, it excited no suspicion in his mind. But when he afterwards heard that the death was from a pistol shot, it called up this fact, and elicited the remark from him: “Then he must have been shot in the back of the head.” After careful inquiry of Mr. Epply and Mr. Smith, I requested Drs. S. R. Beckwith and M. H. Slosson—gentlemen well known to me, and in whose professional skill and integrity I have full confidence—to make a post-mortem examination, which they did on Wednesday, November 30th. The following is a brief report, furnished at my request, for publication:

A POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION OF THE BODY OF HENRY F. ERRETT,
MADE NOVEMBER 30.

The body was in a good state of preservation from embalming. The posterior portion of the neck and head had the appearance of having been severely bruised. On removal of the soft tissues, the subjacent parts had the appearance of having suffered severe contusion, with coagulation of blood. There was a fracture, with depressed and displaced portion of the occipital bone, just above the *foramen magnum*. The fractured portion was triangular, about one inch and a half long at the base, and the same length on the remaining sides. The contusion and fracture seem to have been made with a blunt instrument. The injury would have produced immediate unconsciousness, and death would have soon followed. There was a gun-shot wound directly over the heart, and a post-mortem having already been made of the chest, we were enabled only to discover the course the bullet

had taken, which was directly through the middle of the heart. From the appearance of the contusion and injury of the base of the skull, together with the coagulum of blood in the soft tissues of the neck, which must have taken place before death, we are of the opinion that the injury to the head was received before the gun-shot wound in the heart.

S. R. BECKWITH, M. D.

M. H. SLOSSON, M. D.

It is now evident that Henry F. Errett was murdered, in his own room, in open day, on the first day of November, 1880, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 3 P. M. By whom, and why, we are unable, as yet, even to conjecture. This wound in the head could not have been self-inflicted. Nor is it evident, from any facts that we have learned, that he ever bought or had in his possession a pistol. He was foully murdered, and the pistol was left there to create a suspicion of suicide. We do not know of an enemy of his, except as this murder indicates it. His habits, his character, his associations, were such that the most careful inquiry fails to reveal any fact on which to base the slightest suspicion of any wrong on his part. Should this fearful mystery ever be broken, his friends have not the slightest doubt that it will be found that, in his death as in his life, he was innocent of wrong.

Since the above was written, I have received the report of a meeting of his fellow students, which is here submitted:

We, the students of the Ecole Nationale des Beaux Arts, of Paris, unitedly, American, French and English, do sympathize and deeply regret the untimely death of our esteemed fellow student and friend, Henry F. Errett. He had a brilliant and glorious future before him, being studious, sober and temperate in all his habits. He had no vice of any kind, but led a quiet, pure, simple life, being wedded, as it were, to his art and studies! His professor and master in the arts told him only three days before his death, when the students had collected in the school of design—he (Errett) being with them: "Young man," said Prof. Gérôme, "you have a brilliant career before you. I have not one student gifted with the talents you have." So he has gone down to the grave with his gifted mind, gentle and noble in his dispo-

sition. We shall feel his loss for many a day to come. May the great Ruler of all things comfort his afflicted parents and friends, in whose deep grief we sincerely partake.

To this Prof. Gérôme adds:

"It is with heartfelt sadness that I add my name to those of my pupils, and give in a few lines homage to my pupil, Henry Errett, who, though young, manifested great talent, and before whom was opening the most brilliant career.

J. GEROME,
Member of the Institute."

We submit this plain statement of facts for the information of the public, and in justice to the memory of a son whose life has been so cruelly cut short.

Cincinnati. December 6, 1880.

ISAAC ERRETT.

I could not refrain from copying the whole of this statement, with its included tributes, because I felt that it was due alike to the worthy son and the honored father.

Profound and incurable as was his grief, he does not deluge the public with it. The great tasks of life were taken up as before; the tone of the "Standard" was not changed; and though I happen to be apprised of the agonies of heart and soul through which he passed many an hour in private, still as, in his manly fortitude, he was silent before the public, with something like womanly delicacy, I shall also be—at the same time recalling to the reader the words of the great dramatist:

The grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart—
And bids it break.

I find some time afterwards an exquisite editorial on Early Deaths, in which the discerning mind can detect, deep down below the words, the artesian source

out of which they flowed—and showing that this great man, like the weakest of us, had his wrestlings over the mysteries of providence. But his language all tends to strengthen, encourage and support the faith of his sorrowing readers. He says—and I extract only a few lines:

But when the good and pure and noble, whose high integrity, sweetness of spirit, nobleness of ambition, wealth of natural endowments, untiring industry and supreme devotion to duty, make them the light of home, the joy of all hearts, and give the truest promise of eminent usefulness, are stricken down just as the buds of childhood and the flowers of youth are beginning to blush into the ripeness of manhood, and the beautiful tree of life—its branches already bending under the weight of growing fruit—is blasted in an hour, we stand appalled in the presence of the awful ruin. This untimely setting of a sun that has not yet reached its zenith—this cruel blasting of a precious spring flower by an unexpected frost—this withering and perishing of a fruit-laden tree by early summer drouth—this dismal failure of a thousand sweet prophecies of genius breathed into the ear of Hope and Love—this sad, awful wreck of noble ambitions and lofty purposes—this sudden quenching of the purest, brightest light that burned at the home altar—what does it mean? In the highest reach of pious faith, we can only be dumb in the presence of such a calamity, and determine to adore where we can not comprehend.”

He proceeds to point out, with marvelous insight into their deep meaning, the solution suggested by various passages of Scripture, and then adds:

Is it, after all, a loss to the universe—this withdrawal of the pure and the good from the earth? Surely not. If it be a loss to us it is a gain to some other part of God's dominions, and to the departed ones. ‘To die is gain.’ There are other and fairer fields for the exercise of their im-

mortal powers, and grander missions, perhaps, in the service of the Great King, than any in which they could here share; so that to them and the universe there is no loss, but gain, in the transfer of their activities to other spheres, and the unfolding of their powers amid better surroundings, and under more competent masters.

The reader will not fail to notice the direction which Mr. Errett's own heart and hope were already taking respecting the life after death. The deepest sorrows are often the best teachers in the department of eschatology. Compare the above with what we said respecting the resurrection of the dead in a preceding chapter.

The success of Garfield entailed troubles upon our editor that he could hardly have anticipated. A horde of hungry office-seekers, knowing his intimate relations with the President-elect, besieged him, in season and out of season, with entreaties for his influence. While he was yet waiting and watching for the arrival of the remains of his murdered son—heart-sore and depressed beyond expression—that soulless, and apparently endless, procession of “patriots” pressed upon him with heartless inconsideration. How blessed was he when he could escape for a little while from the thoughtless crowd, to find comfort and cheer in the cooings of the sweet little baby grandchild, and the tender and thoughtful soothings of the little child's affectionate mother. Some of my readers may have felt as I have, and as he did, that, whatever betide, there is something worth living for so long as a precious little grandchild is in the household.

Towards the close of the year he announced his decision to withdraw from the Standard Publishing

Company. His stock was bought by his children—Russell buying enough to give him control, and Frank and the daughters taking the remainder. Mr. Errett agreed to remain as Editor of the “Standard,” but having nothing whatever to do with the business of the concern. He was to be perfectly free from all business cares.

C. H. Gould and Mrs. Josephine B. Gould were the only other stockholders of the Company.

Thus ended this year of buried hopes, of many changes and many trials, but also of much excellent work.

CHAPTER XL.

1881.

Loneliness.—His old friends passing away.—Warning his brethren.—What is needed.—“Mysteries of Providence.”—The Garfield tragedy.—Funeral sermon.

It is one of the inevitable experiences of those who reach the age to which Mr. Errett had now attained, sixty-one years, that they come to be saddened by a constantly increasing sense of loneliness. Year by year their old friends, companions and co-workers fall by the wayside and are seen no more. For many long months past the files of the “Standard” show the inroad which death had made into the editor’s circle of his best beloved and trusted—the true, the tried and brave—who had stood shoulder to shoulder with him on the hard battlefield of life’s younger manhood. One by one they had laid down their arms, had crossed over the river, and were resting under the shade of the trees. They had gone from every part of the country—from every field that he himself had ever occupied—but never without a warm and loving tribute from his friendly hand; and it may be noted that none were more feelingly remembered and eulogized than the brethren who had lived and labored and suffered with him in Muir and its vicinity, where he had resided so long, where the trials had been so great and the

work so hard, and where the friends and helpers had been so faithful and constant—true men and women, many of whose names I have recorded in the first volume of this work, and which, no doubt, are written in heaven. And now soon his sympathetic nature is to be called, after agonies of anxiety, to mourn the loss of one to whom he had been bound by ties of closest intimacy and fellowship from his earliest manhood, the gifted and noble Garfield, whose blood and sufferings brought together the alienated hearts of a whole nation, and awakened the tenderest sympathies and solitudes of the whole world.

But up to this time his work, notwithstanding his own deep personal affliction, proceeded without noticeable change. He was alert and ready to meet every assault upon the cause which he loved, to expose every sophistry in the arguments of those who opposed it, and to point out every weakness in positions and doctrines which assumed to rival it; while laboring, at the same time, to warn his brethren against that spiritual and ecclesiastical decadence toward which the influences growing out of the late war and the materialistic tendencies of the age seemed to be leading. After elaborating the subject in all its bearings, and carefully noting the causes producing the danger, and the ecclesiastical slumber which permitted their unimpeded operation, he comes to the remedy, and in the following summary of this the reader will allow that he “hits the nail on the head” and drives it home.

What is needed, then, at the present time, is men who will address themselves to the correction of the evils of which we have spoken. The cultivation of personal holiness, the revival of religious culture in families, the rebuke

and overthrow of worldliness and covetousness—of card-playing, dancing, wine-drinking, theatre-going, extravagance in dress and equipage, dishonesty; and the encouragement of Bible study, prayer, truthfulness, righteous dealing, liberal giving, and steady devotion to the interests of the church. We do not mean that these subjects should be merely hinted at in an obscure way now and then, but that they should be made, in all their phases, topics of special discussion, of direct, positive, earnest, faithful teaching. What is the use of wasting an hour in discussing the possibility of the return of the Jews to the Holy Land, when nine-tenths of your hearers need to return to God? or in denouncing evolutionists' speculations about monkeys and men, when all around you sin is dragging men down from manhood to monkeyhood? Take hold of subjects that directly affect your hearers in conscience, in heart, in business and social and church life, and lift up your voice like a trumpet, and show Israel his transgressions and God's people their sins.

He was also to discuss, about this time, a subject so universally interesting, and yet so difficult, that many readers, I feel sure, will be thankful to find it copied here. I essayed time and again to abbreviate it, but every word was such an apple of pure gold, that I felt obliged to make room for it all.

(From the Christian Standard, Feb. 12, 1881.)

THE MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE.

A letter received from a bereaved mother, whose children, one by one, have been taken from her, and who staggers under the weight of afflictions laid upon her, she knows not why—leads us to say some things which may be useful to a large class of suffering and doubting hearts, of which she is a fair representative. As the letter is strictly private, we do not publish it—nor is it necessary, as it is but a repetition of the heart and life history of tens of thousands.

It is the old story of the mysteries of providence—the vexed problem of every age and of every land, renewed in every generation, and so professedly insolvable on any principles of human philosophy that grave and learned men, after all the reasonings of the ages, are to-day solemnly asking, “Is life worth living?” We can not expect, in a newspaper article of readable length, to do justice to a subject confessedly beset with many difficulties. We shall be content if we can let in even a gleam of light upon benighted hearts, soften the gloom that has settled upon their homes, and make a rift in the clouds through which the light of a bright star or two may come to them with the assurance that the clouds that encompass them are transient, while the heavens above and beyond them are ever bright and fair.

We can not presume to interpret the designs of providence in such a case as is described to us. The events of life are so far-reaching, and have so many possible ramifications and combinations in the future, and we are so limited in the range of our knowledge, that it would be presumptuous to attempt to say why this or that event is allowed to occur. We dare not attempt to decide such a question, even when it relates to our own family. There are painful and perplexing mysteries which may never be explained to us until, with purified and enlarged vision, we are permitted from heavenly heights to grasp “the sum of things,” and trace the multitudinous connections and dependencies of the events of lives of which we gain here but a fragmentary knowledge. Here we are children crying in the dark. We must trust our Father’s hand to lead us in ways that we know not of, and wait until, in our immortal manhood, in a world of light, we can look back on the scenes of our childhood, and trace the way by which we were led.

The most that can be done for the relief of such sufferers as the writer mentioned above, is to consider the problem of suffering in the large sense, and point out the uses of affliction.

1. Not all, nor even the most, that happens to us is the result of *special* providence, else it would cease to be *special*. The word *special* is set over against *general*, on purpose to indicate that it relates to God's particular dealings with us. And this leads us to say that we often perplex ourselves over events as painfully mysterious, on the ground of a special providence, when they are easily explicable on the ground of a general providence. Not every case of sickness and death ought to be regarded as a special visitation of providence. The children of scrofulous and consumptive parents, for instance, inherit disease and suffering, and die early by the operation of inexorable laws, the violation of which is sure to be visited with ordained pains and penalties. Look at the mortality statistics in any of our cities; see the "slaughter of the innocents"—the death of thousands of little children in tenement houses. Does any one believe that God made them for such a fate? In our view, it is anything else than enlightened piety—it is downright impiety or ignorant superstition—that charges on the special providence of God the results of our own folly and disobedience to established laws of life and health. If we eliminate from the perplexing problem of suffering all that we have brought upon ourselves, all that has been brought upon us by ignorant or reckless parents, all that society has visited upon us through its rebellions against God's laws, we shall find that a large part of our perplexity has been removed without in the least impugning the divine beneficence or righteousness. To man's improvidence, rather than to God's special providence, must be rightfully traced a large portion of the evils from which we suffer.

2. In place of brooding over our own personal griefs, we should look abroad upon the world, and learn that, for some reason, suffering belongs to the present state of things, and that there is nothing so very peculiar in our individual lot. Nay, we should find, perhaps, that others suffer vastly more than we. Our correspondent writes touchingly of the death

of beloved children. It is, indeed, sad and mournful. It is the wail that comes from ten thousand mourning hearts—"Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not." But there are others whose children are in the mad-house, or in the slums of vice, or in hopeless graves. Is not that vastly more dreadful than to mourn the absence of beloved ones whom you have every reason to believe are in the paradise of God—happier far than they could have been here? But you say that this only adds to your perplexity—that it is no relief or comfort to you to know that other hearts are more fearfully crushed than your own. But allow us to say that it *is* a relief to this extent: it lifts your thoughts away from your own personal sorrows, places you in fellowship with a world of sufferers, and calls you to consider a general condition of things, rather than to brood over your own personal grievances. And this leads us to say:

3. Whatever perplexity may belong to any given case of affliction, or whatever mystery may brood over the question of suffering in general, there are two considerations which may be regarded as beyond dispute: 1. Suffering, in great variety and often in terrible forms, is inseparable from this mortal state. 2. It has beneficent uses, and, in the large view, is consistent with the merciful and benevolent designs of a God of love. It requires no very profound study of human nature or of human history to convince us that suffering is absolutely essential to a proper training of that nature for honorable service here, or an honorable destiny hereafter. "All sunshine makes the desert." There is a merciful mission for clouds and tempests, thunder and lightning, ice and snow, and for darkness as well as for light. We need the night as well as the day. If we were doomed to unbroken sunshine and eternal calm, we would cry out for darkness and frost, and hurricane and crashing thunder would be to us joyful music. It is from this mixture of light and darkness, heat and cold, calm and storm, that life derives its healthfulness, vigor and ever-varied enjoyment.

And all sunshine of prosperity would make of humanity a dreary desert. We are so constituted that we can not bear unbroken prosperity. There must be darkness as well as light, sorrow as well as joy, pain as well as pleasure, or pleasure itself becomes pain. There are two conditions in life that are hopeless of good results. One is that of freedom from adversity, where, in the absence of the necessary goadings of affliction and the stern discipline of sorrow, man fails to develop true manliness. The other is that of hopeless poverty and suffering, cut off from all the healthful stimulus to effort that comes from a prospect of obtaining a fair share of the blessings of life. Just as at the equator, with its perpetual summer, there is enervation and lassitude, and at the poles, with perpetual winter, men are dwarfed; while in the temperate zones, where heat and cold alternate, or blend, the mixture of what we call good and evil produces and nourishes the most vigorous and progressive races of men, and humanity takes on its fairest and noblest and grandest forms; so, in the moral world, the extremes of prosperity and adversity alike fail to produce desirable results. It is where good and evil, prosperity and adversity, joy and sorrow, alternate or blend, that human life and character are developed in fairest proportions and most desirable fruitage. We conclude, then, that there is an absolute necessity for the discipline of sorrow, and that not only is he unwise who murmurs at this needful discipline, but he also who cherishes a desire to escape from it. "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil also?" Do you say you would not object to a reasonable share of such discipline, but that God has dealt too severely with you? Ah, good friend, if you had your own way, what *you* call "a reasonable share of such discipline" might prove your ruin. It would not be more effective than the punishment any little child would elect for itself, if left to its own choice. That suffering may be an effective discipline, it must touch us where we do not want to be touched, and bruise us just where we dread to be bruised.

4. We are children here, under training for the holiness and happiness of heaven. We no more know what is good for us, than little children know what is good for them, to train them for manhood and womanhood. You fail to see the full meaning of the afflictions and losses God has laid upon you. And do not little children often fail to see the righteousness or the goodness of the wise and faithful discipline of their parents? Not unfrequently all attempts to explain to them are failures. They can not understand until they grow older and have riper faculties and larger experience. *Then* they look back and bless the wise and loving and faithful oversight which, at the time, they regarded as cruelty and tyranny.

We are children, asking of our Father,
Often through our tears,
Blessings that would prove to be but burdens
Far beyond our years;
Lifting up white hands athrill with yearning,
Praying with white lips
For a boon so great he dare not grant it,
Lest the dark eclipse
Of our joy, let slip because of weakness,
Drive us from him wild;
So he draws us nearer, nearer, saying,
"No, my child."

Let us be content, then, to know that it is a loving Father that chastises us, and although we may not understand why this or that sorrow is needed in our case, we can, at least, believe that it is all right, or God would not have ordered it; and, in place of murmuring, we can humbly *trust* and be still. Just as the disciplined child, after all its fretfulness and protestations, finds peace only in falling asleep on the bosom of the chastiser, so we, fret and murmur as we may, can only find rest in the bosom of him whose hand has smitten us. However dark God's providences may seem to be, we should never murmur. John Wesley said he no more dared to fret than to swear. We would quite as willingly hear a suffering Christian swear as

to hear him murmur against God as unrighteous or unkind, as we have sometimes heard. It is awful. It is daringly impious. Who and what are we, either in knowledge or in goodness, that we presume to arraign infinite wisdom because, forsooth, some of our cherished childish plans have been frustrated, and we could not, like spoiled children, have our own ignorant way! We do not say this in view of anything in the letter we refer to. We find no trace of such a rebellious spirit there—only an agony of perplexity, and a sigh for relief from this agony. But we have known many such cases, and these lines will not be written in vain. However dark and mysterious may be God's dealings with us, we pray to be preserved from the fearful sin of complaining of the hand that smites us. Though the Gethsemane strife be unutterably intense, out of the depths let us cry, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt."

5. We will not say to our suffering sister that God has taken away her children because she loved them too well—for in all probability that would be false. We have never yet seen the mother that loved her children too well. We have seen mothers that dealt very foolishly with their children, but that was not because of *too much love*, but of *too little wisdom*. Nor will we say that it is because of her own sins—for that may not be true. Good people are often puzzled at this point. They look narrowly into their own motives and acts, and they honestly fail to find any intentional wickedness. And they ask, "Why am I thus afflicted?" Listen: "Every branch in me that beareth fruit, he pruneth it *that it may bring forth more fruit*." How cruel seems the vine-dresser, when he applies the knife to a healthy, fruitful vine, and cuts away limb after limb until it is a poor, bleeding deformity! You ask him, why? His answer is: "More fruit." This often interprets the design of our heavenly Father in his apparently severe dealings with us; and it is well to understand it. Again, it is not always on our own account that we are called to suffer. Our Lord was made "perfect through sufferings," not on his own account, but

that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in our behalf. We may be under training for the sake of others, and to enable us to minister to others; for, in a certain sense, the principle of vicariousness pervades human society, and "no man liveth to himself."

6. Finally: We must look to *the end* of all of this suffering if we would rest in peace. Read Psalm lxxiii. You may see how David was perplexed with the prosperity of the wicked and the afflictions of the righteous. He only got rid of his perplexity when he went into the sanctuary and learned their *end*—then all was plain to him. Job had terrible agonizings of soul over God's dealings with him; yet when he came to see "the *end* of the Lord," he found that he was "very pitiful and of tender mercy." And thus should we all, in our sorrows, look forward to the end, and more earnestly hope for the dawning of that day when, out of the tribulations of earth, God's suffering children, purified and ennobled by their trials, shall rise to bliss and joy immortal—all the more precious for its contrast with the pain and sorrow of the pilgrimage,

We sometimes hear afflictions spoken of as if they necessarily make us better. This is a mistake. They sometimes make us worse. We should be very careful how we deal with them. It needs a firm and abiding faith in God, that he is ever faithful and true—not less so when he smites than when he heals. In such a faith we should cast ourselves, with all our burden of grief, upon his covenant love, and cry unto Him for strength and patience and submissiveness, and cling to the promise of his love. It will not be in vain. In the darkest hours angels will come from heaven to strengthen us. He will give us larger measures of his spirit. On the softened heart he will stamp his image. He will purify our vision until the glories of the heavenly home become real to us. Voices from the field of battle, voices from the chambers of death, voices from the graves of loved ones, voices from beyond the stars, will quicken us to nobler life, and purer hope, and more heavenly ambition; and

we will dry our tears, and take up anew our march through the desert, chastened, purified, ennobled in aim and in spirit, "joyful in hope, patient in tribulation, instant in prayer," until we meet again the loved and lost in the heavenly home, and bless the loving hand that led us through cross to crown.

I am glad that it is not necessary here to repeat the story of the Garfield tragedy—to go over in detail the harrowing particulars of the long weeks and months of suffering and of universal anxiety that intervened between the assassin's cruel shot and the devoted President's peaceful death. But it is proper to say that no man was more painfully solicitous, more sleeplessly anxious, more tenderly sympathetic than Mr. Errett. How watchfully he looked out for the daily bulletins; how his heart caught at every encouraging word, and sank oppressed at every unfavorable symptom; and how earnestly he joined in the nation's fervent prayers for the preservation and restoration of his best and best-beloved friend!

Reference was made in a former chapter to the Quintinkle Club, and the covenant that bound its members together. It provided for the last sad rites, as one by one they should be gathered home: the survivors were to attend the funeral and have entire charge of the services. Mrs. Garfield, remembering this, called upon them to keep their promise.

It was fitting that Isaac Errett should be selected to take the principal part in the funeral services at Cleveland.* It is enough to say that his address was worthy of the occasion, worthy of himself and of his

* This address is given in full in the volume entitled, "Linsey Woolsey," and Other Addresses.

exalted subject. In the course of his remarks he detailed interesting circumstances connected with young Garfield's conversion to Christ, and then laid special emphasis upon the fact—which was made very pointed and forcible—that during the whole of his remarkable career, in which he was climbing from the bottom to the top, going higher and higher up to the very highest, he had always held fast to his integrity, and illustrated and adorned his religious profession. This was pressed upon politicians and office-holders with telling effect.*

Mr. Errett's estimate of Garfield's character and worth was very high, and certainly no one was better qualified to pronounce a trustworthy judgment. In an editorial he writes: "God honored his church by lifting from her midst James A. Garfield to such a height of human glory. And, although permitted to occupy that dizzy eminence so short a time, he was there long enough to be seen of all men as one of the purest, wisest and best rulers the nation has exalted, and a faithful representative of the religious principles learned from a Christian mother, and justified to himself by profound investigations afterwards."

Withdrawing from the Central, he this year, with his family and others, united with the Richmond Street Christian Church, where, till the end came, he found

*I may state here that once, when I delivered a series of discourses in Washington, I was myself deeply impressed by the regularity and constancy of Mr. Garfield's attendance upon the services of the church. He was then a member of the House, and at the very height of his congressional fame and influence.



Ja. Garfield

a happy home. Robert T. Mathews writes happily of him, as follows :

ISAAC ERRETT AT CHURCH.

It was the privilege of several of us, ministers of the Richmond Street Church, Cincinnati, to know Isaac Errett well in two special places of his presence—in the pew of the congregation with which he and his family worshiped, and in his editorial chair. It is an easy and agreeable task for me to write a number of reminiscences of our departed brother, which show the real heart of the man, and reveal the essence of his spirit and character in the toil of his calling.

Lord's day after Lord's day, as the preacher of the Richmond Street Church would enter the pulpit, he would see Mr. Errett already in his pew. He had come to church fifteen miles that morning—on "the church train," as it was called—the custom of hundreds of suburban residents of Cincinnati. This meant that he must leave home shortly after nine o'clock each Sunday morning, with hope of not returning to dinner earlier than two o'clock in the afternoon. "As his custom was" could be repeated, in the Scripture style, of our brother's regular, prompt attendance on the services of the Lord's house on the Lord's day. Usually one or two of the members of his family accompanied him—sometimes his wife, sometimes his daughters. One's memory must dwell a moment on the reverent air and attitude of his presence in the sanctuary. He sat rather back in the house, and usually, before the service began, could be seen devoutly meditating a favorite hymn. He always took an active part in singing, and seemed to be thoroughly intent on all the devotional parts of the service. Each one of us preachers will remember, gratefully, what an attentive and sympathetic listener he was. Where some of us, so much younger than he, would have felt abashed before his regular presence in the pew, all such fears soon were banished, as one could but be convinced that he was not there to criti-

cize nor to find fault, but to worship God and to hear the word. There was, with him, no listless looking around, no self-absorption in the superiority of his own thoughts, if the preacher did not happen to interest him, no idiosyncrasies of inattention whatever. His whole manner was still and self-possessed; his face kindly in its expression; his eye, "beaming courtesy and mild regard." Often he would be called to serve at the Lord's Supper, or would arise in his pew to express the thanksgivings of the congregation for the Bread or the Cup. Here one could see what a devotional spirit characterized our brother. Public functionary as he was, busy editing a great religious journal, or organizing a missionary society, or pleading before Christendom for the unity of the body of Christ, at the Lord's table on the Lord's day he spoke or prayed with the sweet humility, and the tender accents of a child-like faith in heartfelt, grateful communion with his brethren in the church, as they all together communed with the living Lord.

In the truest sense of the term, this is what Isaac Errett was there in the Richmond Street Church—a brother in Christ. He was always ready for his part in the membership of the congregation—sometimes occupying the pulpit, promptly heeding a call to give counsel in an official meeting, with an open voice, an open purse, willing hands and feet, whenever and wherever duty summoned him to service. I could tell of dozens of instances that would illustrate the faith and the grain of the man, as they came directly under my own observation. It is the little things of life that best reveal heart and character. Let me mention only one instance out of many. It was the year of the memorable Ohio flood. Thousands of citizens of Cincinnati had been washed out of house and home. The churches were daily busy in alms deeds. The good women of the Richmond-street Church were daily occupied with relieving the houseless, and often penniless sufferers. One morning Mr. Errett summoned me to his editorial room, and as he handed me a roll of money, said in a gentle voice: "Please to

take that, and apply it where you think best; you know I am too busy here to do it." As I caught sight of one of the large bills, I suggested that the whole offering seemed more than his contribution should be; but he simply raised a deprecating hand, and turned to his editorial writing. As a brother in the pew, the memory of Mr. Errett is twice and thrice blessed. All of us who knew him there will sweetly remember how hearty his fellowship was with his brethren and sisters in Christ, how sociable after the dismissal of the congregation, how cheery his greetings along the aisles and in the vestibules, how warm his old-fashioned hand-shaking with all—men, women and children. Many of us can but think of him together with another brother, one of the elders of the church, the world-renowned oculist, Dr. E. Williams. Their friendship was intimate and sweet, and they stand in the annals of those special years of the Richmond Street Church, united in our loving remembrance of them. They were both men of the widest public reputation and usefulness, They both confessed and sang in a beautiful breadth of faith:

"I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode."

The service of one particular Lord's day will ever glow in vivid memory. Around the Lord's table, as the audience listened in reverent quietness, a sweet soloist sang from the depth of her heart, in artistic perfection of tone and note:

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before."

Every heart was melted, and all sat in breathless silence under such a divine edification of song. Two old disciples—Isaac Errett and Elkanah Williams—listened with tears rolling down their cheeks. It is the very pathos of memory that in a few swift months, the sweet singer of our Israel herself entered into eternal rest, and that not very

long afterward the two old disciples, who so loved the Lord's house, and so loved the songs of Zion, had also left the cross and gained the crown.

ROBERT T. MATHEWS.

The death of his brother, Joseph J. Errett—himself an eminent and successful minister of the gospel—was another of the many sore afflictions through which he was called to pass during this year, so memorable in his annals for its multiplied shadows and sorrows. It may be said, however, that, in addition to their softening and mellowing influence upon his own spirit, which constituted his richest compensation, they resulted also in giving to him a somewhat warmer place in the hearts of his brethren. They had loved him before, and loved him long, but hitherto their love had been mingled, more than they knew, with admiration of his talents and pride in his power. He was looked up to as their hero and champion; their mighty leader, in whose hands their cause was safe; their great general, under whose skillful direction they feared no defeat, and felt always sure of victory. But now, when the hand of God was laid heavily upon him; when his manly heart was bruised and sore distressed, he seemed to have drawn nearer to them in the fellowship of a common humanity. Their tenderest sympathies went out to meet him. Their hearts opened to receive him. And in these he was ever after enshrined, and blessed, and glorified.



DR. E. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER XLI.

1882.

Chastened by sorrow.—The still small voice.—The unfortunate Professor Whitsitt.—*Ridiculus mus*.—New-fashioned logic.—Excoriating castigation.—The great "Battle of the Books."—Ink flowing like water.—*Casus belli* stated, and the campaign followed.—Let us sing.—Missionary tide.

I am glad that this chapter is not to be a record of domestic and personal sorrows. These, it is true, have their own peculiar interest, and they leave an abiding impression upon the lives into which they enter. Mr. Errett's case was not an exception. His spirit had been chastened. With deep thought and earnest prayer he had grappled with the solemn problem of human existence and the profound mysteries of divine providence, and though his faith failed not, and his heart rested in that region beyond the limits of the understanding, still his inner man had lost something of its natural cheerfulness and brightness. His soul was subdued and humbled, as if conscious of the awful presence of an infinite power, and both in the sacred precincts of home and the seclusion of his own room, he seemed to be ever listening to a still small voice which said: "Be still, and know that I am God."

His work, however, was not yet finished, and he felt, instinctively, that the sacred arcanum of his private grief was not to be opened to the gaze of the public. His writing, consequently—save, perhaps, when here and there some peculiar circumstance gives a momentary tone and tinge to it—continues to maintain the characteristics of luminous clearness and intellectual force and incisiveness for which it had long been remarkable. He is prompt as ever to grapple with a vaunting foe, and to expose to shame and ridicule the over-confident rashness of some pretentious weakling.

This was now to be made manifest in his handling of the unfortunate Prof. Whitsitt. In an evil day this gentleman, who seems to have been chiefly remarkable for extreme narrowness, coupled with a blinding and bitter partisanship, took up the idea that he could arrest the onward progress of the Disciples by a new and original device which, with great labor and pains, he had excogitated from his inner consciousness. He could not meet them in a fair and open field; he had no arguments with which he could successfully assail their position or weaken the growing influence of their plea; but he seems to have felt in his soul that he was equal to the ungracious task of throwing mud upon them, and making them odious if he could not make them weak. After many nocturnal lucubrations and many a pain of protracted and difficult labor, this great mountain felt sure that it was about to give birth to a *rat*! The best nurses were hastily collected—Rev. Professors and dignified D. D's.—and by the aid of a few partisan editors, eminently skilled in such midwifery, the accouchment was safely accomplished, and

the nurses were more embarrassed than they dared to own. The little thing looked like it might be a rat; the doting mother insisted that it was one; the hopeful editors thought that, possibly, by careful catnipping and coddling, it might *grow* into one, and they felt so glad and happy that they must needs bring it out and exhibit it before the eyes of an admiring world. They made so much parade and bluster over it that Mr. Errett felt it his duty to look at it, and at the first glance he instantly saw, and proceeded forthwith to demonstrate, that it was nothing upon earth but a ridiculous mouse! Meanwhile, poor Whitsitt was doing as well as could be expected. His nurses, having more sense and more shame, had discreetly retired and left him, like the great Napoleon, "wrapped in the solitude of his own originality."

I suppose, though nothing so adequately fits the case, that I must get away from the figure of a mountain in labor, and pay some respect to the *ridiculus mus*.

It appears that the aforesaid Whitsitt had discovered that the Mormons held and taught some things which a people whom, for lack of gentlemanly instincts, he designates as Campbellites, also held and taught; and as Sidney Rigdon, the founder of Mormonism, was an apostate Campbellite, he concluded and insisted that Mormonism was the natural outgrowth of Campbellism. Every one can see the stupendous folly of this inference—an inference which would make Christianity itself responsible for all the false doctrines, and the mischievous errors and half truths taught by all the apostates in the different ages; an inference which would hold baptism responsible for the odious

thing which Prof. Whitsitt, himself a Baptist, called Campbellism; an inference, in short, which the very term "apostate," Prof. W.'s own term, sufficiently negatives. But every one does not know that Rigdon was a Baptist before he was a "Campbellite," and that many of the very doctrines of Mormonism on which Whitsitt rested his argument, are really Baptist doctrines which Rigdon had learned and embraced while he was a member of the Baptist church. All this, and much more to the same effect, Mr. Errett brought out from his ever-full store of information, and established by documentary evidence which was complete, directly to the point, unimpeachable, and perfectly overwhelming. One almost winces as he reads the evidence of Whitsitt's utter incompetency as a logician, and his criminal ignorance of facts which, as an honorable man, to say nothing of a Christian, he ought to have known before presuming to defame a respectable, a God-fearing and a Bible-honoring people. Let us hope that the damaging exposure and painful excoriation to which he was so justly subjected, have taught him that party-spirit is unfriendly to the ascertainment of truth, and that the rancorous attempt to cast odium upon an honorable opponent reacts with double effect upon himself.

It is probable that his fiasco would have been passed by in silence, if certain Baptist editors—possibly to cover the shame which they felt in reading it, or, it may be, because foolish enough to hope that, by continual smearing, some little of its filth could be made to adhere—cackled and crowed and chuckled over it as one of the great discoveries of the age! Moreover, the "Standard" had for years been laboring to bring

about a better understanding between the Disciples and Baptists, and to promote harmonious co-operation in such good works as were common to them both. It hence became necessary, not for its own sake, but for the sake of high and holy interests, to expose the animus and folly of the Professor's vaunted deliverance.

Mr. Errett never, perhaps, wrote better. He knew that he was master of the situation ; that the little mouse had put itself in his power, from which there was no possibility of escape ; and how he did play with it ! He wrote in the very best spirit—with perfect moderation, and with the calmness of undisturbed serenity. Occasionally the sunshine of his fascinating humor lighted up some of the dark and bewildering paths along which the poor Professor had thought he could so safely and triumphantly walk, disclosing to his startled gaze fearful pitfalls and awful chasms, which were yawning to devour him. And with what dignity was the little man rebuked for his madness !—rebuked with all the authority of truth, and the righteous indignation of insulted honor and innocence ! the castigation, painful as it must have been, was so skillfully and so justly administered, that the victim's best friends and sympathizers could but hang their heads in mortification, and remain silent. *Exit Whitsitt. Exit Little Mouse. Exeunt accoucheurs and nurses. Exeunt omnes.*

The most notable event of this year was the great battle of the books ; in other words, the Revised Hymnal controversy. In the various contests growing out of this *momentous* issue, Mr. Errett took a part. It may be said, indeed, *quorum magna pars fuit*. In my

humble opinion, this tremendous commotion was nothing more than a tempest in a teapot. It sizzed and bubbled and spluttered at a great rate for a while, seeming to threaten fearful explosions and dire disasters, and then passed away in harmless vapor—mere gas—*vox et præterea nihil*.

The story of the bloodless war, in which ink flowed like water, and in which many a fair page was covered with dark and dismal stains, is too long to be told here in detail. I will try, however, in a brief conspectus, to indicate with sufficient clearness the *casus belli*, the progress of the conflict, and the final result.

Be it known, then, that for many years the Disciples had been using what, all things considered, were the best Hymn Book and Hymnal in the world—for they contained the cream of all the best hymns and tunes that had ever been published. But it came to pass on a time that the General Convention, which was entitled to a royalty on the sales of said works, recommended the trustees to appoint a committee to revise the Hymnal. This was done. The committee completed the labor and delivered their work to the trustees. And now the trouble began. Mr. Errett earnestly insisted that the new book should be issued in a style that would be creditable to the brotherhood, and also that, even if the royalty to the convention should be diminished, the price of the work should be moderate and reasonable. The trustees, however, seem not to have been familiar with the arts and wiles of publishing houses. They fell readily into the hands of the Philistines—many of whom were bidding for the job—and the upshot was the issuance of a book conspicuous for its poor paper, bad type, and its numerous errors. Mr. Errett

attacked it vigorously; directed attention to its great defects, and pointed out a large number of its more glaring typographical errors. He was not willing for such a work to go forth as the Hymnal of the Disciples.* And now comes J. H. Fillmore, who had been a member of the revising committee, announcing the New Christian Hymn and Tune Book, to be issued in the best style, and to contain all the excellencies and none of the defects of the Revised Hymnal. Meanwhile the trustees, feeling sore over Mr. Errett's damaging exposure of the imperfections of their work, began to shed their ink with great freedom in its defense. C. H. Gould wrote a piece; Governor Bishop came forward to assist him; the "Standard," which evidently was propitious to the Fillmore scheme, readily answered these gentlemen; the "Christian Evangelist," of St. Louis, influenced, we may suppose, by the importance of the aforesaid royalty to the convention, took sides with the trustees; H. S. Bosworth, the publisher, had his say; one of the revising committee had been published as the proof-reader of the imperfect book, which it turned out he was not, and "which the same" *he* rose to explain; the churches throughout the country took sides, and showed their hands by ordering, some one, some the other of the two books—which orders were duly paraded and published. And thus the contest waxed hot and hotter—Mr. Errett all the while insisting

*It must be borne in mind that Mr. Errett was not a stockholder in the Standard Publishing Company at this time, and that he was not informed of the decision of said company to stand by Fillmore's Hymn and Tune Book. The review of the Revised Hymnal and Fillmore's announcement appeared in the same issue of the "Standard."

simply for what he had originally demand'd, a creditable book at a reasonable price ; and, when Fillmore's appeared, criticising it as candidly and unsparingly as he had criticized the Hymnal. But the controversy continued in all its painful and sometimes passionate phases—some of us believing all the while that the earth would still revolve on its axis and in its orbit if both books were at the bottom of the sea, where we heartily wished they had been. As a matter of course, the only result of such a strife was to leave everything unsettled—with both books on the market, and with the door wide open for the introduction of any number of new ones. And they entered. Every man who had a good voice and knew how to beat time aspired forthwith to become a musical composer ; and presently he announced a supply for “a long-felt want” in the shape of hymns, often false in theology, and tunes full of fugues and flutterings that are perfectly enchanting—the first time you hear them ; barely tolerable, the second ; and absolutely disgusting ever afterwards. But *de gustibus non*. Every taste, especially every bad one, is suited ; and now, under our own vine and under our own fig tree, with none to molest us or make us afraid, we can make our selection from an unlimited supply of works, and sit and sing ourselves away to everlasting bliss.

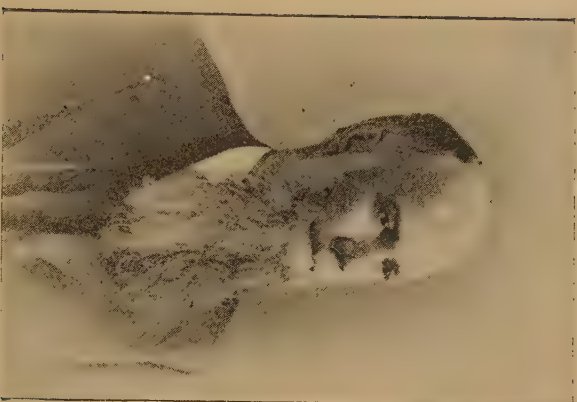
I am glad to be able to add, before leaving the subject, that a decided reaction is beginning to set in. The fly-away tunes, so corrupting to the taste and so out of harmony with the true spirit and object of sacred song, are losing their hold and their interest, and the hearts of devout worshipers are turning again to the classical productions of the real masters of the

sacred art, and are finding pleasure and comfort in singing the dignified music that has lived through the centuries—music that fills the soul with grand and lofty aspirations, and attunes it to the reverent worship of the Great God.

The reader will not need to be told that the comparatively small matters to which I have adverted, occupied very little of Mr. Errett's time or interest. He was earnestly engaged all through the year in promoting the higher objects to which his life was devoted. Largely through his influence the Missionary Society had now reached its tide, and was beginning to accomplish something worthy of itself and of the brotherhood who supported it. The temperance cause received special and emphatic attention, and he also wrote much that was designed to develop a higher type of family religion and personal piety. Of course, too, his Evenings with the Bible continued, when his office work was over, to occupy his mind and his heart; and some of its best and most interesting and instructive chapters were written at this time. It was, however, so the habit of his life to be constantly engaged in great and good work, that we may regard it as a matter of course without pausing to particularize it.

During this year, F. M. Green, an old friend and coadjutor, was added to the editorial staff, and contributed valuable assistance in promoting its interest and importance. The lamented O. A. Burgess had passed away—a man of different type and mold from Mr. Errett, but whose courage, power and devotion he highly appreciated, and to whose memory he paid a beautiful and heartfelt tribute.

When so many of his life-long companions had one by one reached the flood and passed over, he must have felt that he himself was nearing the river's brink. But we may be sure that the heavenly Father will detain him with us until his allotted task is finished.



D. R. DUNCAN.



A. R. BENTON.
(Associate Editor, 1868).



O. A. BURGESS.

CHAPTER XLII.

1883-1884.

Babies on Sunday.—Visits numerous places.—Lecture on Inspiration.—The David Lipscomb fiasco.—Done with David Lipscomb.—Lectures before the American Institute of Christian Philosophy.—Account of same.—Dr. Deems quoted.—Counteracting division—Judge Reid.—Letter from Warren Randolph, relating to membership with the International S. S. Lesson Committee.—Visits Nashville and Monteagle.—Address to business men.

It would be somewhat difficult for any one to decide, upon the spur of the moment, what had best be done with babies on Sunday. Of course this question never arises in decorous city congregations, where a baby is never seen, and, what is more to the purpose, never heard. There is nothing to disturb the calm serenity of these devout worshipers except, perhaps, the rustling of a silk gown or the occasional slamming of a pew door. But in the country, and especially in the frontier parts of the country, it is not so. There it is by no means uncommon to see a frisky little fiste, accompanied, perchance, by a boon companion of the same species, racing up and down the aisles or making explorations between the pews, to the great discomfort of ladies' ankles, and the irrepressible delight of the average small boy. Anon, a rascally cur, with cropped ears and an abbreviated tail, marches slowly through the congregation, smelling right and left as he

goes, until, at length, he smells his way up into the pulpit, where he proceeds to investigate, by the same olfactory sense, the calves of the minister—the same not being friendly to the continuity of ministerial thought nor the best display of pulpit eloquence!

In addition to these minor inconveniences there are, also, small children which, in some cases, have the freedom of the house, and always, when so moved, speak out in meeting. I have, myself, seen a little four-year-old tot make his way up the platform steps, and standing behind the preacher, of whom he was very fond, take a clerical coat-tail in each hand, and with many a jerk and many a cluck, proceed, then and there, to play the child's favorite game of horse! Fortunately the preacher had little boys of his own, and still more fortunately, he had no nerves, and so he continued with power and unction to cheer the congregation in front, while he himself was cheered and clucked from behind.

But the most *crying* evil in pioneer church life is the babies. Some preachers are not greatly disheartened by the wailings of these little darlings, and they contrive, by some pleasant remark, to comfort the mothers and to excite kind consideration for them in their hearers. Others, however, are completely upset. They lose their patience and their temper, and sometimes blurt out a remark that is very rude and cutting. It is hard, certainly, just when the good man begins to approach his climax and to bring out his finest passage, to have a little specimen of colicky humanity drown his voice and distract everybody's attention by squalls which are out of all proportion to its size, and which show an utter contempt for the proprieties of time and place.

It seems that, on one such occasion, the pulpiteer, lifting up his voice by a supreme effort above the screams of the little one, cried out in vigorous English and rough tone: "TAKE THAT BABY OUT"! The mother's feelings were hurt, and although she had, perhaps, never seen the editor of the "Standard," she was confident that he would recognize the injustice of the humiliation to which she had been subjected, and so she wrote to him a full account of her grievance, and appealed to him to say what mothers in her condition were to do—mothers who had no nurses; who very seldom had any church privileges at best, and who must take their babies with them when they went, or never go at all.

This is by no means so trivial a question as many might be disposed to think. Knowing, as Mr. Errett did, the vast extent of our territory, and the conditions under which alone it was possible to give church privileges to rural populations, and that they must necessarily be accompanied by such drawbacks as those to which reference has been made, he felt called upon to treat the subject with serious and grave consideration; and entering sympathetically into the feelings of all parties concerned, he proceeded to point out the best way to mitigate the evils and annoyances which, in the nature of the case, could not be wholly avoided. It is, to my mind, one of the indications of his greatness, that he could so tenderly and thoughtfully and wisely deal with a matter which, whatever its practical importance, was outside the region of his usual thought. Without reproducing here what he presented, let it suffice to say that, while heartily sympathizing with the poor mothers, and fully approving their practice of

attending church with their babies, he took pains to point out their inconsiderateness in taking seats remote from the door, and where they were hemmed in by the congregation. He mentioned, too, that many of them seemed careless and indifferent—allowing their children to disturb everybody else, without appearing to be disturbed themselves. The preachers also received a lesson. There was a good and a bad way of dealing with all such cases. There was no call for impatience and irritability, least of all for rudeness.

Finally he recommended that provision be made in the construction of churches, for some comfortable room, easily accessible from the auditorium, to which mothers, with their infants, could retire without exposure to cold or rain.

One feature of the baby question had often been a worry to himself, and upon this, now that the matter was up, he warmly commented. He could patiently tolerate a little disturbance from the crying of an infant at the ordinary services of the church. He was not put out by it, and at the worst it occasioned only a little delay. But for many years he had been called upon repeatedly to go all over the land to dedicate new churches. In general, there was a debt of hundreds, sometimes thousands, of dollars on the building, which he was expected to raise by appeals to the congregation on *the great occasion*. Everybody was interested to hear him—special efforts having been made to advertise him, and to bring out the substantial and moneyed citizens—and now, when the hour had come, for him to go in and find the seats nearly all preoccupied by women and children, having not a dollar in the world, it was rather too much of a good thing for even

his toleration and forbearance. It is to be hoped that his timely and pointed "observations" on this subject will secure to future solicitors a somewhat better chance.

This year Mr. Errett traveled over the country rather more than usual, visiting many important points—in Arkansas, in Colorado, in Missouri—besides attending the conventions of several other States. From every point he wrote back interesting editorial correspondence, in which he showed his sympathy, not only with the religious progress of the various fields visited by him, but also his happiness in view of the material prosperity, the social advancement, and the educational enterprise which he everywhere witnessed. His discerning mind did not fail to perceive that, in all the Trans-Mississippi region, the Disciples were laying their foundations broad and deep, and that they were rapidly growing into a mighty and influential people—a people into whose hands the Lord was committing, in large measure, all the elements of greatness and power.

The subject presented by him this year before the Missouri Christian Lectureship was "Inspiration." He discussed it with singular care and lucidity—mentioning, one by one, the various theories respecting it, and pointing out wherein they were defective and unsatisfactory. One hesitates whether to admire the more his perfect familiarity with the literature of the subject, or his own profound thought upon it. The practical tendency of his mind is shown in the method by which he escapes the entanglements of the various theories, and proceeds directly to a basis upon which the mind can rest in safety and comfort.

"Inspiration," he says, "whatever may be its rank in point of *importance*, is not by any means first in

order in our inquiries after religious truth. It is not a question that ought to meet us at the threshold of our inquiries into the truth of Christianity. He who accepts a challenge to discuss this as a preliminary question, is led into a false position, and allows the enemy to take an undue advantage of him. The first question relates to Jesus himself—his person, his character, his official relations. . . . And we respectfully submit that it may and should be disposed of without raising the question of inspiration." He proceeds to argue that, "all that is necessary as preliminary to a rational settlement of this question," is an agreement to admit the gospels to be authentic and genuine. Simply "as trustworthy witnesses, and not as inspired messengers, the four Evangelists must be appealed to in this first inquiry." Having thus settled, without reference to *inspiration*, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, we have the true starting point in our search for unquestionable proofs of inspiration. And now he is prepared to ask, what does Jesus teach on this question of inspiration?

The whole lecture is worthy of study, especially by young men and others who may be perplexed in mind respecting the subject upon which it treats. I can make room only for its *resumé* :

Of the things we have spoken, this is the sum :

1. By general consent, and on any hypothesis, even the most broadly rationalistic, the Bible, as a whole, must be regarded as a book of inspiration—of divine inspiration ; and in this respect superior to any other book, or collection of books, known in the entire range of religions and religious literature.

2. Jesus Christ, as unapproachable in the fullness and richness of his inspirations—in his superhuman insight

into moral and spiritual truth is necessarily the highest authority as to inspired persons and inspired books.

3. On his authority, the Old Testament Scriptures, as they were found in his day, were inspired; also, the speeches and writings of his apostles.

4. The various *theories* of inspiration belong to modern times, while the *fact* of inspiration has been recognized in all ages. All these theories are unsatisfactory, inasmuch as each one fails to cover all the facts concerning inspiration which the Scriptures supply. There may be some truth in every theory we have had under discussion; but the whole truth is found in none of them.

5. Any assertion of infallibility as belonging to the inspired Scriptures, must be subject to the limitations growing out of the imperfections of human language, and the uncertainties and perils ever attendant upon materials placed in human custody, and subject, more or less, to the control of ignorance, credulity, prejudice or superstition.

6. As a trustworthy communication of the will of God, in all that pertains to salvation, righteousness and holiness, or to human duty and destiny, and as a safe and sure guide in all the ways of truth and righteousness, the Bible is entitled to our untrembling confidence and acceptance; and, in this regard, stands alone among all the books in the world.

The David Lipscomb fiasco which, about this time, paraded itself before the civilized world, will not detain us long. And yet it is due to a serio-comic actor, so renowned in the role of lachrymose humor that it should not be passed over in silence.

David Lipscomb was the editor of the "Gospel Advocate," published in Nashville, Tenn. The paper, which had a limited but respectable clientage, assumed to be the quintessence of soundness, and the uncompromising opponent of all the ills and innovations which churches are heir to. The "Advocate" seemed

indeed, to be a sort of watch-tower, from whose lofty heights, its keen-eyed editor, aided by a glass of strong magnifying power, looked abroad and around evermore, so as to detect the earliest manifestations of nascent corruption and departures from the faith. The "Standard" gave him sore trouble. Do what he would, he could not induce that naughty paper to play as second fiddle in his dismal concert; nor could he, with all his warnings, prevail upon the public to withdraw its patronage from it. On the contrary, it grew and increased exceedingly. It spread abroad from the river to the ends of the earth. It penetrated into the "Advocate's" own territory. It drew support from men who had hitherto been the "Advocate's" staunch friends and never-failing echoes. Surely its editor must be a bad man. If he was not unfair and tricky, it is not possible to believe that he could cause his paper to be preferred to the sound and reliable "Gospel Advocate"! It was David Lipscomb's misfortune to mistake surmisings for facts; and, having brooded long and sadly over the situation, he finally discovered, as he thought, the fountain of the "Standard's" wickedness, and the explanation of its unrivaled success. It was using the machinery of the Missionary Society to increase its circulation and to build up its power. Moreover, it was because the "Standard" company had failed to secure the publication of the Revised Hymnal that the editor had turned against that work, and thrown his influence in favor of Fillmore's Hymn and Tune Book. There were other subordinate charges growing out of these leading ones, and all of them pressed with vigor and paraded as evidence of grievous and glaring moral delinquency.

It is hardly necessary to say that they were utterly baseless, and were met by Mr. Errett with a positive denial, and a demand for the proof. The Standard Company, though asked to do so, had not even made a bid for the publication of the Hymnal! The officers and agents of the Missionary Convention were prominent and worthy brethren; he defied him to produce a line or a word from any one of them in support of the absurd charge that the machinery of the Convention, or any part of it, had ever, at any time, been operated in the interest of the "Standard." The whole assault was a slander upon his personal integrity, which he resented with indignation. Lipscomb made a lame and impotent effort to reply. With crawfishing here, and blustering there, and tergiversation everywhere, he contrived to hide in the smoke which he generated, and so to avoid the only course which honor and Christianity demanded of him, a manly apology.

It is wholly unnecessary to occupy our space with any part of this controversy. But as showing the feelings of a righteous man in public station, when unjustly assailed, and the unflinching courage of conscious innocence, I quote a few of Mr. Errett's sentences:

On another page will be found an article from the "Gospel Advocate," much more remarkable for length than for depth, and for bold assertion than for proof. It is altogether distasteful to us to engage in a discussion so largely personal; but we are not responsible for it. An unprovoked assault has been made, involving our Christian character, and we owe it to our brethren at large, who have trusted and honored us through a long public life, to vindicate our good name; and we owe it to the Missionary Convention to defend it against the attempt made to stab it over our shoulder. What we say and do through the "Standard," or

in any public capacity, is open to investigation. We question no man's right to call us to account for supposed derelictions of duty, or violations of truth or justice, nor do we fear the face of man in regard to our management of the "Standard" from the first day until now; or the righteousness of our course towards the General Convention, our management of any trust committed to us, or our fidelity to truth and justice. What errors or inconsistencies or unsoundness of judgment may be traced in our editorial career, or in the performance of official duties, others who are disinterested can judge better than we. But when it comes to an impeachment of our motives and actions as selfish and ambitious, as pursuing a course of conduct having "the stain of personal dishonor," as "affecting the morals of the church by our example," it is time to rise and face our assailants, and hold them to a strict account before the public.

The course of the subsequent discussion and its final outcome may be seen from the concluding words of Mr. Errett's last article :

We are now done with David Lipscomb. He has made an unprovoked assault on us and on the General Convention. He insists on grave charges seriously affecting our character, while he has failed to produce evidence to sustain them, and renews them in face of the evidence we have produced to the contrary. He has, without reason and without evidence, assailed our motives and our actions as insincere, untruthful, selfish and mercenary. Personally, we take all this quietly. We have been too long and too widely known to have any fears of injury from this among those who know us. The "Standard" has always thrived on such abuse. But the course of David Lipscomb in this matter is a grave offense against good morals and Christian brotherhood. It was a serious offense to make such charges without proof in hand. It is a more serious offense, after an utter failure to prove them, to renew them and insist upon them. His opinions, his suspicions, his sympathies, be they

ever so wrong, he may express without offense to us, and they can pass for what they are worth. But when he asserts as positively true what he utterly fails to prove, and what we have disproved, and still repeats the falsehoods, we can have no more to do with him until he repents and does works meet for repentance. He has descended where we can not, while we have any self-respect, consent to follow him. We commend him to the mercy of God, if peradventure he may be led to repentance, and to the acknowledging of the truth. Until he repents and retracts, no further notice will be taken in these columns of anything he may say.

Not long after this he attended, by invitation, the meeting of the summer school of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, held at Richfield Springs, New York, where he delivered his lecture on Inspiration—the same, perhaps, that he had previously delivered before the Missouri Christian Lectureship. On his return he gave, in the “Standard,” a pleasing account of the Institute:

Our own lecture, on the current theories of inspiration, was the next in order after our arrival. We discovered that this subject had a special interest for many of the members of the institute, as well as for many outsiders, and was generally regarded as the most delicate question, and, perhaps, the most perplexing in the course. There was some curiosity, too, to know how a Western man, but little known in Eastern circles, would handle this confessedly difficult theme. The lecture, which occupied an hour and a quarter in delivery, was listened to with the most careful and critical attention, and an interest that flagged not to the utterance of the last sentence. We have spoken thousands of times to larger audiences, but we doubt if we ever spoke to more critical ears, or a more scholarly audience of trained thinkers.

But in this school a lecturer's troubles are not over when his lecture has been delivered. Rather, they are just begun.

. . . . The lecture is delivered in the morning, and what is called the *conversation* is held two or three hours later, in the afternoon. The lecturer takes a seat fronting the assembly, and for an hour it is the privilege of every one that will to probe him with questions; or, as one of the victims expressed it, the lecturer is placed on the dissecting block, to be taken to pieces. It does not do for a lecturer to tell in his lecture all he knows on the subject of which he treats; he will find the need of reserved forces before he is through with the catechizing. Not until he has successfully run the gauntlet, along the lines of which bristle the threatening and, perhaps, fatal interrogation points with which he is to be pelted, can it be said that his lecture is worthy of acceptance. The conversation on inspiration was general and lively, evincing keen interest in the subject, and was altogether pleasant and profitable. It gave us an opportunity to say many things in explanation which we could not embody in the lecture.

Dr. Deems, the president of the institute, said to me some weeks afterwards: "Where have you been keeping your man Errett all these years? He was a perfect surprise to the members of our institute. They were not at all prepared for such a treat as he gave them. He is really a powerful man."

To those of us who knew him and had been "keeping" him, his success, even under such novel and trying circumstances, was not at all surprising.

The "Standard" succeeded this year in counteracting the tendency to division among the Disciples—a tendency which periodically manifests itself, and which grows out of the bitter and unrelenting opposition of certain parties to missionary societies, and whatever else they are pleased to call innovations. The movement at this time, which was being secretly engineered, con-

templated the calling of a mass meeting of those in sympathy with the unholy purpose, and the putting forth of some sort of edict, or platform, which should be altogether sound, and which should tolerate nothing in the realm of expediency or elsewhere for which there was not a "thus saith the Lord." The "old reliable" "Review" said: "If the stumbling blocks, indicated in previous articles, are not removed by those who profess to represent the reformation of the nineteenth century, and if they persist in widening the breach, already too wide, by introducing the inventions of men, and sustaining them against the protestations of those who stand exclusively upon the Bible, it may become necessary to meet in mass-meeting, and there re-proclaim the fundamental principles upon which the reformation started. . . . The time has come for clean-cut work. The day for dilly-dallying has passed. We want to know the men upon whom we can depend. Let our men of faith and integrity be in frequent consultation, and, if need be, meet in public conference, and republish to the world our platform of gospel principles."

Based on this, and on certain private information, the "Standard" said: "There are rumors in the air to the following effect: That there is already a combination of men engaged in an organized effort to capture as many of our churches and preachers as possible, with a view to such separation as is implied in the foregoing extracts; that the movement—which has been carefully concealed from public notice, except as it gleams forth in obscure intimations in that paper, and is practically a secret combination—is under the leadership of John F. Rowe, assisted by such men as

D. L. Kincaid, J. C. Holloway and A. Elmore; that those whom they wish to gain, but are not quite certain of, are pledged to profound secrecy before they are informed of their plans; . . . that the question of division is a fixture, unless the missionary society as an organization is abandoned. At present it is reported to be, to all intents and purposes, a secret combination—a conspiracy against the unity and peace of our churches.”

By the publication subsequently of letters fully exposing the conspiracy, light was thrown into the dark place, and the movement for the time arrested. A few little factions here and there, such as that of Sand Creek, have set up for themselves, but the great and mighty “platform” which was to unchurch the greater part of the brotherhood, has not yet been *authoritatively* adopted and published. It may come after awhile—for there are many foolish men in the world—and when it does come, the people of God will learn that, when the Bible tells them to *do* any thing, and does not tell them *how*, it must not be done at all—or done only in accordance with traditional usages.

The death of Judge Richard Reid, of Kentucky, in 1884, one of Mr. Errett’s special friends, and a gentleman universally esteemed for his public and private virtues—occurring as it did, under circumstances peculiarly shocking—called forth a beautiful editorial tribute to the spotless Christian character of a man in eminent station who, rather than seek the life of the enemy who had violently assaulted him, did, in a moment of frenzy, sacrifice his own life. The story is one of the saddest in our annals, and is graphically told in a volume of rare interest, written by Mrs. Reid, in the

preparation of which Mr. Errett contributed valuable assistance.

A letter from Rev. Warren Randolph, addressed to Miss Errett, tells of other labor and associations in which Mr. Errett found great delight. It tells the story, and needs no comment:

NEWPORT, R. I., January 25, 1893.

DEAR FRIEND:—In reply to your request for such recollections as I may have of your honored father, the Rev. Isaac Errett, in his connection with the International Lesson Committee, I would say, he was chosen a member of the committee by the International Sunday-school Convention, which met in Louisville, Ky., in 1884, when the committee was increased from twelve to fourteen.

Your father proved a valuable member of the committee, and always manifested a deep interest in the work which the committee had in hand. He was held in high esteem by all with whom he was thus associated, and made attendance at our meetings a matter of conscience. From the time of his appointment till his lamented death, in 1888, he was never absent from a meeting of the committee but once, and then he was in Europe. At our first meeting after his death, held at Saratoga, in April, 1889, the following minute was adopted and put upon record:

Dr. Isaac Errett, a member of the Lesson Committee since 1884, was called from his work to his rest and reward on the 19th of December last. The tidings of his death brought to us sincere sorrow. He had shared with scholarship, fidelity and fraternal interest our labors and our responsibilities as a committee.

We miss his presence from our circle. We record our sympathy with the denomination with which he labored with such ability to build up the kingdom of Christ, and with those bound to him by dearer ties, who mourn their loss.

Our brother has left us with pleasant memories of his fellowship, and the hope of a reunion which shall be without end.

One verse of Holy Scripture, I am sure, well expresses the obituary which the whole committee would write of

him: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Yours most respectfully,

WARREN RANDOLPH,

Secretary International Lesson Committee.

MISS J. R. ERRETT, Cincinnati, O.

In the summer, after visiting Nashville, he lectured and preached at Monteagle—the Southern Chautauqua, and a resort of rare healthfulness and climatic delights. Soon after his return he published, in the interest of the missionary cause, an address or message to business men, the object of which was to induce this class of men to take a livelier interest in the great work—to attend the conventions, and to bring their practical business methods to bear upon its operations and enterprises. It may be stated here that every convention since held, has felt the good influence resulting from that stirring appeal. "Merchant princes," great manufacturers, and other successful men in the various pursuits of life, make it a point to attend, and to contribute of their wisdom and experience to the common interest. For all of which they are amply repaid by the inspirations to a higher life, which they derive from the regular proceedings and religious exercises of the meetings.

CHAPTER XLIII.

1885.

Death of Mrs. Brown. — Michigan. — Preaches at Cornell University. — Allen-Moore controversy. — Tribute to Frank Allen.

“Evenings with the New Testament,” which some time before this had succeeded the title, “Evenings with the Bible,” continued still to occupy a prominent place in the editorial columns. Other subjects, doctrinal, exegetical, controversial, etc., were treated as occasion called for them. A letter from his old friend, Nelson Works, of North Bloomfield, whose heart was still fresh though his years were many, led him to some pleasant reflections on old age: As we grow older we more and more realize the preciousness of a good old age—the mellowness, cheerfulness hopefulness and tenderness as well as righteousness, that crown the hoary head with beauty and glory. We meet so many gouty old people, who are out of sympathy with the present, continually looking back with lugubrious gaze on “the former days” as so much better than these, and making all around unhappy with their peevishness and ceaseless croakings, that we deeply feel how desirable it is to preserve the freshness of life, and to increase rather than diminish our interest in all the important affairs of life.

He was soon after again painfully reminded of his happy North Bloomfield home, by the death of Mrs. Julia A. Brown, with whose excellence of character and brilliancy of mind the reader was made partially acquainted in the first volume of this work. He preached her funeral at Warren, and then devoted more than a column of editorial to her memory and her honor. She was, indeed, a most lovable as well as a most entertaining woman. Her mind, richly endowed by nature and carefully cultivated, was sweetened, so to speak, by her large and tender heart, her unselfish devotion to kindred and friends, and her deep and earnest piety. Withal, she was cheerful even to merriment, and, though never seeking it, she had always a leading influence in society and in the church. Her death was sincerely lamented, as we may easily believe, by one who had known her intimately for forty years, and every member of whose family had early been taught to appreciate and love her.

Early in the year he visited his old field of labor, Ionia, Michigan, renewing his acquaintance with many friends who had co-öperated with him in the days of sore trial and hardship. But alas, numbers of these were asleep now, and the living were all changed. Time had written his mark upon old and young alike, but the name of Isaac Errett was still green in every memory, a household word in every family. Of one of his co-laborers in that field, the sainted Eli Regal, he mentions, in a subsequent editorial on the "Place of Illustration in Sermons," a singular fact. He says: "The lamented Eli Regal, a saintly man and a preacher of more than ordinary power, *lacked entirely the power to illustrate.* We were intimately associated

with him for several years, and we never knew him to employ an illustration. He regarded this as an imperfection, and was anxious to overcome it, but he never succeeded. Yet his sermons never lacked attractiveness. If they lacked the charm of illustration there was compensation in skillful and irresistible ratiocination, and his converts were generally steadfast disciples."

In April Mr. Errett, by request, preached two of the series of University sermons at Cornell. His modesty has deprived us of any information as to his reception there, but he does not fail to give us an entertaining account of the University. He is impressed with the thought that Cornell ought to become, in a high sense, *the people's university*. It is capable of affording facilities to the multitudes of poor but aspiring young men and women who are practically shut out from the advantages of our leading universities, but may here, with moderate resources, succeed in securing a liberal education.

Early in May, notwithstanding the numerous duties which demanded his presence at home, he visited Hutchinson, Kansas, where he dedicated a commodious house of worship which had just been completed at a cost of six thousand dollars. The brethren and friends residing in this new town had already taxed themselves heavily, but there was still a debt of two thousand seven hundred dollars on the building and lot, besides the need of several hundred more for additional expenses. The audience was very large—and I suppose the babies had taken the hint from the editorial to which I have already alluded, and had discreetly remained at home ; otherwise he could hardly

have succeeded, as he did, in raising from that congregation, whose purses had been drained well-nigh to the bottom, the sum of three thousand, two hundred and ninety dollars. There is an art in raising money on such occasions, an art in which he was a master. He contrived to keep the audience in good humor, and perpetually on the lookout for some witty remark or some amazing pun upon the curious or outlandish names of the persons contributing. He was full of resources, always hopeful and cheerful, and at such a time as this he seemed to be just bubbling over with happy conceits and sparkling observations. Withal he mingled hearty commendations from time to time, when any one was specially liberal, and he never failed to have pertinent anecdotes to fill up the little intervals, and keep the interest alive.

I have but little heart for recording the Allen-Moore controversy which took place this year. It was exceedingly painful when it occurred, and it is hardly less so in the review. I must, however, as briefly as I can, without sacrificing clearness, give at least a summary of this unfortunate business.

W. T. Moore had gone as a missionary to England under the auspices of the F. C. M. S. He had there established, and was editing, an able weekly journal, "The Christian Commonwealth," which was expressly undenominational in character, and was, neither in profession nor in fact, the organ of the Disciples. It was, however, a medium through which they could be brought prominently before the English public, and through which, in various ways, interest in their plea could be excited, and much information concerning their doctrine and purposes be imparted. On the

resignation of Henry Varley, the editor had been chosen pastor of the congregation meeting in the West End Tabernacle, London. This church seems to have been run somewhat loosely, as is frequently the case in England—some of the members having been immersed and others sprinkled. Still, as there was a manifest freedom from prejudice among them; as they accepted the Bible alone as their rule of faith and practice; as they seemed willing and anxious to learn and embrace its teachings, Moore regarded the opening as providential, and as furnishing a fine field for him to cultivate. He accepted the pastorate and entered upon the work. The faithfulness and ability with which he proclaimed the whole counsel of God were evidenced by the fact that, in due time, nearly all of the unbaptized members were led to desire and to receive immersion; two or three, however, were still satisfied with their sprinkling; were conscientiously opposed to being immersed, inasmuch as they had already been sprinkled, which they regarded as valid; but every new convert was received into the church precisely as he would have been by the Disciples in America, upon a profession of his faith in Christ, followed by immersion. Such was the situation when Moore, in an editorial on Christian union, stated the hypothetical case of a general agreement among Christians on a basis of union, but with the single obstacle of immersion still unremoved; and he intimated that the question might be settled substantially as it had been in the West End Tabernacle, and with the same results. Whether wise or unwise, this was a mere suggestion of his; but it served to awaken in the minds of certain brethren in America suspicion as to his soundness, a suspicion

which speedily developed into conviction, and this, under the fostering care of anti-Moore men in England and anti-missionary men in America, ran very soon into violent opposition, embracing in its heroic charges not only Moore and his methods, but the executive committee who were persistently sustaining him.

Frank G. Allen, editor of the "Old Path Guide," which was soon afterwards merged in the "Apostolic Times," was himself an advocate of missions, and not personally unfriendly to Moore; but he had listened to the current rumors and insinuations, and had pondered upon Moore's editorial, until he came seriously to believe that there was something "rotten in Denmark," and that it was his duty as a watchman upon the walls of Zion to lift up his voice in warning.

His editorial on "Compromising the Truth," was written in comparatively good temper, simply arguing against Moore's position as set forth in his hypothetical case, and insisting that he did not represent the people whose missionary he was, and by whose money he was supported. After a little while, however, he began to press the question, What Are They Going to do About it? "This," said he, "is now the question with reference to the Foreign Christian Missionary Society in sustaining W. T. Moore as a missionary in England. It is simply an undeniable fact that he is not representing the cause he was sent to represent. He is not representing the people who sent him, and by whose money he is sustained. He is absorbing a larger amount of money, by far, than any other missionary in the field, and is spending his time in preaching for a church that has no connection with the Disciples, and editing a paper in which they are unknown. . . .

This thing is no longer child's play. We have reached the point in this matter when the brethren mean business. Our mission work has suffered no little by the unwisdom of this matter, and the time has now come when the Foreign Society will be required to wash its hands of the unclean thing. The Society must demand a radical change in the character of Bro. Moore's work, or withdraw its support. The brethren will be satisfied with nothing short of this, and a failure here, on the part of the Society, will be fatal as the lightning's stroke. He claims that nearly all the members have been immersed since he has been preaching for them. But if all have, what of it? He is only building up a *Baptist church, and paid a big salary by the Disciples to do it!*"

Mr. Errett, through the "Standard," believing that the growing opposition was grounded in a mistake as to the real facts in the case, deemed it sufficient to assure the brotherhood that "Bro. Moore is not preaching or practicing anything out of harmony with the faith and practice of the Disciples generally. He is faithfully preaching the gospel just as it is preached in our pulpits all over this land, without compromise and without perversion. He has been able, from the peculiar circumstances surrounding him, to give evidence of his entire faithfulness in this respect, such as few, if any, are able to furnish. We speak what we know, and we are able to give assurances to our readers that the fears concerning Bro. Moore's faithfulness, so far as they relate to his work as our missionary, are entirely baseless. We have no more fear of his fidelity to the gospel than we have of our own."

In a subsequent issue he deprecated any newspaper controversy over such a question, suggesting that the

Executive Committee was the proper tribunal before which the charges, with their proofs, should be brought. Mr. Allen quotes this in part, seems to discredit it utterly, repeats the charges against Moore as though they did not admit of being questioned, and then says: "If the 'Christian Standard' and the Board of the Foreign Society regard this as faithfulness on the part of a missionary in a distant land, their ideas and ours are the width of the poles apart. And if they think that the brethren and real friends of the Foreign Society will be satisfied with such a smoothing over of the matter, our judgment is that they will find themselves mistaken." Meanwhile, some of the correspondents of the "Guide" were egging him on, and holding his clothes, while he continued to cast stones with force and fury at the supposed malefactors. Moore, as was proper, wrote a calm and dignified letter, denying emphatically the charges made against him, and pointing out the illicit inferences that had been drawn from the real facts in the case, which he clearly and fully set forth. Allen is not at all satisfied. He has persuaded himself that Mr. Errett is trying to play a game, and is "determined to force us into measures to protect himself as President of the Executive Committee. The Committee," he continues, "is one of the parties on trial," and he threatens them with awful revelations and crushing demonstrations of guilt as soon as he gets ready to bring out his proofs.

At length Mr. Errett publishes "An Open Letter to F. G. Allen," and, as it very succinctly exhibits the course of the discussion thus far, I will here quote it in full, with Mr. Allen's answer, and the "Standard's" remarks upon it.

(From the Christian Standard, August 15, 1885.)

AN OPEN LETTER TO F. G. ALLEN.

BRO. ALLEN:—In the "Apostolic Guide" of July 31, in commenting on my invitation to you and "Delta" to appear before the Executive Committee of the F. C. M. S. with your charges, specifications and proofs against W. T. Moore, you ask concerning the Executive Committee: "Will it testify? Will it give us the salaries of the various missionaries under its support? Do they deny that it is a Baptist church? Do they claim that it is a Christian church, as that term is understood in this country?"

Had you sought unto the Executive Committee for information on these points before you made your charges, and before you allowed an anonymous accuser to appear in your columns, the committee would have been free to answer you fully, and would have been pleased to give you all the information in their power. But you made no such inquiries, although you had ample opportunity to do so, having been in the company of the Corresponding Secretary, with every opportunity to inquire as to the facts, before you made your publication; but you failed to seek any information on these points. Without such information, you announced, as "an undebatable fact," that Bro. Moore "is not representing the cause he was sent to represent. He is absorbing a larger amount of money, by far, than any other missionary in the field, and is expending his time preaching for a church that has no connection with the Disciples, and editing a paper in which they are unknown." You also state "for years past it has been a wise policy on the part of our Societies to require those whom we help to help themselves to the extent of their ability. But, for some unexplained reason, a *notorious exception* seems to be made in Bro. Moore's case." The church for which he preaches, it is thus clearly charged, is not required to help itself to the extent of its ability. You declare, also, that "the time has come when the Foreign Society will be required"—not to prove that these statements are untrue, for these statements

are "undebatable," but—"to wash their hands of the *unclean thing*." "The society *must* demand a radical change in the character of Bro. Moore's work, or withdraw its support. The brethren will be satisfied with *nothing* short of this; and a failure here, on the part of the society, will be fatal as the lightning's stroke." So positively true are your statements assumed to be, that the Society has no alternative but to do as you require, or be blasted as by a stroke of lightning. Concerning "Delta," whom you endorse, you say: "Mark his *statement of facts*. And all is not yet told. If the Society is wise, it will not draw the fire of the 'reserve forces.' " Thus, while you feel authorized, in view of what *is* known, to make these positive charges, you intimate that you know of more damaging "facts," so damning that it will not be wise on the part of the Society to call them out. Now, among the "facts" stated by Delta is this: that if Bro. Moore were "to teach and preach the whole sound gospel, as we do at home, he would be ousted in less than twenty-four hours;" and that the support given by the F. C. M. S. to Bro. Moore is "a gross imposition upon the brotherhood." "Let any one *dare* to question the exact correctness of this statement (concerning Bro. Moore's failure to preach the whole gospel), and certain reserve forces will be called to the front. There are several witnesses anxiously awaiting examination. *Only let the issue be made. Common honesty requires this.*"

It will be seen, in the light of these positive statements, that it is not the province of the Executive Committee to give information, nor yet to *deny* the statements made. You are proceeding on information not in our possession. Giving credit to these accusers for honesty and integrity of purpose, our only course was to offer them an opportunity to submit and prove their charges; and this we were prompt to do. But no sooner is this done, than there is a remarkable change in the tone of the "Guide," and application is made to the Executive Committee for the information necessary to prove the charges!

F. G. Allen and "Delta" have made these charges against a missionary employed by the F. C. M. S. It is our business to investigate these charges. We promptly invite them to present the charges, specifications and proofs. They say: "Let the issue be made; common honesty requires it." To this we cordially agree. And "we mean business."

You, Bro. Allen, recognize the justice of our demand, in the following paragraph:

We are now, with our correspondent, "Delta," called upon to present our charges to the Executive Committee at an early day, and then they will tell us "what they are going to do about it." Before we get ready to lay our charges and the testimony before the Committee, we simply ask if the Committee will be kind enough to occupy the witness stand for a while? If so, they and the public shall have the bottom facts in the case.

I have already assured you that the Executive Committee invites the closest scrutiny into all of its proceedings. If you choose, when the investigation comes on, to which we invite you, to put any or all its members on the witness-stand, I doubt not that they will cheerfully furnish you all the information they possess touching these charges. It is a singular *condition* to make, on your part, after making such positive charges without once applying to the Committee for information, but you may rest assured that the Executive Committee *has nothing to withhold*. The Executive Committee enters into no newspaper controversy. It proposes a full investigation of your complaints in a regular way, and insists, in the interest of truth and righteousness, that you respond to its call for the charges, specifications and proofs as speedily as possible. Please notify us as soon as possible when you will be ready for a hearing, and we will make our arrangements accordingly.

Truly Yours,

ISAAC ERRETT,

Cincinnati, July 30.

President F. C. M. S.

This open letter was sent with a request that it be inserted in the "Apostolic Guide," at as early a day as pos-

sible. But, instead of this, we have received the following private reply :

DEAR BRO. ERRETT:—Your "Open Letter" has been received and its contents carefully considered. Under the heavy pressure of other business I have delayed a few days in order to consider my duty in the case. I want to do exactly the *right thing*, and the only question is for me to determine what that thing is. You excuse yourself from publishing a word of my defense in the "Standard" on the ground that you are President of the Executive Committee. But why you are not just as free to speak through the "Standard," as through the "Guide," I can not see. And why you are at liberty to reply to me through the "Standard" and not at liberty to let your readers see that to which you reply, is another thing I can not see.

Your "Open Letter" contains no new facts, but urges a hasty appearing before the Executive Committee, that the matter may be acted on "*authoritatively*." I do not recognize any such authoritative power in the Executive Committee as to summon men before it, that it may authoritatively decide as to the truthfulness of their statements. When I get through with the development of *facts*, the Board can do with them as it sees fit; but I shall not be forced into measures till I have time to collect the testimony desired. I may or may not then formally lay the matter before the Committee. As to the righteousness of this, I am not yet fully decided, and shall do just what I decide to be right.

For these reasons, therefore, I feel compelled, much as I desire to favor you personally, to decline the publication of your "Open Letter." The MS. is subject to your order.

Fraternally and truly,

F. G. ALLEN.

Milton, Ky., August 7.

On this we remark—

1. We have excused ourselves from discussing in the "Standard" *any of the charges made against Bro. Moore*, which the Executive Committee has invited the accusers to come before them and prove. The propriety and justice of this will, we think, be apparent to every sober-minded man, except Bro. Allen and "Delta." The Executive Committee has to presume that the accusers have, or think they have, evidence in their possession to prove their charges. Its members can not, therefore, with propriety, take any part in a newspaper discussion—certainly not with unknown accusers who fail to speak in their own name, nor in any case

until they have had an opportunity to pass impartially on "the bottom facts" and the "reserved forces," which the accusers profess to be acquainted with. Concerning the editorial in the "Commonwealth," as that was a legitimate subject of newspaper discussion, we entered into it so far as to endeavor to correct erroneous statements, and in doing this we have copied from the "Guide" *just that which we have replied to*. We are under no obligations to burden our readers with columns and pages of matter to which we propose to make no reply. We have better use for our columns than this. Beyond this, we have said nothing except what relates to the invitation of the Executive Committee to W. T. Moore's accusers, to urge them to a speedy response to that invitation.

2. We sent our articles to the "Guide" because the "Guide" *is the accuser in this case*, and the Executive Committee proposes to hold its editor and correspondent responsible for these charges. As we are not using the "Standard" to discuss these charges, we decline to publish, *pro* or *con*, anything the "Guide" may say concerning them. Our point in publishing anything in the "Guide" is not to discuss the charges, but *to bring the accusers to time* in proving them before the Executive Committee. For this purpose we had a right to demand space in the "Guide," where the charges appeared.

3. We are not aware that the word *authoritative* occurs in our Open Letter. It certainly does not in our copy of it. It probably occurred in a private letter accompanying it, in which we directly urged Bro. Allen to an early acceptance of the invitation of the Executive Committee. His answer, we are compelled to say in all candor, but in all kindness, is a very unsatisfactory attempt to escape from responsibility. It is a vain effort to creep out through a very small hole. *Authoritative* means "so established or expressed as to demand credit or acceptance." No investigation before the Executive Committee could have any value which did not reach this point by a careful, close, thorough examination of

all details, and a sifting of evidence, such as can not be had in a newspaper discussion. The committee having employed W. T. Moore as a missionary, have authority to examine any and all charges made against him by responsible persons—an authority which these accusers are *bound* to respect—for it is an authority reaching only *so far as their employment of him* is concerned, and his faithfulness or unfaithfulness in performing his duties; and Bro. Allen, in calling on the Executive Committee to change Bro. Moore's course or dismiss him, *has already acknowledged and invoked their authority in the case*. It will not do to talk of being "*forced into measures*." He has made the charges; he has appealed to the Executive Committee to act in the case; he is *bound*, as an honorable and truthful man, and as the friend of our foreign missions, to make good his charges before the Committee, *to whose authority he has appealed*. He must not disrespect the authority which he has invoked. He had previously promised us "the bottom facts," provided the members of the Executive Committee would agree to occupy the witness stand. Though, in view of all the circumstances, we regard this as an unreasonable demand, the Committee having already informed him that it "has no evidence" of the truth of the charges named—*yet his condition was promptly acceded to*—and now, behold, he can not say whether he will appear before the Executive Committee at all!

There is no reasonable excuse for this failure to face the issue. Not only are the members of the Executive Committee the proper persons to hear complaints against those whom they employ, but Bro. Allen has already testified that the members of the Committee are "gentlemen and Christians, and have the cause of Christ at heart." There can, therefore, be no reason to fear that their investigation will not be impartial and thorough. But if he should be dissatisfied with their decision, there lies an appeal to the Board of Directors, to which the Executive Committee is responsible. And if he should still be dissatisfied, there lies

an appeal from the Board to the Society. So, there is no good reason to fear that the ends of justice will not be reached, while there are very good reasons to fear that these ends will not be reached by a newspaper discussion.

The public will see that the Executive Committee has done everything in its power to serve the ends of truth and of justice in this case. If they fail, the fault must rest with the accusers, and the public will form their own opinion of the course pursued by these accusers. The Committee can not be expected to pay any further attention to these complaints, until the accusers accept the invitation so promptly issued, so earnestly renewed, and still so urgently insisted upon.

The refusal of Bro. Allen to publish the Open Letter is significant. The prompt action of the Executive Committee in inviting the accusers to come forward and prove their charges, has placed him in an embarrassing position. A thorough investigation by the Executive Committee is not what they wanted. A newspaper brawl is more to their taste, and will suit their purposes better. The plain statement of facts in the open letter would show the readers of the "Guide" that its editor is evidently unwilling to face the issue which he and his correspondent have made. He fears to give them light at this point. His refusal to publish a connected statement of facts which he does not and can not deny, betrays conscious weakness and embarrassment. This talk of the need of time to hunt up testimony, after we have been told that there are several witnesses anxiously waiting to testify, and the appeal to the Executive Committee to furnish testimony after utterly ignoring them as a proper source of information, indicate that the charges were made without a careful preparation of testimony, and their authors are taken aback by the prompt request for proof. But the public will now know that the Executive Committee has fairly and promptly met the demands on it, and is *ready* and *anxious* to investigate this case. Let the responsibility

for failure rest where it belongs, and let the "Guide" have all the honor it can claim for refusing to give to its readers a plain statement of undisputed facts.

When Mr. Allen finally published his "proofs," it was really the publication of his failure. Moore's course had been fully sustained in the "Standard" by the overwhelming testimony of prominent brethren who had visited England, and were intimately acquainted with his work and all the facts. The only thing left for the "Guide" was to show, what had never been denied, that Moore's salary was greater than that of any of the other missionaries, and this it showed by quoting from the Reports of the Committee, which had been carefully examined and fully approved by the Convention, and which from year to year, had been published and circulated far and wide. And now, worse than all, it came out that even this salary had not been paid by "the brethren's money." Timothy Coop, a very wealthy and excellent English Disciple, wanted Moore in that country, and in order to induce him to go, and to enable the Committee to send him, he himself fixed the amount of the salary, *every dollar of which, together with the traveling expenses of Moore and his family, he paid out of his own pocket!* But, wishing the missionary to go under the auspices of the Society, he arranged with the Committee that the money contributed to this object should pass through their hands! Thus the whole thing completely collapsed—Allen complaining indignantly of his "witnesses," who had talked oracularly in the dark, but who cowardly refused to come to his support when he was called into the light.

I happen to know, from a private letter written by Mr. Errett, as well as from certain expressions in the published discussion, that he was really and kindly solicitous to save Allen from the mistake into which he was being led, and the public exposure which he knew must inevitably follow. He was well aware of Allen's feeble condition—that he was in the last stages of a mortal disease, and hardly responsible for what he did. But the course pursued left the Committee no alternative. They were obliged, by self-respect and a due regard to the interests of the Society, to come before the public with a matter which could easily and harmlessly have been settled, if the accusers had consented to appear before the proper tribunal.

Poor Frank Allen! I myself knew him well and loved him. Though I have felt obliged by the duty laid upon me to record the facts in the above case, I have sought to avoid giving any color to them. His reputation will not suffer from any line or word written here. He is dead and buried now; he was virtually dying then. He had struggled up out of poverty and obscurity to a high place in the esteem, and a warm place in the affections, of his brethren.

As a man of spotless life and genuine faith; as an able and successful preacher of the gospel; as a clean and trenchant writer; as an indefatigable worker, up to the very last, even while he knew himself to be gradually but surely sinking out of the world—he made for himself a name that his brethren will not soon forget. Such a life will not be discounted by the one mistake made as it was closing; and if there be a single spot on the sun of such a character, it is lost to

my eyes in the glory that surrounds it. Sweet be his rest in his beloved Kentucky soil, and green and fragrant be his memory as the grasses and the roses under which he sleeps.

CHAPTER XLIV.

1886.

“Standard’s” twentieth anniversary.—“Fifty-nine years’ of history.”—Discussions on Romanism.—Some syllogisms.—Impaired health.—His friends concerned and aroused.—“An Episode of the Convention.”

In the month of April the twentieth anniversary of the “Standard” occurred. It was made an occasion. Congratulatory letters, filled with warm commendations of its course and appreciations of its great and good influence, poured in from prominent brethren all over the land; while the press of the country swelled the strain by complimentary notices, both unstinted and hearty. Some of the very best of these appeared in denominational papers which had felt the “Standard’s” power in many an earnest, but friendly discussion. The editor himself prepared for this number “A Chapter of History,” in which the origin and early struggles and fortunes of the paper were succinctly stated, substantially as I have more fully detailed them in the first volume of this work.

On the 19th of May he delivered, before the Ohio Christian Missionary Society, meeting this year in New Lisbon, an address entitled *Fifty-Nine Years of History*, which I trust will find a place in some collection

of his published works.* It is at once interesting, instructive and valuable. It gives a clear exposition of the ecclesiastical situation—doctrinal, clerical, practical, etc., existing at the time that Walter Scott and the two Campbells raised their voices for reform—a situation which not only justified, but imperiously demanded the reform which those holy men initiated, and which, says the address, “has very seriously influenced the theological and ecclesiastical developments of the last half century—especially in the West—and has won for itself a place in the religious movements of the age.” Step by step the early progress of the reformers is traced; he lingers lovingly with them as they grow in favor with God and men—until finally he reaches the rich fruitage of their toils, which he carefully gathers and exhibits, and then with a glance at “the special achievements yet to be wrought, to which we should address our thought and our labor,” and with a tender and solemn appeal and charge “to the young preachers who are now rising into usefulness,” this masterly production closes. But its influence ended not with the occasion that called it out; it is still felt, as it will be for many long years to come.

It seemed that his mind this year was even more than usually active; certainly the editorial columns of the “Standard” were never more entertaining and coruscant. Besides the ordinary range of subjects pertaining to the current interests, he was now led into a new field, in which he electrified his readers and, I have no doubt, stunned his opponents, by a discussion of the leading doctrines of Roman Catholicism with

* Since the above was written this address has appeared in the Linsey-Woolsey volume.

the editor of the "Catholic Telegraph." It was delightful to witness the ease and conclusiveness with which he exposed the sophistries and set at naught the assumptions which usually pass current with the propagandists of this faith for sound argument.

Some pungent strictures in the "Standard" on Mariolatry, called out the "Telegraph," and before long the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception and the Infallibility of the Pope were brought under review, and the battle raged for a while hot and heavy. The editor of the "Telegraph" had the hardihood to appeal to reason and common sense, and, as a matter of course, before this tribunal his case was irretrievably lost. I give only a brief specimen or two of the points made in this discussion, which will serve to indicate its character:

"Standard" — We have stated that the "Telegraph" has either openly or tacitly conceded:

1. That the Scriptures nowhere call Mary "the Mother of God."

2. That several of the Fathers taught contrary to this doctrine.

3. That Mary herself acknowledged God as her *Saviour*.

4. That along the ages, down to the Council of Trent and subsequently, there was strong opposition to it by large numbers, including many of the most eminent and saintly Roman Catholics.

5. That no ecumenical council ever dignified it as a dogma.

6. That *just one man*, after the lapse of eighteen hundred years, under the pretense of infallibility, did that which no council had ventured to do, and which

had been through the centuries a matter of serious controversy in the church.

We leave it to our readers to say if, on the ground of "reason or common sense," there is so much as a square inch of footing for the doctrine of the immaculate conception.

Per contra, the "Telegraph" insists that the denial of the dogma is a virtual denial of the *divinity* of Christ, and it seems to think that the argument is clinched by the following syllogism:

Christ is God.

Mary is the mother of Christ.

Therefore Mary is the mother of God.

The "Standard" offsets this foolish syllogism by the following:

Christ is God.

Jesus Christ says that whosoever does the will of God, the same is his mother and sister and brother; therefore, whosoever does the will of God is the mother of God, brother of God, and sister of God.

Again:

Christ is God.

Jesus Christ is the son of David.

Therefore David is the father of God.

We forbid the "Telegraph" to attribute to us the statement in his major premise as a complete statement concerning the Christ. *It is not the whole truth.* Jesus Christ was *human* as well as divine, and the word *God* does not fully or fairly define Christ. The premise is therefore imperfect. We prefer to make our own major premises. Gabriel said to Mary: "That holy thing which shall be born of thee *shall be called the Son of God*" (Lu. i. 35). Now we submit our syllogism:

Jesus Christ is the Son of God ;
 Mary is the mother of Jesus Christ ;
 Therefore Mary is the mother of the Son of
 God.

Now let the "Telegraph" try its hand on this, and detect a flaw in it, if flaw there be, and show us where the "mother of God" comes in.

The above is given only as a bare specimen of the kind of work he was doing, but it will serve to indicate the incisiveness and vigor which still characterized his pen ; and yet during the whole of this year he was far from being well. In addition to a dreadful and wearing cough which greatly disturbed his rest, and gave his family serious concern, he was afflicted with a distressing and torturing pain in one of his ears—to which more particular reference will be made hereafter. It seemed that the highest skill of his physician could afford him nothing more than occasional temporary relief. What with the constant pain, the ever-recurring cough, and the consequent loss of sleep, he became much enfeebled, and seemed worn, weary and exhausted. Even now, however, he found heart and hand for an appreciative tribute to the memory of every old friend and co-laborer who passed into the unseen world before him. A. B. Green, one of the heroic and faithful pioneers, and father of Mrs. R. Moffett ; and Richard Dye, of Ionia, gratefully remembered as his steadfast friend and the friend of his Master, were lovingly garlanded with wreaths wrought by his deft fingers and in his own exquisite taste. With what tenderness, and with what a sweet-smelling savor, he embalmed their honored names in the pages of his own imperishable work.

Great as were his bodily sufferings, he never paraded his ailments—rarely indeed would he allude to them. It was not possible, however, to prevent the watchful eyes of devoted friends and brethren from seeing that something was seriously wrong with him. He was, they feared, evidently failing. His physical strength was giving way. The lordly physique, worthy instrument of his mighty soul, had become sensibly affected by the assaults of time, and was beginning to tremble under the accumulated burdens of life. It touched their hearts, and moved them to action. Naturally they supposed that he was merely overworked, and that what he needed was simply change of scene, and rest from the cares and toils of the office. Acting upon this supposition, when at length the general convention assembled in Kansas City, they had provided a pleasant surprise for him. This “episode of the convention” is happily detailed in a published communication from S. M. Jefferson, which must here be quoted in full :

The many thousand readers of the “Christian Standard” will be pleased to hear of the loving tribute paid to its greatly beloved editor-in-chief in Kansas City last week. The annual assembly of our several missionary societies, bringing together, from all parts of the nation, hundreds of his warm personal friends and of his devoted co-laborers in the churches of Christ, was chosen as an occasion on which his friends and brethren might, with eminent fitness, give to Bro. Errett an expression of their profound esteem and grateful affection.

During the session of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society on Thursday afternoon, when Bro. E. T. Williams was in the chair, on motion, the regular order of business was suspended, and Bro. B. J. Radford stepped on the plat-

form and addressed Bro. Errett substantially as follows: "Bro. Errett, the members and friends of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, whose worthy President you have been through all the years since its organization, have looked to you chiefly as their leader, and have gratefully recognized you as one who, probably more than any other, has given strength and vigor to this great enterprise. It may not be unknown to you that you have given eminent satisfaction, and it is believed that a proper recognition of your services should be made by your fellow laborers in this great field. It has entered into the hearts of many of them to go among your brethren and create a testimonial to you of the grateful recognition of your labors. Some of your more intimate friends have noted with deep sympathy the wearying and wearing effects of your arduous editorial and other labors, and have become persuaded that you should seek relaxation and rest. In order that you may take a well-earned vacation, and be enabled to command every means that can contribute to your comfort and pleasure, your friends have filled a purse with a little more than twelve hundred dollars [soon afterwards increased to fifteen hundred dollars] which they have asked me to present to you. And now you can take your vacation wherever you wish, in the charming galleries of Europe, under the shadow of the pyramids, or among the lofty hills and sacred vales once trod by the feet of Him whom you have in spirit so long and lovingly followed. The donations to the purse have been made by many friends in sums of from one to one hundred dollars. Dr. E. Williams, a fellow-elder with you in your home congregation, has expressed his fraternal affection in a cheerful contribution of one hundred dollars. But those who have given less sums would have you receive it as a token of sincere and grateful esteem. Could you know the heartiness with which each dollar was contributed; could you know the sincere prayers with which these contributions were made, you would set a far higher worth on the purse than its mere value in dollars and cents. But permit me to

ask Bro. A. M. Atkinson to voice, better than I can, the sentiments which your friends would express."

Bro. Atkinson spoke as follows:

"We especially desire that this event may be remembered by us all as a beautiful portrayal of the sweet and tender spirit of the Christian religion.

"The lines of Jesus Christ's life, the spirit and scope of his earthly ministry, were clearly and broadly drawn by the heavenly messengers who announced his holy birth in that sweet anthem, 'Glory to God, in the highest; on earth, peace, good will toward men.'

"The grandest conflicts of the race, and its most splendid victories, have been wrought out along the lines and under the inspirations of the angelic prophecy.

"It was said by one of our noble dead: 'Christianity is the *perfection* of glory to God, the perfection of peace on earth, and the perfection of good will toward men.' Yes, we ask you to remember this testimonial to our dear brother, as a most beautiful expression of our good will. This is its all-prevailing spirit, and we are sure that, chiefly on this account, the remembrance of this event will be most precious to the recipient of our gift.

"In this way we seek to be helpful, to take upon ourselves a part of his heavy burdens. We sincerely trust that our dear brother will heed our most earnest request to take a vacation, and thereby secure a well deserved rest.

"We hope he will go to the 'Lands of the Bible,' where, amid the scenes and holy memories of Christ's earthly life, we know that he will find, not only the highest pleasures, but also the divinest inspirations, and that he may return to us greatly renewed in strength, as well as enriched in faith, for the prosecution of the work he loves so well. With our gift go our tears and prayers. May he who numbers the hairs of our heads and cares even for the sparrow's fall, shield our dear brother, whom we thus send on his errand of rest, and by his providence bring him back to us again."

As Bro. Errett arose to respond, he was greeted with hearty and prolonged applause. Most of the audience had been wholly unaware beforehand of any purpose to present such a memorial, but all were now eager to manifest their approval. Tears of joy and smiles of gladness were on every face. The entire audience was inspired and thrilled by the one common emotion of brotherly love. When he could command the silence of the audience and the control of his own deeply wrought emotions, Bro. Errett said:

"This is, to me, a complete surprise, and I am so overwhelmed that I can not respond as I ought. While I prize, beyond what I am able to express, this unexpected and over-generous testimonial of approval and confidence from my brethren, I can not but feel that, in their goodness of heart, they exaggerated the value of the work I have done. The simple truth, as it appears to me, is, that all through my public life, my brethren have pushed me into positions for which I had no proper preparation and no fitness, and then they compelled me into some degree of fitness by gathering about me and holding me up in the performance of my task, so that they now, in their abounding charity, attribute to me the honor of success which really belongs to themselves. It is true that in this foreign missionary work there has been remarkable prosperity; but let it not be forgotten that A. McLean, our Corresponding Secretary, has borne the heaviest burden of this enterprise; Timothy Coop came in the perilous infancy of the Society, and placed his broad shoulders under its burdens; and the members of the Executive Committee, by their unflagging performance of duty, sound business judgment, and the generous use of their purses, have given to the work steady progress and a good reputation for permanency. But for these my own labors must have amounted to very little. In one thing only do I feel that I can, without vanity, and with no abatement of the humility with which we should be always clothed, fully respond to the estimate of my work which my brethren have

been pleased to make, namely, the singleness and integrity of purpose by which it has been inspired. However imperfect in the performance, I am conscious of entire honesty and purity of purpose in managing all the public trusts committed to my hands.

"It is a very weak thing to say that I am profoundly thankful for this surprising testimonial of appreciation from those whose esteem and confidence are worth more to me than thousands of gold and silver. My heart is deeply touched, but the words to express what my heart feels are wanting. I ask Brethren Radford and Atkinson to say to those who have joined in this testimonial, that while I value their offering at full par value, as putting it in my power to comply with their benevolent wishes in my behalf; I value it a thousand times more as expressing their brotherly love, confidence and appreciation of my poor services. The chief earthly inspiration of my public life has been the confidence and love of my brethren. I shall henceforth feel under deeper obligations to justify, by integrity and faithfulness in the discharge of my duties, the faith and the affection now so lavishly expressed."

At the conclusion of Bro. Errett's remarks the congregation sang, "Blest be the tie that binds," and Bro. W. K. Pendleton led in an appropriate prayer.

The whole scene was one of indescribable pathos and tenderness, and of unalloyed Christian fraternity. By those who were permitted to share in it, it will never be forgotten.

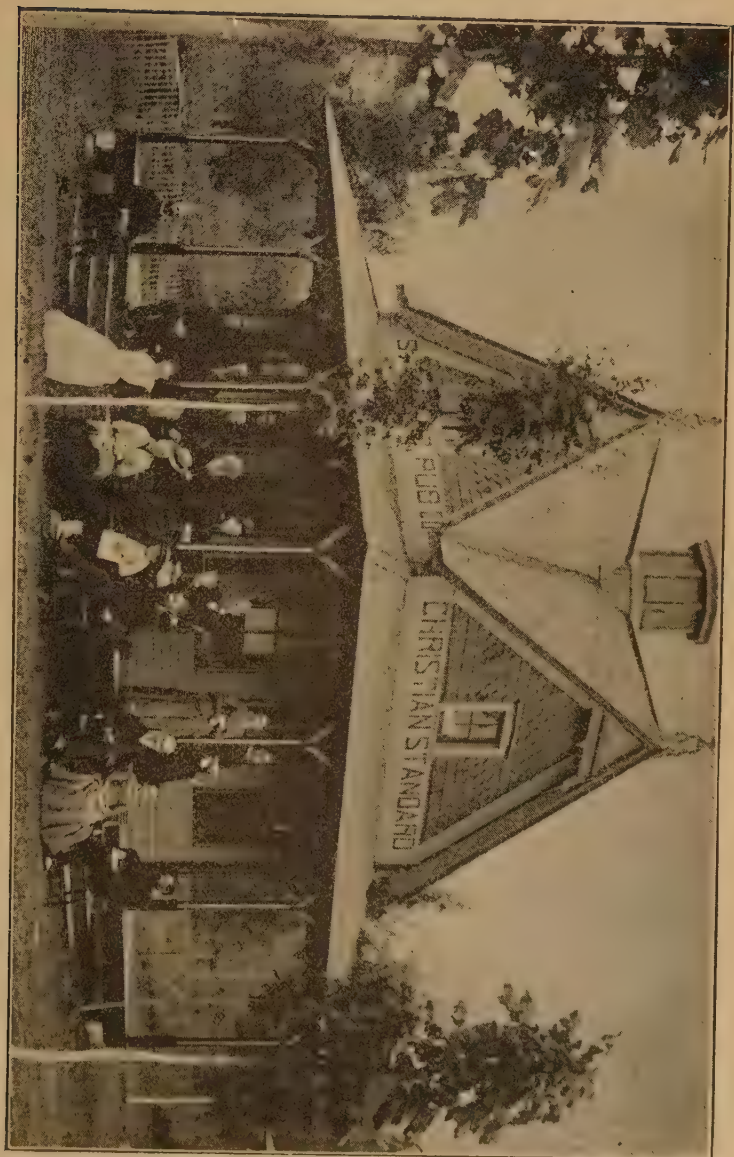
CHAPTER XLV.

1887.

Preparations for going abroad.—Re-union in the church.—Departure for the Holy Land.—Writes bright and piquant letters to the paper.—“Under ten flags.”—Author’s self-denial.—He *must* publish one of the “Letters of Travel,” the ride in a palanquin.—Visits the missionaries in Turkey.—Meets the English missionaries in London.—Arrives at home.—Pardee Butler makes him happy.—Last meeting with the Quintinkle.—Attends October convention.—Friends encouraged.

He was deeply and gratefully affected by the “episode” of the convention, and began as soon as possible, after his return, to prepare for his journey. The “Standard” was to be left in good hands—H. McDiar-mid, the office editor, being put in general charge—and was to go on as usual. Various items of business were suitably arranged; his last will and testament was made and executed; Elder Z. T. Sweeney, of Columbus, Indiana, was induced to accompany him—the party to be enlarged in London by the addition of Messrs. Moore and Toof, and afterwards, at Brindisi, to combine with another company, and travel under the personal care of one of Cook’s agents. It was thought that this arrangement would give freedom from anxiety, care and worry, and for a well person, inexperienced in foreign travel, such plan would have been

good. But to one in Mr. Errett's impaired health, the rush and push, with insufficient rest, unavoidable in the carrying out of Cook's previously prepared and long itineraries, was not likely to prove friendly. A few days before the time for setting out, he enjoyed a pleasant reunion with his friends and brethren collected from far and near in Richmond-street church. The ladies had provided an abundance of creature comforts in the basement, which received respectful consideration, after the intellectual feast upstairs had been concluded. There were eloquent speeches, and fervent prayers, and hearty God-speeds; and the compliments to the great editor, and the appreciative allusions to his great life-work, while moving his heart with gratitude, were a sore trial to his modesty. But the happy occasion ended, fond farewells were spoken in the church, followed soon after by tearful ones in the family—and he was gone. I could easily follow him from city to city and from scene to scene through this long journey—his entertaining letters lying before me as guides to his wanderings—but I shall not do so. To one familiar with the records of other travelers who have passed over the same route, these letters are themselves the greatest wonder of the whole pilgrimage. I know something of the physical weariness and mental satiation incident to a period of hurried sight-seeing in the old world—of sight-seeing as a daily task—an ever-pressing duty. One becomes so tired in frame and limb, and so *stuffed* with the interesting and the wonderful, that after awhile everything loses its interest, and nothing is wonderful any more; and when at length he comes upon some little out-of-the-way place, where there is neither cathedral nor *campanile*,



STANDARD COTTAGE, BETHANY PARK, 1887.

no art-gallery, no palace, no ruins, no anything, he blesses the Lord that for one day, at least, he is not *obliged* to go a weary round of sight-seeing! But this feeble man not only went everywhere and saw everything, but constantly, from week to week, he wrote bright and piquant letters to the "Standard." My opinion is, that all the time his heart was back at home with his paper and his beloved readers. Besides, many of them had invested liberally in this sight-seeing enterprise; they had taken stock in it; and he felt it to be his duty to give them as large a dividend as possible.

He failed not, while in London, to visit the West End Tabernacle, to inform himself thoroughly upon the character of W. T. Moore's work and influence, and was glad to publish, as the result, his perfect satisfaction and delight. In like manner he carries his missionary interest and zeal with him to Paris; visits the Delaunays, Christian missionaries there, and makes known through the "Standard" what they are doing, how they are cramped, where they are located, and what they need in order to render the mission effective. The ten thousand fascinating objects of the gay capital, where his stay is limited and brief, can not seduce him from the performance of a humble duty.

Those who would go with him from Paris through Florence, Rome and Naples into Egypt, and afterwards through the Holy Land, must look up his letters in the file of the "Standard"—the republication of which, inasmuch as he was not able to revise them, he would not allow. Or they may consult Mr. Sweeney's handsome volume, "Under Ten Flags." This tells—with *quantum sufficit* of salt and spice—where the party went, and what they saw, what happened to them, and

how they "got out of it," with an occasional squint at what might have happened, but did not.

I am about to commit a transgression deliberately and "with malice aforethought." So far I have resisted numerous powerful temptations to quote from the "Letters of Travel." I have turned away my eyes from that sweet communion in an upper room in Jerusalem; I have passed over the visit to Gethsemane, without daring to pause for a moment; even the sea of Galilee, with its blessed associations so delightfully described, has not arrested my pen; but when it comes to the *ride in a palanquin*, with its exquisite pleasantry and humor, I can but feel that, if the bright eyes which have opened above in everlasting light, could look down into the heart of the humble biographer, the ever-genial writer would cheerfully consent to the republication of this one letter, in deference to the human weakness which can not resist it:

Our three days' trip on horseback to the Dead Sea and back, convinced us that, for the long trip ahead in Palestine, we were not in physical condition to endure horseback rides of five, six and even seven hours at a stretch, and sometimes more than thirty miles a day over these horrible mountain roads. Yet I was determined to make the entire trip, if possible; and, after consulting the best authorities, it was decided that I should make the journey in a palanquin. Do you know what a palanquin is? Well, I have no Webster to refer to for a definition, and I have not found the word in the guide books. I remember reading, in my boyhood, of delicate ladies and nobles and sprigs of royalty, and even royalty itself, being borne in palanquins, and I formed an idea that it was a luxurious mode of travel, and often wished that I was high-born enough to be entitled to such a ride, without a dream that such a luxury would ever

fall to my lot. A gentleman who spoke by authority, assured me that he had conducted a lady all over Palestine in a palanquin, and that she comfortably reclined all the way, and read up her guide books. He added that they had never had an accident with a palanquin. So I surrendered my trusty horse, paid four dollars a day extra for the palanquin, with two Arabs to attend me, and luxuriated in the prospect of a comfortable ride, as well as a new experience, in my travels over the almost impassable hills of this God-forsaken land. I did not see my new conveyance until I was ready to start. These palanquins are variously constructed. I am not now talking of chairs borne on the shoulders of trusty men, such as were once very common, and are yet in use. But I will describe mine. Take two stout scantlings of tough timber, about as strong as the shafts of a dray, some twelve or fourteen feet long, and place them in parallel lines, about three and a half feet apart. Fasten rings to the ends of these, by which the donkeys can hold them up when they are hitched to them. At the middle of these shafts fasten on a box about three and a half feet broad and four feet long and four or five feet high; roof it, line it inside with some gaudy calico, put in a seat and a cushion, so that when you sit down your head will nearly scrape the roof; put in doors and windows at the front and two sides, and make the doors to fasten on the outside, so that when you squeeze yourself in you have no means of escape until some one opens a door from the outside. As we looked on this "pent-up Utica" in which our powers were to be contracted for the next eighteen days, we felt some misgivings; but we had hired it and paid for it, and there was nothing left but to squeeze in, and, like Noah, be shut in beyond the power of escape. In we got, and our Arab boys—two good-natured, but stupid and lazy fellows—shut us in, and we were at the mercy of two ignorant blockheads, of whose language we understood not one word, and two stubborn donkeys. We started—and in less than five minutes there was a young earthquake. How can even donkeys walk together except

they are agreed? Ours did not agree. They had different creeds, and had been differently educated. The one in the lead was a progressionist. He looked out on the future with a clear vision, and wanted to go ahead with long strides and sure steps. But the hind donkey was an old foggy. He was behind our royal palace, where he could see nothing, only sideways. He was blind to the future, and peopled it with all kinds of gorgons and chimeras dire. He could only bray over it with melancholy forebodings and wheezy prophecies of evil. Moreover, he was a fractious schismatic, refusing to adopt the step of the leader, and determined to pull back as lustily as the other pulled forward. While he brayed at the future, he kicked blindly and furiously at the past, and was wickedly bent on raising side issues—plunging and cavorting across the road from side to side; kicking at the sky; lifting his fore feet on to our palanquin, and knocking for admission as if he wished to protest to us against the iniquity done to his honor by placing him in the rear. Of course we ruled him out of order, but he did not understand English; neither did the Arab members of our cabinet; so our ruling went for nothing. But after a while we made a sort of start, and swing, swing, swing, joggle, joggle, joggle, bump, bump, bump, thump, thump, thump, and then a careen of our noble little ship of the desert that nearly upset everything. You could n't put your finger on any spot "where we precisely wuz," as Josh Billings says, for when you put your finger there, we were somewhere else. It was not an orderly proceeding, and our love of order was offended. We sought to forget our trouble in reading the guide book, hoping, like the complacent lady of whom we had been informed, to abstract ourself from outer cares and troubles by diligent study. I never read with such rapidity. The last half of the last line would join itself to the first line, and—the page was finished! I got through a big guide-book in about ten minutes. I then issued orders to our Arabs, and they proceeded to do exactly the opposite of what we had ordered, and all we could do was to shake our fist at them—

through the windows! We soon, however, found relief from this monotonous proceeding. We entered a rocky lane, composed entirely of stone, from the round pebble up to enormous boulders, and pillars four and five feet high, that stood directly in the way of our progress on the steep—sometimes almost perpendicular—hillside. Bang, bang, thump, and our vessel stranded on a rock, the hind donkey doing its best to get it off by kicking into the air. It took half an hour to get to sea again; meanwhile, all the rest of our party had gone ahead, and we were alone in the dreary waste, with our two donkeys and our two stupid muleteers.

But we got off at last, and started again, only to hit the next rock that loomed up in our way. I began to conclude that our Arabs were lineal descendants of the *Hittites*, for they were determined to *hit* everything that was hitable. Not less than twenty times that day did we land on the top of a rock, or nearly shiver our palanquin in trying to make short turns around some projecting crag of limestone. I finally concluded that the invocation of the Tennessee minstrels, "Swing low, sweet chariot, swing low," was not adapted to this latitude. Our "sweet chariot" was swinging too low, and I determined to lift my air castle still higher. It worked so well that thereafter we did not, on an average, hit more than four rocks per day.

Occasionally, we found cows seeking repose on some feathery beds of rock, and, like all other cows, they refused to move until we were right over them. Just when our air castle was swinging harmlessly over them, they would attempt to rise to a point of order; but I was not to be cowed down in this style, and, as Speaker of the House, instantly decided to lay them under the floor. Our ruling was uniformly supported by the unanimous Arab vote, and we succeeded invariably in maintaining the dignity and integrity of the House, notwithstanding the lawless and frantic efforts of these native kine to upset the decision and the decider. In no instance were the kicks of our rear donkey

so beautiful and telling as in the settlement of these questions of the right of way.

Then, again, in some narrow pass, we would meet a train of camels, and the question as to which party should get out of the way when there was no way to get out to, became a serious one, and led to no little altercation. Did you ever hear a lot of Arabs "discuss"? What a supreme joy it would be to the lovers of debate! Five hundred crows cawing and jabbering at once is a gentle and pleasant affair in comparison with it. Such another hubbub of discordant sounds we have never heard, even from an infuriated mob. But with these Arabs it is simply a harmless outflow of "sound and fury, signifying nothing"—a performance to which their execrable language is well adapted. After they were sated with this luxury of noise and extemporaneous oratory, we soon came to terms. Notwithstanding the formidableness of these camels, and the number of camelites in attendance on them, there was something so awe-inspiring in our palanquin as to subdue them entirely. They evidently regarded me as the powerful sheik of the large party they had just passed, and, not knowing what influence I might have with the Sultan, they deemed discretion to be the better part of valor, and got out of the way as best they could; but it was sometimes a very tight squeeze.

Sometimes, in spite of all precautions, my donkeys would come down flat on the ground. They were sure-footed, and I have often admired the skill with which they would pick their way through perilous places, where one false step might be fatal alike to them and me. But sometimes, in slippery places, or at sudden turns, they would fall; and we could not but admire their submissiveness and patience in lying perfectly still until assistance came. In this they showed better sense than most men would do in a similar trouble. We learned to trust them. We suffered them to carry us up and down steep places, and along narrow and sidling paths and crests of ridges, where we swung over the edge of precipices on the outer edge of which they

placed their feet, when, if the ground had given way, or they had missed their step, destruction would have been inevitable. Indeed, it was much easier to trust them than to trust the Arabs, who, if two or three could get together, would spend their time in noisy gossip or abominable singing—singing which had a variety of not more than three notes, and was invariably in a minor strain, however harsh or guttural—forget about their duties, and leave the donkeys to do as they pleased.

The supremest felicity of our Arab guides was to mount a donkey in advance of our leader, tie his leading-string to their saddle, and then go to sleep and snore away in the hot sun by the hour. It was of no use to protest. They understood our protestations to be an exhortation to them to sleep on and refresh themselves, and nothing but a rap of my cane over their heads could bring them to terms.

Then, again, as our party on horseback invariably traveled faster than we, we were left at the mercy of these stupid fellows as to the road to be taken when we came to a point where the ways parted. They knew nothing of the ways. If we pointed them to the marks of the hoofs of the horses that had traveled ahead of us, they would be sure to choose the road that had no hoof-marks; and when they found at last that they had taken the wrong road, I had to be dragged over wheat-fields and through Mohammedan graveyards, and up-hill and down over pathless wilds, in search of the right road. The amount of extra riding I got in that palanquin Cook & Son will never know. I saw lots of sights that the rest of our party never saw; and if I ever take a notion to write a book of travels, I wish the public to understand distinctly that I have wandered in untrampled paths, and have in my possession an amount of palanquinic information which none of the horseback riders can tell anything about!

But time would fail me to tell half the wonders and beauties of travel in Palestine in a palanquin. Owing to the perpetual tendency of the saddle of our harness to roll

about from side to side, I had to serve as ballast to keep my air-ship somewhere near the level. At the wave of the hand of my imperious muleteer, I was kept bobbing from side to side, hour after hour; and one day was kept all day long pent up in one corner, these blockheads never thinking that the difficulty could be overcome by a readjustment of the saddle. Then, again, no difference how much space the road afforded for steering out of danger, they could not understand that space was meant for any such purpose. These incorrigible Hittites would invariably keep right on and hit everything that stood in their way. One day, with seven or eight feet on the other side as a way of escape, they ran into a projecting branch of a fig tree, smashing one of my windows, a piece of the broken glass hitting me in the eye, and leaving me with the fierce glare of a bloodshot eye for a week thereafter. A change of a quarter of an inch in my position might have ruined the sight of the left eye. In another instance, they caused the palanquin to hit a horse on which a woman with a two-year-old child was mounted, frightening the horse and tumbling the woman and child to the ground. These were some of the diversities that broke up the monotony of palanquin travel. Had it not been for such diversions, I do not know how I could have endured the unbroken sameness and smoothness of this method of journeying. The guide-books would all have been read through in an hour or two, and my library being, unfortunately, far away, I should have been doomed to snooze away the weary hours. As it was, I was relieved by new adventures every little while—adventures that never ceased during eighteen days. When we got into port at Beyrout, my poor, battered ship of the desert was a sorry sight—three panes of glass smashed, one ornamental panel of the fore-castle entirely ruined, the hull of the vessel scarred and leaky, and nearly all the timber wrenched or shaky, the cushion—the downy cushion on which we were expected to repose, while reading the guide-books—bristling with nails that had worked themselves loose during the violent swingings and

shakings of our tempestuous voyage, and the crazy concern creaking in every joint, as we steered into port. As to the rudder—that is to say, the hind donkey, for that is all the rudder we had—we nearly lost it several times, but by means of extra cords and chains, we managed to keep it in its place—thar or tharabouts. It is due to the *rear* animal to say that, when we sought to cure him of his ugliness by placing him in front, he instantly became a progressionist, and was on his best behavior, while the leader, when ordered to the rear, turned old foggy at once, and took on ugly ways. In this, donkeys are not unlike men. All that ails a great many men who are braying with asinine melody and pathos over the evils of the time, is that they are not in the lead.

Placed between these antagonistic forces of radicalism and conservatism, we have had a troublesome time of it; but as we have come out of it safely, we will not complain. We do not advise our readers to come over here to try the palanquin. We fear the effect of this charming story on the adventurous youth of America. Should it be printed and published in yellow covers and sold on railroad cars, we fear our juvenile heroes would be for leaving home at once, to come over here to this romantic country, thoroughly palanquinized; and there will be another children's crusade to Palestine. Don't do it. Try it at home. We do not see why the effect could not be made in steep and rocky and pathless hillsides there as well as here, and at less expense. Can it be said to be to the credit of the United States that this luxurious and romantic style of travel is utterly neglected and despised as an anachronistic orientalism? Why has not Cincinnati her palanquins? Her crowded street cars cry aloud for some more exclusive style of journeying. Why not introduce the palanquin, where a fellow can have it all to himself, and everybody else will be perfectly willing that he should—no crowding, no envious passions excited, no indignant child of toil provoked to cry out against the exclusive privileges of pampered and bloated aristocrats! Talk of your Pullman parlor coaches and sleep-

ing cars! We have tried them and know all about them, and we are free to say, on the honor of a gentleman, that there is no comparison whatever between them and a palanquin. If you are skeptical, come over here and satisfy yourself. We have gone through the experiment like a little man, and know whereof we affirm.

We confess to a tinge of sadness in resigning our battered but trusty palanquin. It has been with us in more than seven troubles, and never forsook us, and although we often felt like forsaking it, we are glad now that we stuck to it through all changes. With real regret, too, have we parted with our donkeys and Arabs. They had a hard time of it, and so did we; but they served us well and bore us safely through all perils, and, with all their faults, we found much in them to admire and approve. We bid them a kindly farewell, with our best wishes for their continued success in treading the rough ways of life. We mean yet to pay a deserved tribute to the donkey—not one donkey, but the donkey at large. We thought once, amidst our joltings and swingings, of writing a poem on the donkey, and tried to compose the first two lines, but they would no more come in harmony than the first and last lines of the guide-book. The fact is, that all the poetry was jolted and thumped out of us. We tried to get our bobbing head to hunt up a rhyme for donkey. Monkey, flunkey, spunky—none of them would do. We remembered the Pamunkey river, and thought that some brilliant historical reference, or dashy description of its scenery, might be the thing; but to switch off the main track so many thousand miles to hitch on to the Pamunkey river and bring it over here, seemed a daring undertaking; and then what to do with it when we got it here, except to pour cold water on our poetical aspirations, we did not know. But we mean yet to do justice to the despised donkey, even if it has to be in sober prose.

Beyrout, April 18, 1887.

On his homeward journey Mr. Errett turned aside to visit missionaries in Turkey who were supported

there by the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. They were greatly cheered and strengthened by his presence and counsels, while he himself procured much information that would be valuable to the board after his return. It will be seen later that his visit to the Smyrna mission, especially, brought forth good fruit.

On reaching London, most of the English missionaries were called together to meet him, and as the result of the full and free conference which he had with them, he was able to give an interesting and encouraging account of "Our English Missions." How constantly did the burden of the missionary cause rest upon his heart.

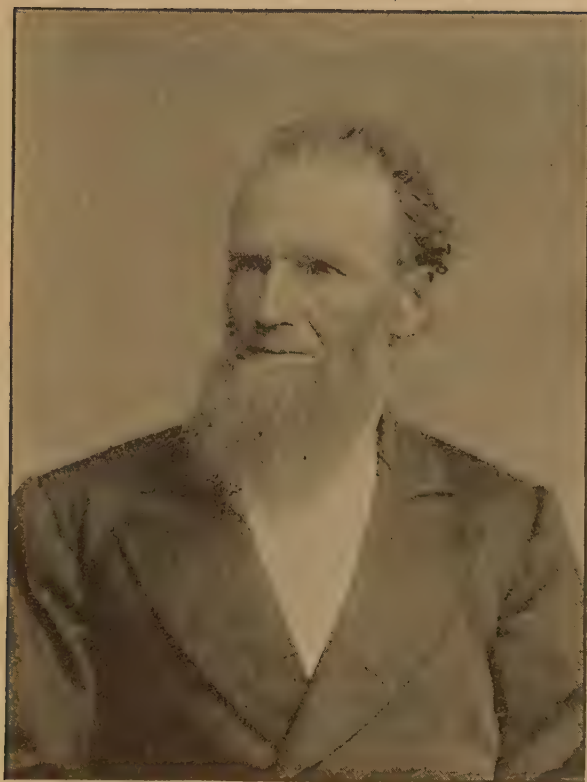
At length he escaped from the damp, cold atmosphere of England, from which he greatly suffered, and after a rough voyage across the Atlantic—the winds being bleak and the temperature most trying—he reached the warm and sunny port of his native New York, and on the 21st of June arrived at his own sweet home at Cincinnati.

His trip had not been helpful to him; on the contrary, most hurtful. He was far from well. He made haste to visit the office, and after satisfying himself that everything had gone on prosperously and well during his absence, and, that the able office editor and the rest of the staff seemed still equal to all the work that was immediately necessary to be done, he withdrew for a time to rest and recuperate at home.

I may mention one of the many pleasant tokens of high regard that was a source of great joy to him. It will be remembered that, in one of the earlier chapters

of this work, reference was made to the severe trial, as by fire, to which he was subjected by Pardee Butler. After the "Standard" was fairly started, it was noted that every now and then this long estranged brother sent in a list of subscribers. After a time his words of approval of its editor and his course were pronounced, and a few years found him contributing to its columns. Letters passed between him and the editor, friendly and appreciative on both sides. The old friendship and confidence were restored without an allusion to the past. It was known later that his pathway had been rough and stormy, his burdens heavy. He bore his trials right manfully, without complaint, and worked on faithfully in the cause he so dearly loved. He had been fully forgiven and restored to favor. But he was not content. Under date August 2d he wrote a letter of tender solicitude to his friend, in which he said:

I have never had a doubt that the friends that sent you on this trip were making a mistake. They should have sent you to Colorado or Florida, and should have left you for six months to rest. They should not have put you through your paces on this journey, in which you were kept every moment on a strain. Of course, I do not know what will be the final result in your case. I know this, that men inured to work, of no dissipated habits, and of an organization as tough as yours, do not often break down suddenly. But whether you do or not, your work is done. A few years more or less will make no difference in the final result. Twenty years ago Alexander Campbell was dead, and a new king had arisen that knew not Joseph, and the question had come to be: Shall this Reformation be kept true to its original purpose, or shall it be shriveled up into a revised edition of Hard Shell Baptistism? I always thought that we in Kansas could see this much more clearly than you in the



PARDEE BUTLER.

East, because at that time ours was a much lower grade of discipleship. *You* proposed to publish the "Standard," and I knew very well this was our chance. *I had done you a wrong (I know now that you know I did not mean it), and could not expect your friendship.* Nevertheless, I thought it right to say I would do my best to help you. And so there have been twenty years of battle; and now the wonder is, not so much that the Reformation has grown mightily in wealth, in numbers and in power, but that, unlike other Protestant reformations, it has kept itself so near the purpose of its original founders.

As for myself, I am fast becoming an old man. It would be no marvel if we were called from our work at one and the same time. I have still some things to do, and while life lasts, the Lord helping me, I shall try to do it.

Mr. Errett was deeply touched by this testimonial from the *grand old man*, as he called him, and he determined to ask him to tell his story in the "Standard." It appeared some months later, under the title, "Personal Recollections of Pardee Butler."

As anticipated in Mr. Butler's letter, they were called home about the same time.

It was not in Isaac Errett's nature, however, to refrain from work whenever he *could* work. He continued, after a short respite, to write for his paper as usual.

In September he made the journey to Cleveland, O., to meet with the club, to which he had been so devoted. He writes of this, his last meeting with the members of

THE QUINTINKLE:

After the return of our brethren from the war there were many happy meetings of the Quintinkle, and every year an annual meeting was held, devoted to social enjoyment, reminiscences and informal discussions of leading

questions of the time. The meetings have generally been held at Dr. Robison's, Sister Betsey always providing a bountiful feast for the occasion. . . . After the election of Jas. A. Garfield to the Presidency, it was arranged to hold a special meeting at Mentor just before his departure for Washington, but unavoidable circumstances preventing the attendance of some of our number, it was postponed to meet at the White House in Washington at the call of the President. But before a favorable opportunity arrived, the hand of the assassin had done its dreadful work, and our next meeting was one of unspeakable grief. Death has broken our circle but this once. The annual meetings are still held, and probably will be until a majority of the original members have passed away.

Dr. Robison, our honored President, is now seventy-six years of age; J. H. Jones is seventy-four. There is something of growing pathos, year by year, in these annual gatherings, not only as we painfully miss the cheering presence of one who was and is tenderly beloved, but as we note the growing indications of age and infirmity in those who remain, . . . reminding us that "our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding."

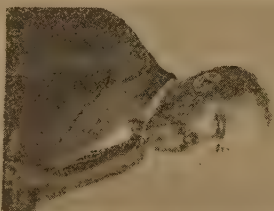
Our meeting this year was exceptionally interesting. Dr. Robison had come up from a severe illness; . . . J. H. Jones had been absent nearly a year in Kansas and in Southern California; and the writer had been roaming over Europe, Asia and Africa. It was a source of thankfulness and joy that out of all perils the Lord had delivered and permitted us to meet once more.

Dr. Robison was once a renowned preacher among us. Few were so successful in turning sinners to the Lord, or so active in pushing forward our benevolent enterprises, or so richly benevolent in ministrations to the needy and distressed. . . . He was one of the proprietors and liberal supporters of the "Christian Standard." . . . If his eye is somewhat dim and his natural force abated, his mind

The QUININKLE CLUB.



Mrs Emily Robinson.



James A. Fairfield.

organized at

Belford, O. 1861.



Dr. J. P. Robinson.



Isaac E. Smith.



J. M. Jones.

is still unclouded and his heart unchilled. Firm in faith he is calmly contemplating the "appointed time" when his "change shall come," . . . and stands ready for the summons that shall call him home.

Betsey, his faithful and devoted wife, is still vigorous, and, with the quiet cheerfulness of her earlier years, superintends her household affairs, and holds out the same hand of welcome to the members of the Quintinkle. An active worker, a diligent reader, her words are few but always weighty. In deeds, more than in words, she reveals her kindness of heart. . . . Outside of her own family, to which she is supremely devoted, none know better how to appreciate her excellencies than the members of the Quintinkle.

J. H. Jones is still vigorous and bright as ever. The testimony of those who have known him longest and best is, that he preaches better than ever. He is one of the truest men we have ever known, and we were delighted to find that age had dealt so kindly with him. Through a long public life he has been a man of rare pulpit power. We are free to say that we have never heard his equal in pathos and power of appeal to multitudes; and though we have heard him but little of late years, we are told that he still retains much of the power of his prime. He is, in his old age, "fat and flourishing," and bids fair to live yet many years to bless the church and the world with his labors.

And in October he attended the meetings of the General Conventions in Indianapolis, which he greatly enjoyed and in which he took an active part. But every one could see that he was still far from well. He had maintained, and was still maintaining, a brave fight with his disease, and was making a manly and resolute effort to hold up and work on. And so he reached the end of the year—really with no perma-

nent improvement, but manifesting so much activity, so much cheerfulness and hopefulness, as to encourage his friends to believe that he might yet recover, and be long spared to them.

CHAPTER XLVI.

1888—1889.

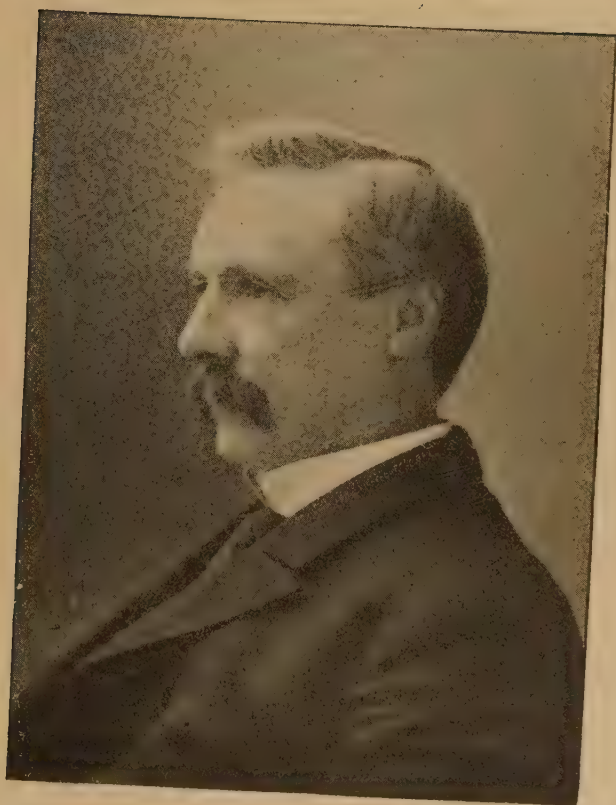
The office still visited.—Hugh McDiarmid, office editor.—B. J. Radford, associate editor.—C. L. Loos, contributor.—Painful anxieties.—More work.—His writing a sort of tender farewell.—Tender and devoted letters.—Unable to attend General Conventions.—Loving remembrances sent to him.—A rift in the cloud.—Visits the office.—The last time.—The shock caused by the announcement of his unlooked-for death.

With the gifted Hugh McDiarmid, a gentleman and scholar, an accomplished writer and a congenial spirit, enthroned in the sanctum as office editor; B. J. Radford, accomplished and versatile, as associate editor, and President C. L. Loos as regular contributor, together with a corps of entertaining and able correspondents, there was really no pressing necessity for the enfeebled editor-in-chief to continue his arduous work on the "Standard." But labor was a pleasure to him. He could not be content to give up and rest, and hence, during several months of this year, he prepared, every week, one of his thoughtful leaders. They disclosed no impairment of mental power, nor of the gift of apt and happy expression. If there was any difference discernible, it showed itself not in the loss of force, but rather in increased earnestness, and in a deeper and tenderer solic-

itude for the spiritual welfare of his brethren, and for the development of greater power and efficiency in the churches. It might not have occurred to us then, but we can see now that he seemed to write as if feeling that the time was short—as if sending to those he loved so well his fatherly counsels and his farewell benediction. Sweet and gracious are these last priceless words of the great and good editor. Beyond doubt they contributed largely to that deeper consecration and more ardent and self-sacrificing zeal which have since, in so many churches and individuals, become characteristic and signal.

At length, about the first of June, his place in the office is vacated, and another hand fills his column in the paper. The next week it is the same, and still the next, and the next, until the hearts of the brotherhood everywhere become saddened with painful anxiety. It is hardly possible to make known how truly and devotedly they loved him. With heartiest concern they begin to write letters of inquiry—letters which, in numerous instances, speak of the writers' heartfelt gratitude for the light and strength and comfort—the inspirations and aspirations—which he had imparted to their lives. They told how that, day by day, their prayers ascended to the throne of God for his restoration—that he might be spared to continue his holy work, and to exert for many years his blessed influence. His old church in Ionia telegraphs its affectionate remembrance, and touches his heart by saying that the brethren, when surrounding the Lord's table, lovingly thought of him and fervently prayed for him.

In October the annual Conventions—embracing the General Missionary Convention, the Foreign Society,



H. M'DIARMID.
OFFICE EDITOR OF THE STANDARD, 1881—1893.

and the Woman's Board of Missions—met, as usual, at the same time and place, this year in Springfield, Ill. He had been able in May to attend the Ohio Christian Missionary Society, and to make one of his bright and stimulating addresses; but now, on this more important occasion, he was absent. The great mind which had been wont, year after year, to cheer and animate the assembled brotherhood, and to lead them to attempt greater and still greater things for God and humanity, was to be heard by them never more. After touching and tender remarks upon his absence and its melancholy cause, provision was made for conveying to him an expression of their affectionate solicitude, as well as of their grateful appreciation of his past services. These communications, beautiful in their grace and warm with genuine and tender love, were a sweet refreshment to the weary sufferer—a sort of foretaste of the boundless love and joy into which he was soon to enter. There were two of them, which I copy here in full:

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Oct. 23, 1888.

THE FOREIGN CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY CONVENTION,
SPRINGFIELD, ILL., TO PRESIDENT ISAAC ERRETT, CIN-
CINNATI, O.:

Our Beloved President and Brother in Christ:—We are here holding the thirteenth annual meeting of our society—a grand outpouring of our Christian brotherhood. The reports for the last year fill us with thankfulness, and the enthusiasm for still larger work inspires us with lively hope. But, beloved President, we miss your counsel, your guiding presidency, the divine inspiration of your presence. Many years of blessed fellowship make it hard to realize that you are not to be with us—moving among us as was ever your wont, our honored leader, under God, in this cherished work

of the church for carrying the gospel into all the world. We know the affliction that has befallen you, and we grieve the more that a consuming zeal in this good cause should have so overtaxed your strength and consumed your fire as to compel you to pause and rest, while the battle is still on and so many fields are yet to be won. Dear brother and soldier of the cross, we can not, we do not give you up. Our hearts are cheered by the report that you are already recovering; and we believe that our merciful Father in heaven will hear our prayers, incessantly going up from so many hearts, and give you back to us in health and strength, to stand before us in our assemblies, and by the wisdom of your counsel, the nobility of your example, the courage of your faith, and the eloquence of your voice, to lead us on to still higher service in the kingdom of his grace.

We pray that you may have patience to suffer, and strength to recover; that your affliction may be brief, and prove to be only a blessed rest sent in mercy to give you pause from excessive work; that out of the travail of suffering you may come forth refreshed as from a sleep; and that, buckling on the armor so long and honorably worn, you may stand again in front, your wonted place, to win new victories for the cross. But should it be that our King decrees to give you discharge, we know it will be to exalt you to higher honors. You have fought a good fight, and a crown of righteousness, unfading and eternal in the heavens, awaits you. The blessed memories you will leave behind you will be soothed of their sadness by the brighter visions we shall cherish of your better life, for we know that for *you* to depart and be with Christ is far better.

But whether you depart or remain, accept our greetings in the Lord. Keep us in your love, and meet us morning, noon and night, while life remains, before the throne of his grace, in mutual prayer that we may be kept steadfast by faith, always abounding in the work of the Lord, and so to meet him at his coming. If the evening of life be long to you, may it be as the glory of the setting sun. If it be



CHAS. LOUIS LOOS.

CONNECTED WITH THE STANDARD, APRIL, 1866—JANUARY, 1889.

short and almost spent, may it pass and brighten into the rosy dawn of the eternal day whose sun shall know no setting.

W. K. PENDLETON,
A. M. ATKINSON,
T. P. HALLEY,
Committee.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 28, 1888.

MY DEAR BROTHER ERRETT:—By unanimous resolution of the General Christian Missionary Convention, which has just closed its sessions at Springfield, Ill., I was directed, as the presiding officer of that body, to convey to you its warmest sympathy with you in your affliction, its deep sense of loss by reason of your absence from its counsels, and its tender solicitude and fervent prayers for your speedy recovery. While you have been more officially and intimately connected with the Foreign Society, since its organization, than with this convention, we do not forget your equal interest in Home Missions, and your valuable services in their behalf. Besides, it is no merely official or perfunctory message which I send you, but the warm sympathy and love of your brethren all over this great nation, who, with moistened eyes, broken voices and fervent “amens,” testified of their high and tender regard for you. To have won so high a place in the affectionate regard of your brethren is, at once, evidence of the useful and unselfish service you have rendered to the cause of Christ, and compensation, in part, which God gives to his faithful workers. I need not multiply words. Let it suffice to say, my dear brother, that your brethren in convention remembered you tenderly, prayed for you fervently, spoke of you affectionately, and that the united prayer and fondly cherished hope of all is that you may soon be restored to your wonted health, and to those high offices of sacred trust which you have so long and so faithfully filled. In behalf of the convention,

Fraternally and affectionately,
J. H. GARRISON, President.

About this time there was an unexpected rift in the overhanging cloud, and the readers of the "Standard" were once more cheered by hope.

"The editor-in-chief," said the paper, "favored this office with a call on Monday, October 29. As this is his first appearance here for five months, and is recorded in evidence of his rapid, and, we trust, permanent improvement, we take occasion to express our gratitude and joy, and invite his hosts of friends to share it with us. All remarked on his wonderfully improved appearance, and the ample justice he bestowed on a hastily improvised lunch disposed us to hope most cheerfully for its continuance."

But this hope proved to be delusive. While his friends abroad continued to cherish it—knowing of nothing that would have tended to make it uncertain—and while even the best medical science gave assurance of possible improvement, but not of final recovery, he was really nearing the end more rapidly than even those nearest and most anxious were aware.

I can never forget the shock which the unlooked-for announcement of his death gave to me. The day—December 19th—had been bright and beautiful in my sunny home. Over neither sky nor heart was there any cloud. All things, without and within, were serenely quiet and peaceful. Then the messenger boy, in his unmoved and perfunctory way, placed the dispatch, with its brief but mournful story, in my hands.

What! I exclaimed to myself, dead! *Isaac Errett dead!* The Captain of the Lord's host slain! Our great and mighty champion and leader fallen! The news was simply overwhelming. I had not before re-

alized how large a place he had filled in my world, nor how intimately he had mingled with my life.

There are men—of whom Isaac Errett was a blessed example—the influence of whose very presence in the world is unconsciously felt as a benediction and a safeguard. In seasons of mental perplexity and doubt, or in the face of new and untried expedients, many had been accustomed, instinctively and almost without knowing it, to think of him in connection with the subject: How would he look at it? What would he think of it? In what way would he dispose of it? For, in truth, he had not only deeply impressed them by his thought, he had also trained them to adopt his method of thought—his calm and dispassionate consideration, his judicial fairness, and, so to speak, all-sidedness of view. The mariner is not constantly *looking* at his polar star, but he is glad to know that in time of need it is *always there*—fixed in its place—whence, though its “voice is not heard,” it points out to his intelligence the true and safe way. So Mr. Errett was to me, as to many besides, the fixed and ever-shining Cynosure in our ecclesiastical heavens, to whom, so long as he lived, it was a comfort to feel that we could apply for instruction and guidance, and never apply in vain.

A detailed account of Mr. Errett's protracted sickness, and yet sudden death, will come more appropriately from a member of the family. His son Russell furnished, soon after the funeral, the desired information through the editorial columns of the “Standard.” It will be seen that the communication is written in fine taste, and with touches, here and there, of rare poetic beauty. It will be read with interest:

(From the Christian Standard, January 5, 1889.)

IN THE AFTERGLOW.

When feebler luminaries pass from sight, the full measure of our deprivation closes in upon us instantly; but when the sun sinks below the horizon, the day still lingers, in many a gentle vision of beauty that was shut from our eyes by the glory of his power.

The solace of such a twilight is mercifully granted, when one in whose strength and constancy we have confidently rested passes forever from our view. Not till the last beam of the afterglow has vanished, do we realize that we shall see his face no more; while, in the chastened light, the familiar lineaments reveal to us rare beauties unsuspected in the flush of manhood's day.

In the consecrated hush of a moment like this, before the mirk of desolation shall chill our kindlier memories to stony grief, it may not be unpardonable to dwell on the final months and hours of our departed warrior since he lay down his weapons, because too burdensome for him to wield.

Surely among the multitudes of stricken ones who have turned to him for consolation in their bereavement, there are those who will not be indifferent to the weary hours when he himself at last stood face to face with the destroyer.

From the time the imperative summons came to abandon his labors and begin the search for health, I think he never ceased to listen for the knock at the door. Endorsed on the wrapper that sealed his will, written before his departure for Europe, we have just found a few lines directing the procedure when the news of his death should be received. Addressing the friends who attended his farewell reception here, he spoke freely and unaffectedly of Death as an acquaintance whom he might meet abroad, and of the Promised Land as a country not far, into which his way might lead at any day.

In a nature so far from despondent as his had ever been, nothing could tell more plainly of a resolute preparation for

the end; nor do I believe that in the two years that intervened, it could have stirred in him a greater tremor than would a motion to adjourn for recess. "The readiness is all." Yet, never by word or act did he betray indifference to anything. To the last moment he retained the liveliest sense of responsibility in every interest with which he stood connected.

I think it would be hard to find a parallel to the letters he wrote for publication while abroad. To a man of his age, even in health, it was an arduous undertaking to undergo the hardships of travel so unremitting and laborious. Add to that great feebleness of body, and constant suffering from untimely severity of climate everywhere, and the production of such letters, which were supplied twice as fast as they could be printed weekly, seems to me to border on the marvelous. He was himself keenly alive to the disabilities under which he labored, and would never entertain the thought of their republication.

It is known to but few that he was the victim of a serious disaster while in Palestine, which was undoubtedly the main cause of his death. The particulars would carry me out of the line set down for these reflections. It is enough to say that, after an exciting runaway in which he figured on horseback, in an attempt to swing himself from his horse in full motion he received a fall, from the shock of which he never recovered. The most serious injury is believed by his physician to have been at the base of the brain. This was at the beginning of the trip through Palestine. And as I think of him confronting all the hardships of that jaunt, his waning powers of body taxed with new severity at every turn, I hope I may be forgiven if I am reminded more of the pagan notion of mortals driven by unrelenting fate, than of the beneficent ministrations that should have waited on a frame as worn and frail as his. Yet I doubt if he was ever thoroughly conscious of the stark, grim mockery of such a "search for health." The line once marked down, he hewed to it with a sublimity of self-abdication that I have never

seen equalled. He has frequently said that, from leaving home till his return, he felt warm barely twice—once in Cairo, once by the Dead Sea—so unseasonable was the weather everywhere.

On his return, the first sign of trouble appeared in the heart. The seat of this the physician at once located in the brain. The trouble in that organ was soon brought under control, and did not again assert itself there.

While he began to show some indisposition to the labors of the office, his indomitable resolution was unshaken, and in the fall of 1887 he forced himself, with untold fatigue and suffering, to attend the convention at Indianapolis, discharging all his duties as President of the Foreign Society. A severe illness served notice that he was overdrawing his account in the bank of health. Yet in the dead of the following winter—against every protest of body and reason, and in a storm that blocked all the roads in the East—he made his way to Richmond, Va., to attend the sittings of the International Sunday-School Lesson Committee. For once in my life-time I entered an earnest protest against a decision of his. But it was useless. His absence the year before, while abroad, was to him an unanswerable argument why he should go now. The penalty was a severe illness, from which he had scarcely recovered when he was prevailed upon to attend the Ohio State Meeting at Columbus, and, under the inspiration of old associations, he spoke at some length, and returned home to realize that an embargo was laid, for a time at least, on all further public exertions. All his appointments were recalled, and in June, 1888, he discontinued his visits to the office.

(From the Christian Standard, January 19, 1889.)

The suggestion has been made that some expressions I have used seem to imply a censure of those who permitted him to travel in such a feeble condition, or of his companions. Nothing could be farther from my purpose. I have, indeed, failed signally of my object, if it has not been made apparent that it was his own unbending will that

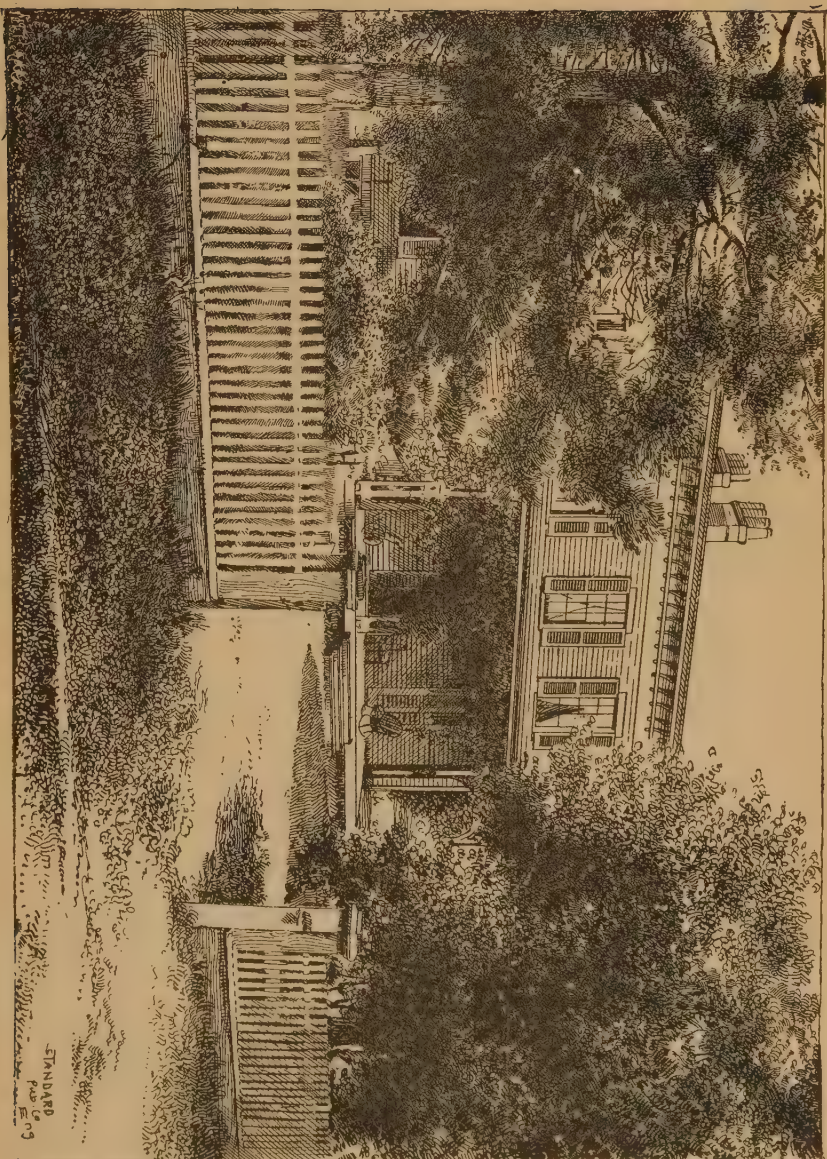
carried him forward, in spite of manifold and unmistakable warnings. He was the most considerate of mortals to others, and the most pitiless to himself. It was but a week or two before his departure that Dr. F. H. Schell, of Cincinnati, discovered the source of an excruciating pain he had suffered in his ear for six months, in a decay of the bones of the head which, if it had not been promptly arrested, must have resulted fatally in a very short time. Yet no persuasion would prevail on him to alter his determination, and he made that arduous tour without waiting for a second examination. The splendid physique which he had built up by a well-ordered life had borne him so gallantly through years of unremitting toil, that he seemed to rebel against the very thought that its powers were failing. No pen can picture the merciless exactions to which, for the last score of years, it was subjected. How it was endured without more than mortal help is a mystery, unless it was his burning enthusiasm in the great tasks that lay before him. Perhaps ardor is the essence of immortality after all. He wrought at his work with an energy that was little short of a passion. One who saw the great sculptor, Michael Angelo, in his old age, chiseling at a statue, in one of his inspirations, describes him as attacking the marble with incredible fury, cutting it away with an energy that threatened its demolition, while he hewed to the dantiest curve of the ideal figure that was burning in his soul. Such a species of fury animated Isaac Errett in his life-work, and with a hand as true he shaped it to perfection. As I recall, in the half-light that now rests on these years, his heroic struggle with all that marred the glory of our plea before the world, I can think of nothing in all I have ever learned of men so like the fiery old sculptor, battling with the obdurate rock that imprisoned the child of his soul.

And it was this spirit, not one whit abated, that we have seen turned from gigantic labors to toy at last with leisure and recreation. There is an infinite depth of pathos in the thought of one so inured to toil, that rest has become a bur-

den and a bewilderment. For twenty-five years he had scarcely known the word, and now it was like freedom to the life-long captive. There seemed to be a species of moral momentum, acquired in a course so long and so strenuous, that forbade him to stop until its force was spent, and hence he pursued his travels with the habitual determination which he had always given to his work.

But now the superhuman strength is spent. The silver cord is wearing loose and thin, and the golden bowl is trembling on the brink. In the immortal man there was no decay, but the poor, worn tenement was tottering to its fall. And now that the busy world was shut out, and scarcely its distant hum was borne to his ears, he at last submitted to a thorough course of medicine. His untiring spirit seemed to find a half-congenial activity in exploring the difficulties of his physical condition. And they were neither few nor slight. He took a half whimsical interest in the doctor's skill, as in one organ after another the malignant power of the disease was overcome, only to disclose itself again in a new form or another organ. And gradually, as medical skill seemed to gain the ascendancy, he acquired unbounded faith in its final triumph.

But they were weary hours of imprisonment, these weeks and months of banishment from the great work that was ever supreme in his heart. How very weary we should never have known but for an incident that came in due time. His home lay quiet and retired on a breezy level, surrounded by gentle heights on every hand. Here, through the long summer days, he would sit on the wide veranda, or pace gently up and down in a manner habitual to him all his life long. All sights and sounds within his ken were rural, save the rumble and thunder of the trains that came and went the long day through. What thoughts of the strife and clamor and heady conflict of the great world they brought to him, we shall never know under these skies. He who had been the center of an ever widening circle of animation for two score years, now found himself stranded far from the cur-



HOME OF ISAAC ERRETT, AT TERRACE PARK, OHIO.

STANDARD
PUBL. CO.

rents, and scarcely ever saw the welcome sight of a companion in arms. For his burdens had grown so great as to compel him to almost absolute renunciation of social life, and they were but few who had become accustomed to find their way to his retreat. The same moral inertia to which I have referred, forbids much social circulation till currents have had time to become established. Hence, it was weeks before even his dearest friends found their way to his door, many of them fearing a visit might be untimely. Meanwhile, the gentle ministrations of home, to the adequate enjoyment of which his toilsome life had been a constant bar, now assumed their rightful sway, and kind neighbors, people of culture and warm sympathies, were unobtrusively thoughtful in their attentions.

Finally, old friends, men like himself absorbed in public duties, began to plan, in their trips through Cincinnati, to take the time to visit him, and towards the end of summer he began to enjoy once more the companionship that was most dear to him of any on earth—that of his comrades.

The weather began to grow cooler, too, and with improving health, and feeling himself once more nearing the currents of his old life, he began to turn his eyes hopefully to the city again, and to think of resuming his place, not only in his office, but in the missionary work, which was ever uppermost in his thoughts.

None of us suspected how intently his heart was set on this object. He bore his isolation without a murmur, and it was only in the evident wish he showed for the visits of his friends that he ever betrayed how keenly he felt his separation. But as he grew stronger, and extended his walks farther, day by day, his craving for his work began to show itself, and he became importunate with his physician for permission to come to town.

All this time he retained, unabated, his interest in the work. He continued to write as he had strength, and as the time for the great missionary gatherings came on, he reluctantly gave up the last hope that he might be able to at-

tend them. But he was steadily improving in health, and living daily in expectation of the coveted trip to the office.

At last it came, shortly after the conventions. And then broke out all the suppressed fires of the spirit that had been held in check so long. His joy at escape from his imprisonment was simply unbounded. He had no sooner set foot on deck, so to say, once more, than he cast every restraint aside and resumed his old dominion over his wasted frame. The exertions he underwent that day are scarcely credible, knowing, as we now do, his feebleness. So resolute and confident was he, so fearless of fatigue, that we all began to indulge the fondest anticipations of his restoration to reasonably good health. Heaven help us, how little we thought it was the last brilliant leap of the flame before all should crumble into ashes!

The next day he was indisposed to exertion, and it soon transpired that he had taken cold, with an implication of one lung, from which he had not entirely recovered at the time of his death. From this time on he seemed to grow constantly feebler, and after a time required attention day and night. Yet, till the last, he bore up with the same royal determination, nor in all his illness did he ever remain a day in bed. And, till the very last, his bodily powers responded to the physician's treatment, and never let us despair of his ultimate recovery.

But the path was sloping swiftly in its descent to the long, long home. The ceaseless cough, due not so much to pulmonary difficulties as to the derangement of the pneumogastric nerve, allowed him no relief, and night and day his strength was worn away, and the lines of pain grew deeper in his face. He had little strength to read, yet still his interest was keen in the "Standard," and in the work of missions, and almost his last act was to affix his name as President to certificates of membership in the Foreign Society. To others he said, what he did not say to his family, that he did not expect to recover; and daily he gave what

little strength he had to the Master's work, as devotedly as ever in the day of his greatest vitality.

We can see him now, calmly and without a tremor waiting for his summons. His life the same as it had been; the family worship maintained as it had been from the rearing of its altars; but not one word or sign of a devotion that had not belonged to him in his hour of supremest health. Those who have drawn comfort from his words, when called to mourn their own, may know that he gave their sorrows a hundred fold more tender consideration than he ever gave his own.

The end came suddenly and painless'y. It was his daughter Jennie's custom to watch with him till two o'clock in the morning, when she was relieved by her mother. At half-past twelve, on the morning of December 19th, he called her to him, complained of being cold, and asked her to call her mother, which was done, and while they waited on him, without a word or sigh, the worn thread that had prisoned his eager spirit parted noiselessly, and the poor, wasted tabernacle lay in ruins. The worn, pained look now vanished from his face, and once again it bore the stamp of peace.

So passed from the ranks militant to the ranks triumphant, a true soldier of the cross. He had fought a good fight, he had finished his course, and through the gates of suffering has entered into rest.

In addition to the above, which was mainly designed to give such information concerning his last days as the public and his personal friends were entitled to receive—the "Standard" devoted a leader to his memory which, as it justly describes the character and influence of his great work, and also speaks of the beautiful funeral service, and the distinguished gentleman who took part in it, I shall copy here in full:

ISAAC ERRETT.

When the great statesman was lying in his coffin, an old neighbor and admirer looked upon his face and said, in immeasurable sadness, "Daniel Webster, the world seems lonesome without you!" So we felt in looking upon the dead face of Isaac Errett, and so feel tens of thousands of the noblest people on earth. The "sweetness and light" of Matthew, the *talk*-gatherer, may have been only a sentimental abstraction, a fine and empty phrase, but for a large circle of acquaintances, and for our whole brotherhood, Isaac Errett was the very embodiment of it. And it was this that made him, more than any other man, our leader for five and twenty years. He led us out of the bitterness and darkness of bondage to a hard, narrow, opinionated legalism, to the sweetness and light of the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. And the root of the matter was in himself—a God-given *temper*. Yet he grew out of the same soil and in the same environment as others. While one plant assimilates and works into its tissue deadly poison, another from the same soil and suns, the same winds and waters, gathers only that which is wholesome and healing; while one is bursting with bitterness, another is swelling with sweetness; one is foul and fetid to the sense, the other fair and fragrant. What a shallow lie is this modern doctrine of the omnipotence of environment!

It was well with us that, in addition to his wonderful physical and intellectual powers, Isaac Errett had the faculty of growing sweet where others grew sour; of growing broad where others grew narrow; tolerant, where others grew intolerant; optimistic, where others were hopelessly pessimistic. Our first period was one of conquest and strife; of doctrinal war wherein the leaders must be intolerant almost to bigotry, narrow almost to sectarianism; wherein they must put a hundred-fold more emphasis on *dissensus* than *concensus*. But the time came when the destructive work of war must be followed by reconstruction; when the violent action of polemics must be counterbalanced by the reaction

of culture. Not only conquest, but cultivation also, is necessary to bring a region into the empire of civilization; so not only conquest, but culture also, is necessary to bring humanity into the kingdom of Christ. There were too many of our leaders—captains of tens, of hundreds, and even of thousands—who thought, as did Joshua's captains, that the conquest of Canaan was simply a perpetual military occupation.

It was Isaac Errett, more than any other, who led us to break up our camp-life and really occupy the land. And he saw, and pointed out to us, that this was necessary to permanency, and *to wider conquest still*. In the period of reconstruction, Isaac Errett was our wisest master-builder, and, when we shall have wiped away the tears of bereavement, we shall find that he has done his work—laid the foundation of a broad fellowship, a system of Christian culture and of foreign conquests.

Not every one understood the man or his work, and the very fewest of us at first saw clearly what he was aiming to do, or fully sympathized with what he did see. He stood so resolutely on the golden mean, that extremists on both hands thought him away to one side. Some thought him too radical, while others denounced his conservatism, and now and then a bigot, who would have re-established the Inquisition, called him coward; yet he kept the tenor of his way until we all came to see, as the Cincinnati "Commercial Gazette" said, "This earth has known few stronger, truer, braver men than Isaac Errett." And this was the secret of his power—this self-poise that gave men confidence in his leadership. He held not his place of supremacy among us for a quarter of a century by the leverage of ecclesiastical office, by which the veriest priestlings are often retained in power. We have no such system. It was by the force of a mighty intellect, a royal will, and a great human heart.

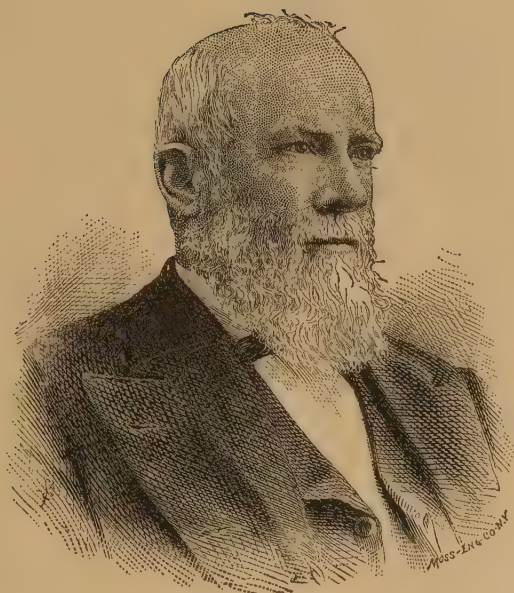
All these splendid endowments were unselfishly devoted to the service of God. If Whittier "yoked his fancy to a breaking-plow to turn, beam-deep, the soil for seeds of truth

to grow," so did Isaac Errett yoke his genius (and he had it in the very best sense) to the plow and the cart, in the busy fields and dusty highways of human life. And yet there seemed to be no sullen consciousness that he was making any sacrifice. Men who could not have borne his armor or wielded his weapons, have gone from his side into political, professional and business life, to win fame and fortune; yet there was no sighing for what "might have been." He could have been *facile princeps* in almost any field of honorable pursuit, but if from the mountain of his superiority, of which he must have been conscious, he saw the glory of worldliness, he put the tempter behind him.

The funeral, which was held at Central Christian Church in Cincinnati, was in perfect keeping with the life of the man. It was not "severely," as some one said, but sweetly simple.

There were no pomp and parade; no floral display; no florid rhetoric. Robert Graham, who knew Isaac Errett from his boyhood, told the simple story of his outward life; Charles Louis Loos, the most intimate of his ministerial associates for forty years, set forth the elements of his character; and J. H. Garrison, a true yoke-fellow in Christian journalism, led us to the mercy seat in a simple, child-like prayer. This, with a Scripture reading and a few of the sweet songs of Zion, made up the service in which a few hundred participated in the body, but thousands in spirit. It was faultlessly fit. Isaac Errett's life was simplicity itself. He did neither envy nor despise the splendor and magnificence about him, but he simply did not care for these things. There was no suggestion of pomposity in his domestic, social, or public life. And yet he was delightfully human.

But it was not intended to do more than tell the readers of the "Standard" something of the last sad services which we could render to our well-beloved teacher, leader, brother. It would be better to leave the portraiture of his character and life to those who knew him longer, if not better. There are those whose qualifications for this work are unques-



ROBERT GRAHAM.

tioned, who would count it a labor of love to do this, and we shall hear from them in due time. Meanwhile, let all those who love him, and they are legion, devote themselves more earnestly to the work to which Isaac Errett gave himself.

Letters and telegrams of condolence were sent to the bereaved family in large numbers and from every quarter. The press, both secular and religious, paid worthy tributes to his exalted character, his intellectual ability, and his wide and wonderful influence; while numerous churches held special memorial services in his honor, and voiced their sense of personal bereavement in warm eulogistic addresses, in some of which the elements of his mighty power were analytically brought out, and in all the grandeur and importance of his work were duly emphasized.

It was furthermore deemed proper by the Foreign Missionary Board that a suitable memorial address should be delivered at the next convention, which was to meet in Louisville in October; and they did me the honor to select me for that service. The gathering was very large, including many persons of eminence and distinction from all parts of the country—every one of whom had been a personal friend of the dead President, and had long admired and honored and loved him. The address, I may here say, was received with generous kindness and too generous appreciation. I have been asked to insert it here as an appropriate conclusion to this work; but it seems to me, upon a calm review of it, that any unusual interest which it seemed to excite was due mainly to the impressiveness of the occasion which called it forth, and the already accordant feelings of the audience to which it

was presented. I trust, therefore, that the wishes of my good friends will be satisfied if, instead of a literal compliance with their request, I embrace the substance of the address, with perhaps a few of its characteristic passages (marked as quotations), in the following chapter, which will conclude the present work.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CONCLUSION.

However imperfectly I may have executed the work which I am now about to close, it can hardly have failed to impress the reader with the fact that Isaac Errett, the subject of it, was in many respects an extraordinary man. The environment in which he lived and labored, the relations to various men and parties which he sustained, and the multiform difficulties connected with the work which he was called to perform, demanded an endowment of all the high gifts and characteristics of noblest manhood, and in every particular, remarkable as the statement is, he seemed to measure fully up to the demand. Such of my readers as did not know him might be pardoned if they supposed that my judgment had been warped by a too partial friendship. But not so. Persons less friendly, and even his bitterest opponents, were constrained to recognize his extraordinary power and the surpassing fullness of his mental equipment; while the greatest men of his times, whatever their calling or profession—even those filling the very highest stations—contemplated with amazement and delight the perfect balance of his faculties, and his readiness and skill in using them. He was, indeed, a full-orbed man. God had so wisely proportioned and mixed the elements in him that nowhere could be seen either deficiency or excess.

His parts were mutually correspondent, and their *tout ensemble* symmetrical and harmonious.

To speak now somewhat in detail, though by no means exhaustively:

1. His physical constitution and development were extremely fine. He was above the average height. His frame was massive and powerful—strong to endure, strong to labor. Withal, his physique was impressive and imposing. He *looked* like a great man. His likeness, as it appears in this work, though photographically accurate, gives but an imperfect idea of him. It shows, to be sure, the large cranial development indicative of his intellectuality, and the compressed lips which suggest his decision of character, but it necessarily fails to reveal the radiant beauty of the animated countenance, and the shining brightness of the eyes through which the luminous soul lying beyond disclosed its own inextinguishable fire and flame. But let it suffice to say here that the house provided for his residence was well suited to its great tenant. Taken all in all, his was

A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

2. Of his intellect it is not necessary to recall here the traits so repeatedly disclosed in the preceding pages, and to which at the time, whether by suggestion or express notice, the attention of the reader was directed. I may add, however, that his perceptions were as clear as sunlight, while in ratiocination his mind seemed instinctively to move in harmony with the processes of soundest logic. We know from his occasional use of its technical terms that he had studied the science of

dialectics, and its great principles had become inwoven, as it were, with his mental constitution, but he never seemed to be fettered by its forms and "modes" and "figures," nor even to be conscious of their existence. As if by intuition, he simply *saw* the fallacy lurking in a sophistical argument, whence with merciless logic he would draw it forth into the light of day. Nor did he fail in his own argument to see that at every stage of its progress it was protected by an impregnable fastness.

3. It goes without saying that his moral character was of the best. He was a man of perfect integrity, of highest honor, of unimpeachable truth and uprightness; and never did his indignant wrath so blaze and burn and scorch and wither as when some reckless opponent dared to impute improper motives to his conduct, or insinuate aught against his truthfulness or his honor.

4. Religiously, he was humble, devoted, reverent and trustful. His very soul bowed down before the Majesty on high, and, with the full consent of his understanding and his heart, he recognized His supreme right to rule in him and over him. The divine word, when properly interpreted and correctly applied, was to him the end of all controversy—the conclusion of the whole matter. With child-like simplicity he submitted to its dictum as embodying not only the highest authority, but also the highest wisdom. It was God's own message which he could not, must not, disregard, and which under no possible stress of temptation must be perverted or compromised. These lofty religious principles were, first and last and always, the inspiration of his life and the explanation of his conduct. Alike in the communion of the sanctuary, in the order-

ing of the church, in the management of his secular business, and in the hottest strifes of polemic conflicts, he walked by them, he trusted to them, he rejoiced and gloried in them, as his perfect safeguard against mistake and error.

5. As a preacher he was, in the best sense, remarkably original. In some respects, of course, he was obliged to resemble—or, at any rate, suggest—other great preachers, but this was manifestly undesigned and unnoticed by him. There was often, for example, a peculiar expository happiness in his sermons, something like what we observe in those of Frederick Robertson. He gave you surprising and delightful outflashes from old subjects and familiar texts; and he sounded new and dulcet harmonies away down in the depths of the Bible. But though, in some such features as these, he might have resembled the great Englishman, still he was strictly original. He was distinguished for them before Robertson's works were published. It is scarcely necessary to add that he exhibited none of the superheated zeal and self-consuming fire—the intellectual rush and nervous quiver—of the Brighton preacher; he moved with a steadier step, a more assured and assuring tread.

Again, his humor, on occasion, was as charming and brightening as Beecher's; but it was never introduced for its own sake, and was almost always but the prelude to a strain of melting pathos, in which he spoke to heart and conscience with the earnestness and unction of a soul in deepest sympathy with God.

Yet again, in the breadth of his comprehension, in the firm grasp of his subject, and in the clearness and strength of his argument, he resembled, if he did not

equal, the renowned Alexander Campbell—and still he was totally unlike him. Mr. Campbell's sermons were characterized by sustained elevation and grandeur. They were sonorous in tone, and majestic in their mighty sweep. His massive thought, upswelling from the great deep of heart and mind, surged on and on with irresistible power, like a vast ocean-tide. Mr. Errett's resembled rather some mighty river—wide and deep and forceful, but serenely quiet—accommodating itself with ease and readiness to present conditions; turning now to the right and now to the left as these required, but still flowing ever onward, surely and strongly, to its appointed destination.

But he was not only a powerful, he was also a delightful preacher. He gave you an intellectual stimulus and a spiritual elevation that made you feel glad and happy. You were interested at once in his thought, and in observing the processes of his thought. Such was his manner that he seemed to be investigating the subject, as if for the first time, then and there before you. I have seen him on some quiet occasion when he appeared, in the beginning, to regard his text as a sort of casket, which he was sure would be found to contain very precious things—if *he could only contrive to get it open!* And then he would take it up, and, as it were, *hold* it up before the audience, while every eye was intently looking on. And how carefully and reverently he would handle it!—examine it first on one side and then on another, as if trying to discover the secret of its structure. Presently lights were brought in from far and near, and made to shine upon it. And so, after turning it over a few times, and *working at it a little*, he would seem to *get* it open, sure

enough, and would then bring out and exhibit its priceless jewels. All this may appear very simple as I tell it, but in fact it was something wonderful. The hearers—from the very first step to the last—while being profoundly instructed, were at the same time positively fascinated.

On other occasions, his method suggested rather a military proceeding—with every maneuver made in full view. You saw him selecting his ground, marking out his lines, bringing up and marshaling his forces, and planting his batteries ; and you became deeply engaged in observing all this preliminary work, and you felt, before the battle was really joined, that victory was assured, nay, that with this mighty force behind him, the first flash of his Excalibar must put to flight “the armies of the aliens.” And when, at length, with masterly skill and generalship, he combined and directed this power against the hosts of sin and Satan, the effect, indeed, was tremendous and overwhelming.

It is recorded that one of the Philippics of Demosthenes so wrought upon the feelings of the assembly that, with irrepressible enthusiasm, they sprang to their feet with the shout, “Let us march against Philip!” Isaac Errett produced no such ebullient effect as this, but the impressions he made were far deeper and more lasting. When he had finished, every mind was satisfied, every heart was warmed, every will was resolved—seeds had been planted and watered which, borne perchance to many a distant home, would spring up and grow, and bear fruit to the glory of God.

But I need not further enlarge. Those of us who have heard can never forget, him. As we grow older,

and begin with trembling limbs to tread the downward steep of life, he may seem to retire farther and farther away from us, but the memory of his love-bearing voice, which was

Musical as is Apollo's lute,

Will abide with us still. Nay, like the softening strains of receding music, its echoes in our hearts will grow sweeter and sweeter forever.

6. But it is as a writer that Mr. Errett is most widely known. He wrote much; and all his principal works occupy a prominent place among the recognized classics of the Disciples' literature. The specimens of his composition given in this work have, for obvious reasons, been drawn mainly from his periodical and other transient productions, which in general were hastily written, amid the confusion and interruptions of the editor's office. They are, of course, not the best specimens of his work, but even these will, for the most part, be recognized by the intelligent reader as being, in every sense, admirable.

While his earlier productions were marked by the characteristics which distinguished those of his maturer life, they exhibit, at the same time, traces of the self-consciousness common to young writers, as if doubtful whether his light would not pale into obscurity in presence of the brilliant luminaries which were then shining so resplendently in our ecclesiastical heavens.

I well remember, as many of you do, how modestly and unostentatiously he rose to prominence—coming up like the queen of night, without noise or parade, and, like her, ascending higher and higher in the firmament, until the whole land was flooded with his light,

and every eye was attracted by the brightness of his shining.

7. There is yet time for a brief allusion to the personal and literary influence which he exerted. And first, in his bearing towards the religious parties around us, whose prejudices had been as inveterate as they were unreasonable, his fine talents were exerted with the happiest effect. He was so wise and temperate, so earnest in his devotion to God's word, and so faithful and unyielding in maintaining it—and yet so catholic and charitable in his spirit, so unconstrained and generous in his recognition of goodness, wherever it was found, so grandly free from partisan narrowness and bigotry—in short, he occupied so lofty a plane, and maintained his position there with such signal ability and success, that he commanded for himself, for his brethren and his cause the respectful consideration and the confidence of all good men; while the enlargement of our own charities and the sweetening of our own hearts followed as a gracious consequence.

In his dealing with the great questions which arose in our own ranks, he was equally discreet and successful. The times were characterized by serious agitations and widespread mental and moral arousals. Our frail vessel, bearing our own and the world's priceless treasures, had penetrated a new and tempestuous region. The principles which alone could safely direct us through this stormy zone were at that time imperfectly understood, and many, in seeking to comprehend them, were inclined to view them in the light of their possible application, rather than in that of their own radiance. Thus the needle which would otherwise have pointed to the heavenly pole, was disturbed and deflected

by earthly influences. In panic alarm, some insisted clamorously that we turn back. They believed that the very heavens were opposed to our further progress, and that to go on would surely result in disaster and ruin. Others, reckless rather than truly courageous, were for pressing blindly forward, regardless of possible dangers which, as they could not see, they did not dread.

It was for such a time as this that God had brought Isaac Errett into the kingdom. He comprehended the problem. He mastered the situation. He dissipated the fog that had covered and obscured the subject, and disclosed the real truth of the case in its own clear light. How lucidly he pointed out the deep-lying and controlling principle that must solve the problem, setting it forth with a moderation of statement that commanded respect, and a force of argument that carried conviction.

And so it came to be *settled* among us—settled, I trust, forever—that the *progress* which is lawful and right and necessary, is not progress *out* of the truth nor *away* from it, but *in* it and *with* it; and, correspondingly, that the *conservatism* which alone is worthy of the name, is the conservatism of the *truth*, and not of mere *traditions, prejudices and usages*. And although, in the exercise of our inalienable rights of thought and judgment, we may sometimes honestly differ as to the proper *application* of these principles to the details of work or of worship, still the fact that we all fully recognize and heartily embrace them, and are trying, as God gives us understanding, to carry them out, would stamp with *illegitimacy and sin* any withdrawal from our fellowship or secession from our ranks.

It is due to our departed brother—due also to this impressive occasion—for me to add that, to *make progress*, as thus understood and explained by him, was an ever-continuing and solemn obligation upon the church. The duty was sacred and pressing. Recognizing, as he most clearly did, that the Christian religion is not a rigid and inflexible system of mere law, but rather a great vital and vitalizing principle; that its expansive and flowing life and spirit *do not admit of adequate formulation*; and that *the details* of the practical conduct and ecclesiastical work required by it were never covered, nor meant to be covered, by fixed prescriptive regulations; he saw that the church must not wait for the settlement of the minutiae of its action—which God in his wisdom had left indeterminate—but must *go forward* in the light of its essential and immutable principles. It was under the inspiration and guidance of these that he was led to advocate coöperation in missionary work, and to devote so much time and strength, especially in his later years, to the interests of the Foreign Society. A. McLean, the very able Corresponding Secretary of this organization, has kindly furnished me, upon request, with a brief summary concerning Mr. Errett's connection with it, together with other matter of present interest, which is appropriately inserted here:

Isaac Errett served the Foreign Society as President from the time of its organization till his death (October 1875—December 1888). His interest in its welfare was strong at the beginning, and grew stronger constantly. In counsel he was wise; in advocacy he was peerless. He gave liberally every year. One or two may have given more, but it is doubtful if any one gave so much of time



A. M'LEAN.
COR. SEC'Y. F. C. M. S.

and thought and money, all things being considered. In asking for gifts, which he did at the annual conventions, he always led off with a generous subscription. He said repeatedly that the evangelization of the world lay like a burden upon his heart as nothing else did. He was more concerned about it than his own business. He prayed for its prosperity without ceasing. One of the last things he undertook was to raise the funds for a house of worship in Smyrna, Turkey. He had been there; he saw and felt the need, and promised to supply it. This building is known as the *Isaac Errett Memorial Chapel*.

While he was so profoundly interested in Foreign Missions, he was as deeply interested in Home Missions. The work is one. He gave as liberally and pleaded as eloquently for the work in America, as he did for the work in China, India, and Japan. The last address at a national convention was a plea for the great West. The last address of any kind was made at the Ohio State Convention in Columbus. As President of the Standard Publishing Company, he pledged five thousand dollars for church extension. His sympathies went out to the freedmen of the South. There was no department of the work for which he did not plead and pray.

Since his death the work has gone steadily forward. No new fields have been entered. It has been the policy of the Society to strengthen the missions already planted. Each year new workers have been sent out. Buildings have been erected in Japan, India and China. Better facilities have been afforded the missionaries. The churches at home are giving more each year. The missionary spirit is extending itself in ever-deepening and in ever-widening circles.

And now to conclude: After this great Society had been fully organized, and, as it were, trained for the performance of its Christ-like work; and especially after it had been securely established in the confidence and love of a vast company of faithful and holy men

and women—with his grand life-work thus rounded up and crowned—with channels opened into all the world, through which the streams of his good influence might continue to flow with ever increasing volume—he might well have felt that his God-appointed mission was at length accomplished, and that he was nearing his rest. I was glad that, while he was still spared to us, you sent to him from your last convention sweet and tender messages, overflowing with your love, your sympathy, your gratitude and your prayers—a sort of foretaste to his sinking heart of the yet purer love and richer joys into which he was about to enter. His end came in the way that you and I would have wished it to come. There, in his own sweet home, surrounded by his best beloved; comforted by the ministries of the tenderest of all hands; blessed by the endearments of the fondest of all hearts, and hearing, perhaps, down in the depths of his soul, the cheering whispers of angel-voices—at length, in the third watch of the night, “the *Master* came and called for him;” AND HE WENT AWAY WITH HIM INTO EVER-LASTING LIFE!

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